THE NEW Liberty

APRIL 24, 1943
10¢

LIBERTY

Book:
Helen Howe's
THE WHOLE HEART

LIBERTY

WHEN TO EXPECT NEW TIRES

LIBERTY

HOW TO GROW A VICTORY GARDEN
by Ted Shane

LIBERTY

SHORT STORIES
by Grace Flandrau
Captain Dingle
Oscar Schisgall

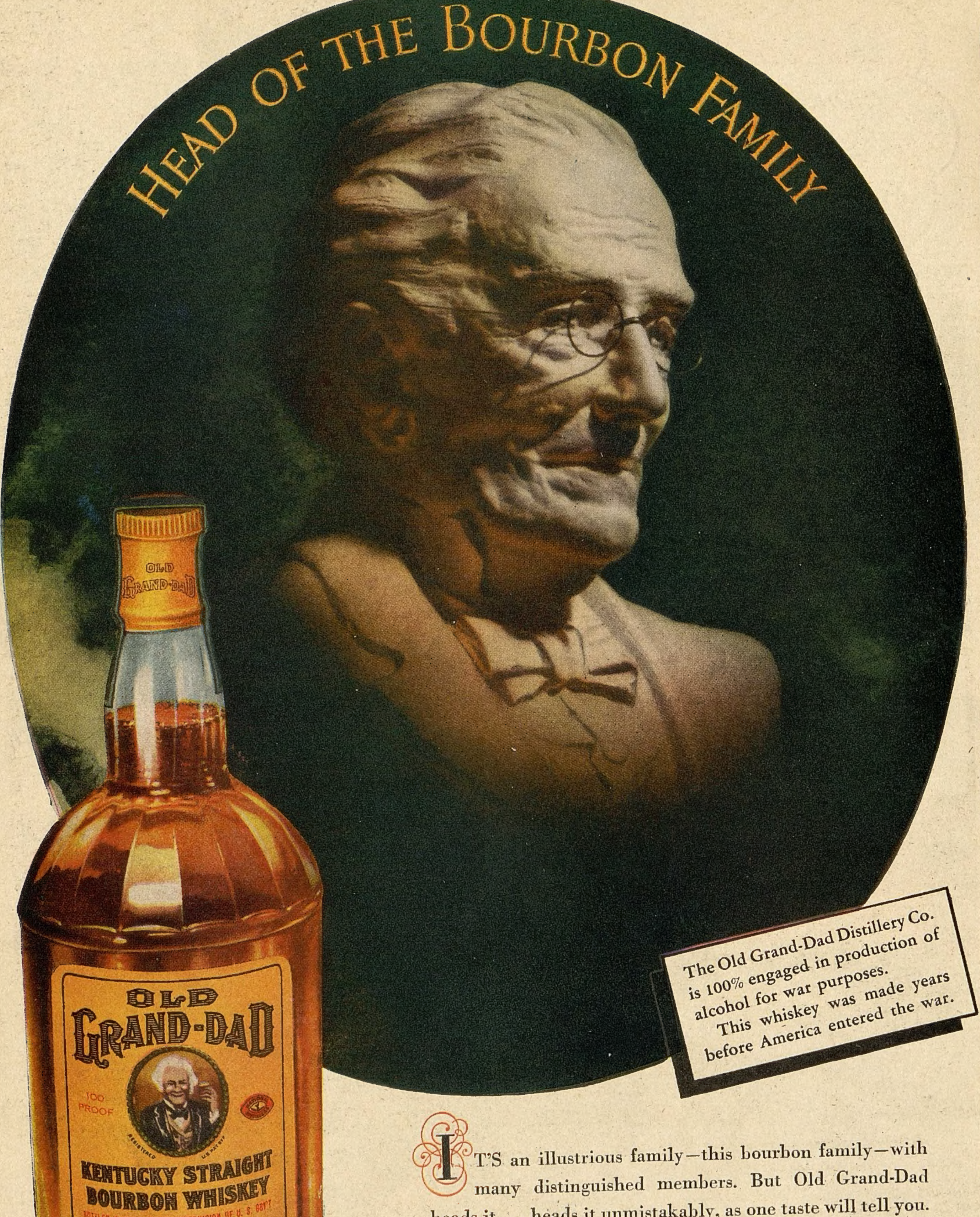
LIBERTY

ADMIRAL KING:
A Color Portrait
by
McClelland Barclay

LIBERTY

CARTOONS
MOVIES
AVIATION

HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY

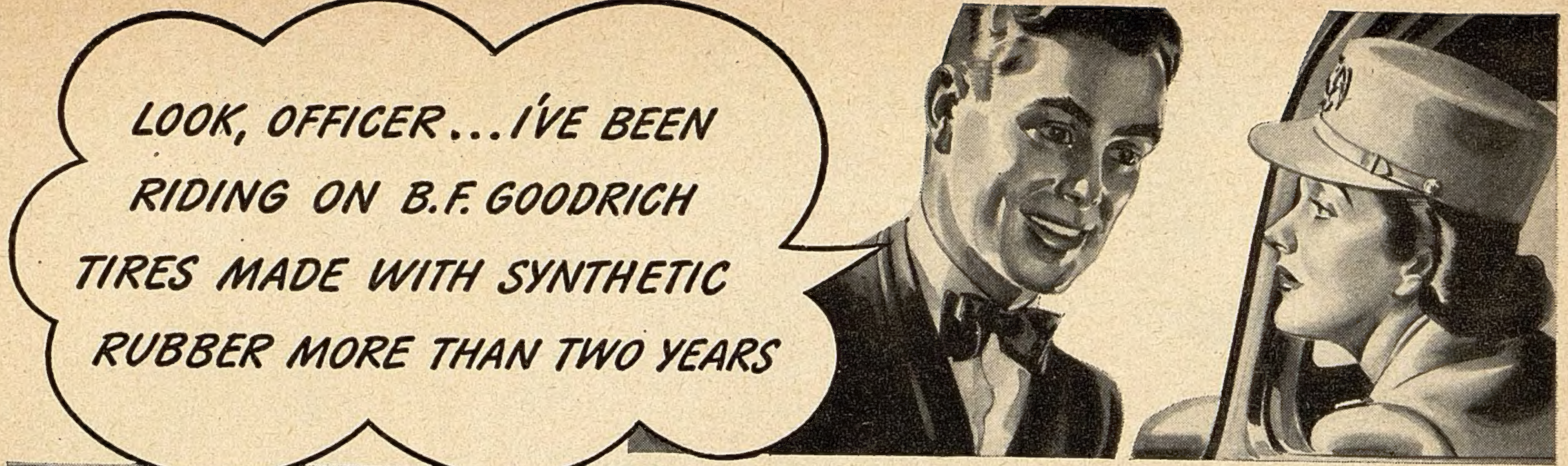

OLD GRAND-DAD
OLD GRAND-DAD
100 PROOF
REGISTERED U.S. PAT. OFF.
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U. S. GOV'T
DISTILLED BY
THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

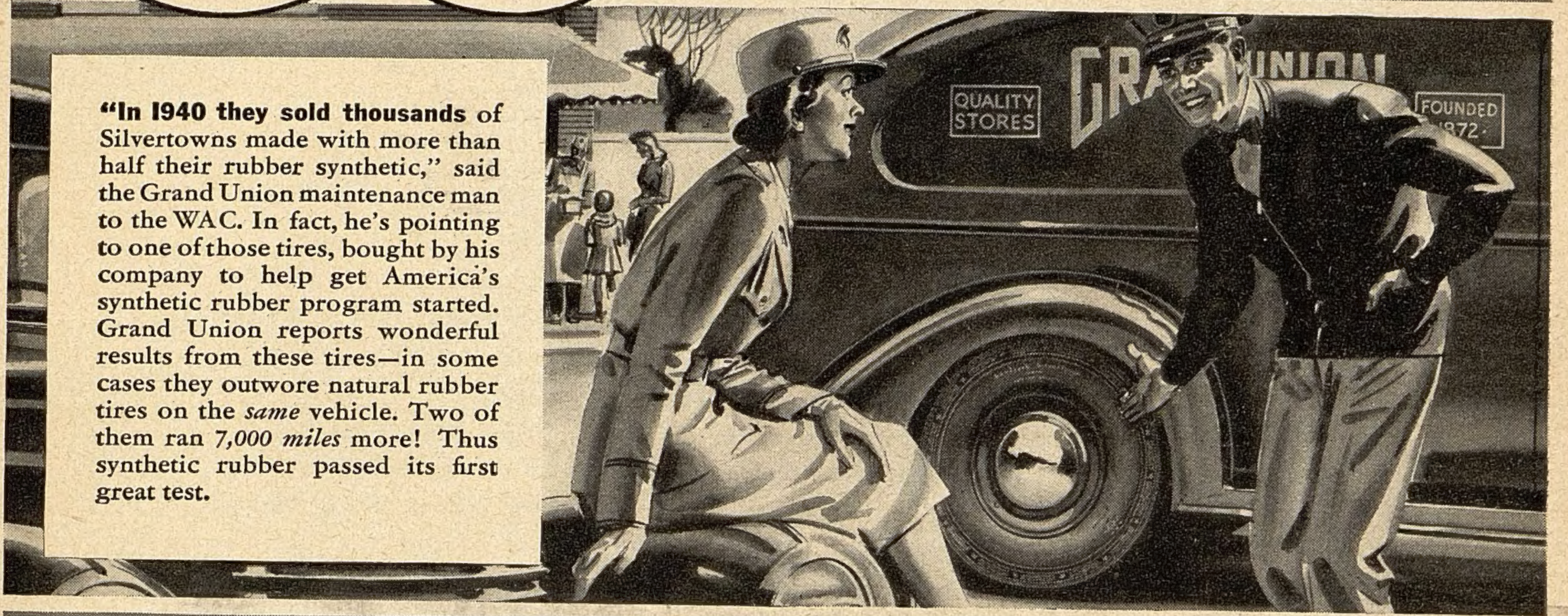
The Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co. is 100% engaged in production of alcohol for war purposes. This whiskey was made years before America entered the war.

IT'S an illustrious family—this bourbon family—with many distinguished members. But Old Grand-Dad heads it . . . heads it unmistakably, as one taste will tell you. There's sunny mellowness to Old Grand-Dad, rare fragrance, a delightful taste. You will like it from the first. And you will never stop liking it.

National Distillers Products Corp., N. Y.

ONE TASTE WILL TELL YOU WHY


LOOK, OFFICER... I'VE BEEN RIDING ON B.F. GOODRICH TIRES MADE WITH SYNTHETIC RUBBER MORE THAN TWO YEARS



"In 1940 they sold thousands of Silvertowns made with more than half their rubber synthetic," said the Grand Union maintenance man to the WAC. In fact, he's pointing to one of those tires, bought by his company to help get America's synthetic rubber program started. Grand Union reports wonderful results from these tires—in some cases they outwore natural rubber tires on the *same* vehicle. Two of them ran *7,000 miles* more! Thus synthetic rubber passed its first great test.

The Army rides on synthetic rubber. Today, B. F. Goodrich is making tires for combat vehicles with *proven* synthetic. Fuel tanks and fuel lines, too. Already we are overcoming Germany's head start in synthetic rubber. But there still isn't enough for you. The Army and Navy need all the rubber they can get.

Delivery guaranteed in 194? We can't say when your new car will be ready. But we can say that its tires will probably be made wholly, or partly, from synthetic rubber. And smart motorists will look for the best where they always have looked . . . to B. F. Goodrich, the company that *pioneered* American synthetic rubber.

A few of the many companies that bought Ameripol tires in 1940 and 1941:

AETNA LIFE INSURANCE CO. . . . AMERICAN AIRLINES, INC. . . . AMERICAN CAN CO. . . . BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD . . . THE BORDEN CO. . . . J. I. CASE CO. . . . GULF OIL CORPORATION . . . GEO. A. HORMEL & CO. . . . INGERSOLL-RAND CO. . . . KELLOGG COMPANY . . . NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM . . . NEW YORK TELEPHONE CO. . . . PHILLIPS PETROLEUM CO. . . . PET MILK SALES CORP. . . . RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY . . . SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO. . . . STANDARD BRANDS, INC. . . . SWIFT & COMPANY . . . WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH CO. . . . and many other important companies in communities from coast to coast.

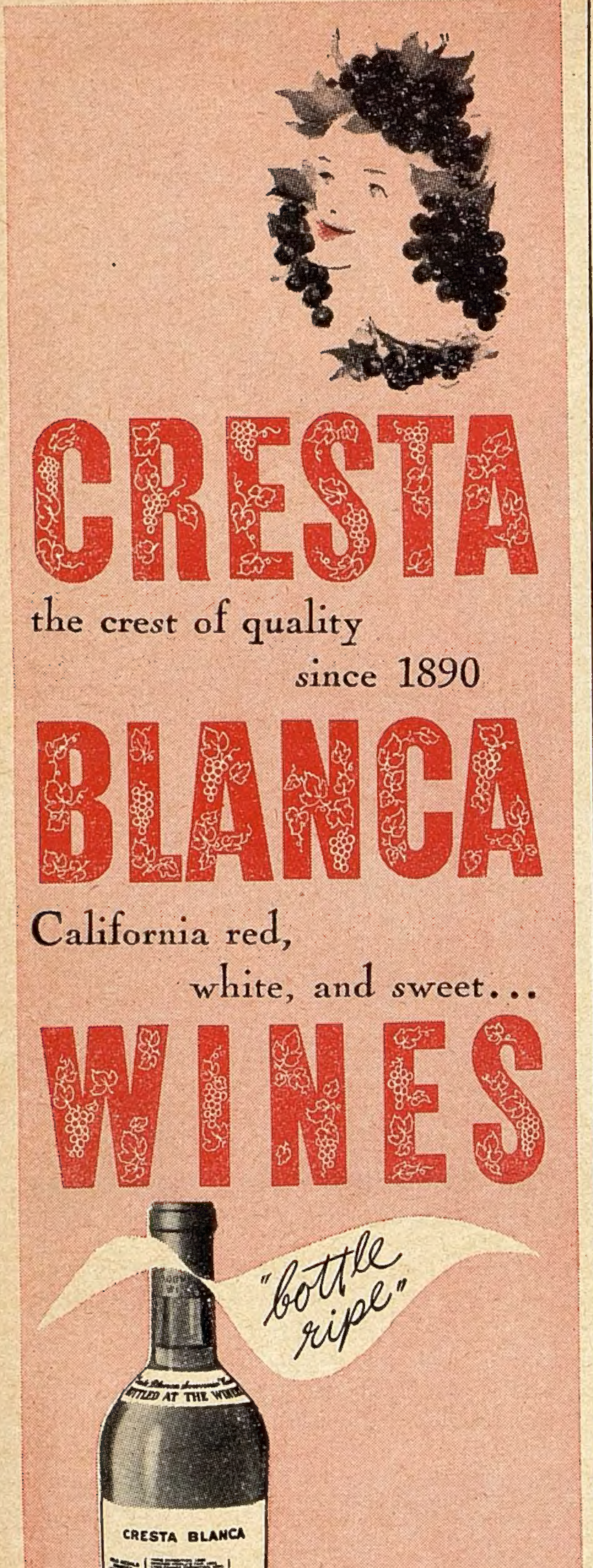
ARMY E NAVY

Goodrich Silvertown
BFG

In war or peace

B.F.Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER


CRESTA
the crest of quality
since 1890
BLANCA
California red,
white, and sweet...
WINES

"bottle ripe"

You will delight in the "bottle-ripe" flavor of these wines. Since 1890 they have been hailed as the "crest of quality". Ask for them by name.

Tune in! Schenley's "Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival" with Morton Gould's orchestra. See your local newspaper for time and station each week.

Schenley PRODUCT

Cresta Blanca Wine Co. Inc. Livermore, Cal.

make your dollars fight, buy war bonds and stamps

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★ ARTICLES

The President's Man, *Alfred Toombs* 15
New Tires Next Year, *Myron M. Stearns* 18
How to Grow a Victory Garden, *Ted Shane* 20
Where Yank Fights Yank, *Lieut. Frank M. Phillips, Jr.* 33
The Dutch Learn to Hate, *Hendrik Willem van Loon* 36

★ FICTION

When Your Boy Is Away, *Grace Flandrau* 13
It's Time to Say Good-by—Part II, *Isabel Moore* 16
Beach Patrol—Liberty's Short Short, *Oscar Schisgall* 22
Noah Sails in Convoy, *Captain Dingle* 34

★ BOOK

The Whole Heart—*The spirited novel by Helen Howe abridged to a reading time of one evening* 25

★ FEATURES

Vox Pop 6
Tricks of Trades 8
On the Beam, *Wayne Parrish* 10
Admiral King, *a painting by McClelland Barclay* 38
Dad of the War Dads, *Nelson Antrim Crawford* 39
Colonel Stoopnagle's Fictionary (*Unabashed*) 55
This Man's War, *Old Sarge* 56
Woman-Talk 67
Liberty Goes to the Movies, *Harriet Gould* 68
Crossword Puzzle 71
Just Between Ourselves, *The Editors* 73

★ EDITORIAL

We're Winning the Battle of Rubber, *Paul Hunter* 74

COVER: J. M. SESSIONS

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Who is this man the Crawfords didn't want to see?

• The Crawfords weren't friendly when he called. They had already made up their minds.

"I'm not driving my car much," Dick Crawford said. "Just to and from the defense plant. Besides, we can't drive over 35 any more. So why should I need insurance?"

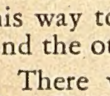
Then the man the Crawfords didn't want to see did some explaining. He called attention to the fact that 95% of all urban accidents—and 65% of all rural accidents—happen at speeds *under* 35 miles an hour!

Finally it was Mrs. Crawford who decided. She saw that no family could risk the expense of an accident in wartime. So she insisted that Dick insure their car. Now he realizes it was the smartest thing they ever did.

Dick Crawford *did* have an accident—on his way to work. It was a serious smashup, and the other driver was badly hurt.

There was a heavy judgment—far more than Dick could have paid. And if the man the Crawfords didn't want to see hadn't called—if he hadn't convinced them they needed insurance—it would have been disastrous.

Who was this man who called on the Crawfords? He was a representative of the State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company.



There are 7,000 men like him—ready to help you . . .

They are the 7,000 State Farm representatives in the United States and Canada. Their job is to help save *you* from accident loss.

They represent the largest automobile casualty insurance company in the world. It has saved its policyholders over $50,000,000 in the cost of their insurance!

They offer insurance that's geared to war conditions. Rates, for example, are adjusted to the type of gas ration card you have. Another example is coverage for pool car drivers. State Farm auto insurance is non-assessable.

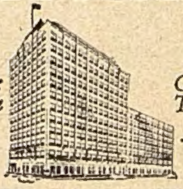
In addition, they offer a new type of collision insurance that helps offset rising repair costs. State Farm's unique *80% Collision Plan* pays on *every* collision, whether it's just a dented fender or a costly accident. It pays 80% of *every* collision repair bill up to $250, and 100% over $250!

Important, too, are State Farm's other auto insurance coverages. The Medical Payment Plan pays medical expenses of passengers injured in your car at the lowest cost in history. Comprehensive Insurance protects you against loss from fire, theft, and most of the other hazards that threaten your car. Emergency Road Service and Bail Bond Insurance pays 80% of the expenses incurred on a public highway for mechanical first aid, towing, and a number of other services, and reimburses you for 80% of any premium or fee paid for a bail bond. Ask about the advantages of State Farm's life and fire insurance, too.

(The names in this advertisement are fictitious.)

Buy United States War Savings Bonds and Stamps

STATE FARM INSURANCE COMPANIES



Pacific Coast Office:
Berkeley, California

Canadian Office:
Toronto, Canada

Bloomington, Ill.

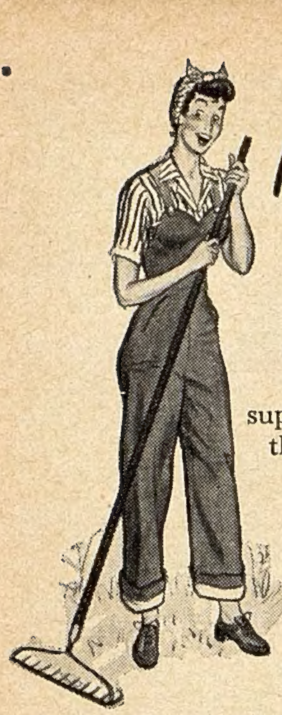
FREE to Drivers—New Informative Booklet

Mr. G. E. Mecherle
State Farm Insurance Companies
Bloomington, Illinois

Please send me your new booklet presenting basic facts about automobile insurance. I understand this request will not obligate me in any way.

LB-43

Name. . . . .
Address. . . . .
City. . . . . *State*. . . . .



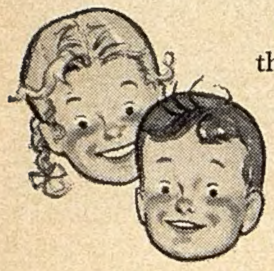
Mom's the General

She figured out the strategy that's going to send our family supply department over the top now and next winter. "*Grow your own*," says Mom. "In a Victory Garden! See, I've drawn up our battle lines of vegetables we need."

Pop's a Commando

"But to grow 'em, we've got to hoe 'em," points out Pop. And when he lands on those enemy bugs and weeds, there isn't a survivor left. That's why our garden and Pop both look swell now.

We're liaison men



We help Pop work in the garden. And when a new crop comes in we help Mom can. And any extra, we take in our express wagon to the Community Kitchen to share with other families. It's easy to have a Victory Garden when everybody works. Your Victory Garden Committee will help you start one today. This advertisement contributed by the makers of Sani-Flush and Mel'o.

FOR VICTORY

BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

You profit two ways:

- You help win the war
- You save something for a rainy day!

by BUYING WAR BONDS!

Invest at least 10% of your income in war bonds!

VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

SEE ST. LUKE 23:43

New Haven, Conn.—In reply to M. M. Yates' letter, No Convicts for the Army (February 27 Vox Pop), I wonder if he has ever heard that "to err is human, to forgive, divine"?

Every man who enters prison is classed as a convict, regardless of his crime. To judge every prisoner as harshly as Mr. Yates does would mean there could be no chance of starting life anew.—*A. A. Johnson.*

YOUTH WON'T BE SERVED

Mount Morris, Ill.—I entirely agree with Mrs. G. T., who recently wrote to Old Sarge concerning the age limit of the WAC. (This Man's War, March 13 Liberty.)

I am eighteen years old, and I really want to do my part in helping to win this war.

I know that I could qualify for the WAC just as well as some one who is over twenty-one. I am an experienced typist, teletype and telephone operator, so I feel sure I could easily fill the requirements if I were only above the age limit.

JOIN THE WAACS
F C

Why can't we help serve our country just as much as the eighteen-year-old boys? Surely we want to and *can* do just as much as they can!—*Betty Parrish.*

"SH-H! WANNA BUY A DUCK?"

Kinder, La.—I am referring to the last paragraph of Mr. Kiplinger's article, What You'll Eat in '43 (February 27 Liberty), which says that rationing will not be 100 per cent because farmers will bootleg their products to city relatives.

This morning I took three dozen eggs to the store and received thirty cents in trade, as stores do not pay cash for farm products.

Then I met a friend and asked her what she was paying for eggs. She said thirty-five cents *cash.*

The only cash many farmers see is what they get from relatives and friends, and now we are to be called bootleggers if we sell to them!—*Mrs. J. I. Carter.*

SHOULD SOLDIERS MARRY?

Duluth, Minn.—Last Leave (March 13 Liberty) opens such a wide field of thought. Was the soldier being true to his own highest conception of love? Apparently he loved the girl too much to "saddle" on her future obligations he might be unable to share. His mother was to him an example of toil and (in his mind) of what might happen to his "loved" one.

None knows of tomorrow, and one wonders if in our world of even today the ideals would be equally high if the women of past centuries had refused wedlock because their husbands courted danger and possible death.

He was willing to give all, even his life, give up pleasures for which his flesh no doubt craved. Was he not belittling *her* love when he felt *her* sacrifice might be greater than his? Is one justified in waiting, perhaps never to fulfill, or should one take a chance?—*Anxious to Know.*

HOW MANY FEET HAS A WAC?

Pearl Harbor, T. H.—There are articles in the paper every day telling us how the WACs are helping to win this war. I, for one, would like to know just how they are doing it.

I was reading the Infantry Journal (February issue) and saw a picture of the Saturday inspection of WAC barracks. There is supposed to be a crying demand for leather, yet the picture showed eight pairs of shoes under one bunk, and the particular WAC whose bunk it was surely must have had one pair on—which makes *nine*. Let me tell all you people, a U. S. Marine is lucky to have *two* pairs.—*Sidney W. Platt.*

Go ahead, girls—tell him what you're doing to help the war effort.

SPARE OUR BLUSHES

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Give me Liberty—

or I'll even buy it. It's a great magazine and worth double the price.—*George Blythe.*

DO YOU LIKE HOT MUSIC?

TROY, N. Y.—Paul Abshier's letter, Panning Tin-Pan Alley (March 6 Vox Pop), says "there ought to be a law against these song writers who swing works of the old masters."

Of Mr. Abshier I ask: Where would we be now if some one had not kept modernizing on the first automobile, the first airplane, the first train, the gas light, the telephone, the original hand-wound victrola, and many other important "everyday" necessities too numerous to mention?

HANDEL'S "MESSIAH"
FC

Mr. Abshier, if people gifted with brains want to make changes tending to follow the advancing civilization of the world, why raise objections?—*R. F. Zahn, a/c V-5, U. S. N. R.*

PATRIOTIC UNION—

SAN PEDRO, CALIF.—In answer to Sergeant R. J. C. and Mrs. Alvin Bortles on Unions in the War (March 13 Vox Pop).

The international Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America, of which I am a member, is only a cog in the wheel of organized labor, but still is a lot bigger than most of our large corporations and run just as efficiently.

A majority of the members of present organized labor saw service in the last war and if needed are willing to answer the call again. Our local has and is continuing to buy bonds probably in excess of many of the large companies who are flying minute men flags.

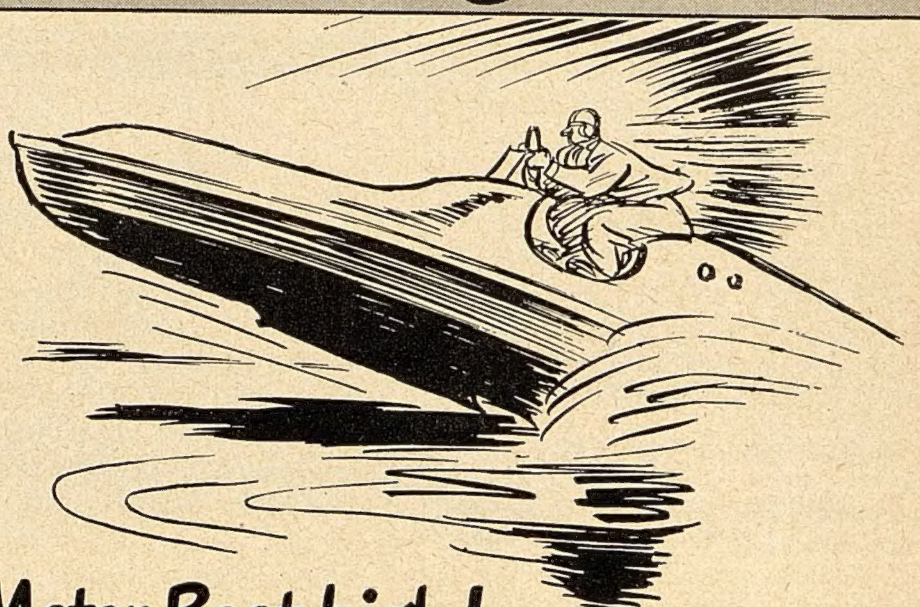
Thanks to our present administration, which understands this and is giving labor a break.—*G. E.*

SOUNDS FISHY TO US

LOLITA, TEX.—It seems Uncle Sam's new organization—Women Marines—is in need of a distinctive nickname to differentiate them from the WAC, the WAVES, and the SPARS.

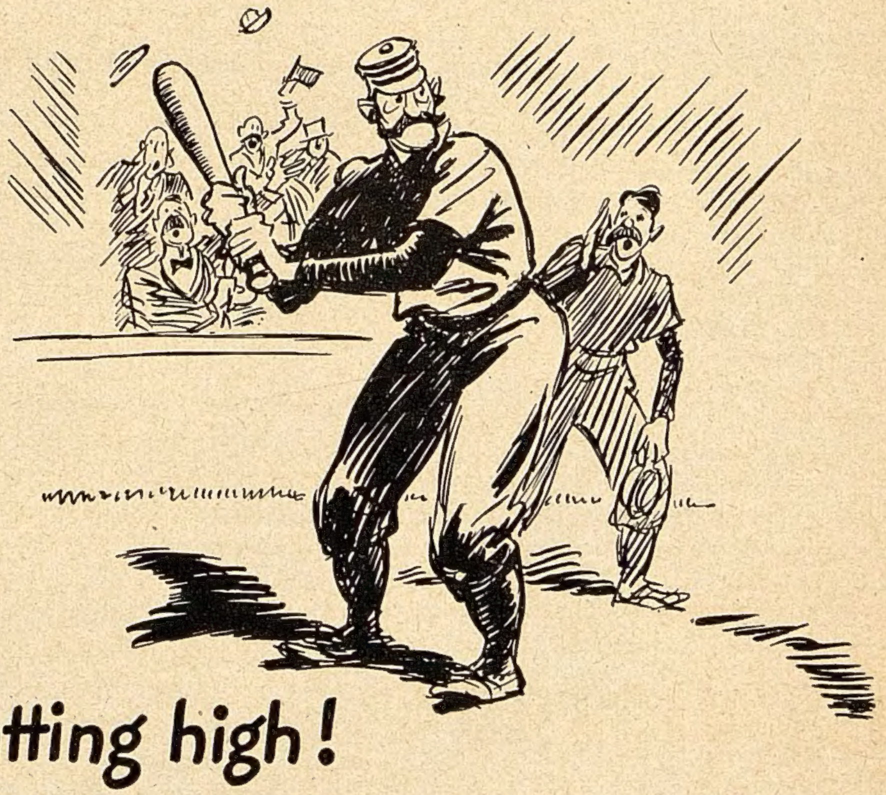
Why not have those lovely mythical creatures, half gal and half fish, come up out of their briny homes, and officially christen them Mermaids, since they will operate on both land and sea? The name, literally meaning Sea

Famous Highs by C. A. Voight



Motor Boat high!

TO SET A NEW WORLD'S MOTOR BOAT SPEED RECORD YOU'D HAVE TO BEAT 141.74 MILES PER HOUR! BUT TO SET A NEW HIGH IN BOURBON ENJOYMENT—JUST SAMPLE THE SMOOTHNESS OF TODAY'S TEN HIGH, THE WHISKEY WITH "NO ROUGH EDGES"!



Batting high!

SINCE 1894 NO ONE HAS EQUALLED HUGH DUFFY'S BATTING AVERAGE— A SIZZLING .438! AND NO WHISKEY HAS EVER EQUALLED THE SMOOTHNESS OF TEN HIGH, THANKS TO "DE-ROUGHING."

TEN
HIGH
Hiram Walker's

..and Ten High!

A new high in whiskey smoothness!

Please be patient. If your store or tavern is temporarily out of TEN HIGH *there are two reasons: (1) Since all distilleries are now making war alcohol instead of whiskey, the available supply of* TEN HIGH *is on quota "for the duration." (2) Railways must give war materials and food the right of way, so your dealer's shipment of* TEN HIGH *may sometimes be delayed.*

This Straight Bourbon Whiskey is 4 years old. 86 proof. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

Maids, would be most appropriate.—*C. S. Mitchell.*

ARE YOU PRO OR CON?

CHARLESTON, W. VA.—You have ruined a good publication by including in our own Liberty such rot as The Emperor's Snuff-Box (March 20 Liberty). You'll have to take me off your list if you continue to publish these cheap novels. —*Morris M. Orr, Captain, U. S. A.*

KALAMAZOO, MICH.—I'd like to see a few mystery stories in Liberty instead of war stories. The reality of war is bad enough.—*Mrs. K. L.*

Fifty million Frenchmen can't be wrong—neither can 1,199,999 Liberty readers.

PAGE SENATOR WHOOSIS

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Recently it has been impossible to pick up a newspaper without reading something like this: "Senator Whoosis from Jerk Junction is amazed at absenteeism trend in war factories."

While there is not much foundation for the publicity being accorded to the so-called absenteeism problem as it applies to war workers, there is one place where it is real, and has been for years. It is in the halls of Congress itself.

The members of Congress are paid $10,000 a year plus generous traveling expenses. It isn't a bad job, but altogether too often the Speaker or the Vice-President has to send the Sergeant of Arms out to round up enough members to constitute a quorum in order that business may be disposed of in a legal manner.

We wonder just how the absenteeism records of the anti-union senators would look in print. How many days have the O'Daniels, Byrds, Austins, etc., missed during a session since the United States was forced into war? Not a day passes that we cannot hear a congressman or senator on a radio quiz program, or delivering an address before some organization far removed from Washington. And Congress in session, too!—*Frank R. Clark.*

GERMANY'S FATE—WHAT?

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Your article entitled Should Vengeance Write the Peace? (January 23 Liberty) should be entitled Should Intelligence or Maudlin Sentiment Write the Peace?

If your appendix became abscessed, you would permit the doctor to remove it immediately without one thought of revenge on the appendix for making you so ill.

Hitler is a product of Germany and rules Germany because the German people gave him that power. The Germans gave him that power because they thought he could lead them into a victorious world conquest where other leaders had failed. Hitler did not invent the idea that Germans were a master race—that Germany should rule the world—nor hatred of the Jews. He only capitalized on the beliefs and teachings of Germany down through the centuries.—*Mrs. L. E. Gilmore.*

TRICKS of TRADES

Barrel Kennels

THE Army Quartermaster Corps discovered that it could make excellent kennels for the army's war dogs out of discarded liquor barrels. The average cost of a standard-type kennel is thirty dollars. The quartermaster experts, according to a War Department announcement, converted 250 barrels into kennels at a cost of three fifty each.

The barrels were carefully cleaned and lined with paraffin to ensure sanitation. Tight construction of the barrels offers 100-per-cent protection from the elements to Rover, Fido, and his pals. A few of the barrels are being equipped with "front porches," shaded so that the dogs can snooze there on warm days.

Electric Jewelry Repair

UP to now gold and platinum have always been heat-soldered, which has meant that jewelers could not work close to most precious stones and that delicate jewelry repairs were expensive.

If a ring was broken at the setting —especially in the case of colored stones, which are sensitive to heat—a jeweler would have to remove the stone to solder, or make a new setting. Either way is costly and time-consuming.

But now Fritz Deutsch, an Austrian émigré who has set up shop in New York, in a fraction of the time can *electrically* solder gold and platinum, working right next to stones if necessary.

There is a more important side, too. Not only are gold and platinum being used more and more in the war effort, where quick repair is important, but recently a dentist had a denture in which a very delicate piece of workmanship had parted. Making a new plate would take days. It couldn't be heat-soldered, because the break was next to rubber. But it was electrically soldered and as good as new in a few minutes.

To Generate a Smoke Screen

FIGHTERS of the United Nations move into battle positions behind a smoke screen made of perchlorethylene, long popular in the dry-cleaning industry because it is noninflammable. The du Pont chemists convert it into another, related compound, hexachlorethane.

To generate a smoke screen, this is mixed with metallic zinc powder. The two form zinc chloride, but their reaction generates so much spontaneous heat that all the zinc chloride formed is immediately evaporated and forms a dense cloud of white smoke.

Shocking Whales

HARPOONING is rapidly going out of fashion. The big Scandinavian whalers — veritable factories into which a dead whale is hauled and converted into oil and other products—have found even the grenade harpoon too inefficient. It takes hours to hunt and finish off a whale, and sometimes as many as seven explosive charges are necessary. So the Scandinavians have turned to electricity, which is fed through a harpoon. Shocked whales remain at the surface, whereas those that have been grenaded sometimes sink. Electrical paralysis prevents the whale from contracting its muscles and sinking.

Fossils and Oil

WHEN a famous scientist appealed to an oil magnate for money to finance an expedition which was to find dinosaur bones, he was waved away. "What's the good of putting money into a lot of bones even if they are millions of years old?" was the great man's way of putting it.

Something clicked in the mind of the scientist. "Maybe you don't know that when we look for fossils we often find oil," he remarked in an offhand way.

"Say that again," the great man came back.

The scientist said it again. And what he said was true. Then it was not generally known, but now prospectors look for little marine fossils in the cores that are brought up by test drilling. When the little fossils are found, the chances are better than fifty-fifty that oil will be struck with more drilling.

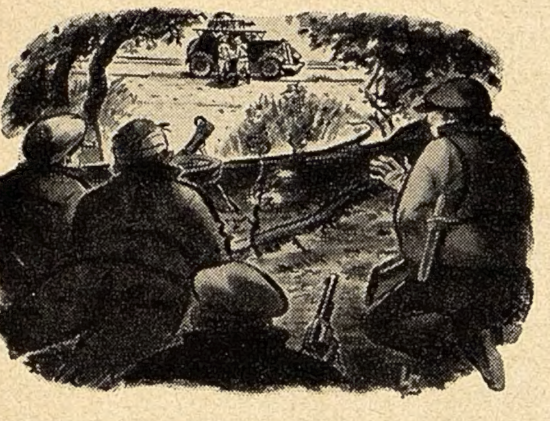
The scientist got the money.

Readers are invited to send us any good trick of the trade they know—involving either trade or profession—and Liberty will pay $5 each for those accepted. Keep the item short, from 50 to 150 words. Address your contribution to Tricks of Trades Editor, Liberty Magazine, 205 East 42d Street, New York.

NEXT WEEK

BEHIND RUSSIA'S GUERRILLA LINES

In the band of guerrillas operating out of Leningrad to which Mikhail Ivanov belonged, there were two girls. They were young, pretty, daring. How one of them tricked a German officer and what happened to them afterward is only one of the dramatic episodes which Ivanov tells, through Alan Hynd, in With Russian Guerrillas. Here is a first-hand story of some of the perilous missions undertaken by these men and women without uniform, these brave bands which, all over Russia, have been doing their part to help seal the enemy's doom. It is vivid, exciting, and *true!*



MIRACLES OF WARTIME SURGERY

Here's a topic on which, if there is any one near and dear to you in your country's armed forces, you want all the information you can get. These miracles do not end with the blood transfusions of which you have read in Liberty, and the sulfa drugs in every soldier's kit. Others are an "automatic bullet finder," new treatments for wounds, new dressings for burns. Altogether, a gravely wounded man's chances of surviving—and coming through in good shape!—are far better than they were in World War I. Dr. Albert Hemming will give you the heartening facts.

AIRPLANES TO AFRICA

That cargo is vital. It *must* be delivered—planes desperately needed at the front. Yet the convoy carrier is slow, and Nazi U-boats know where she will have to show up. So for hours, and most of all in the hour before dawn when she turns toward her plane-launching point, it's life-or-death touch and go between those U-boats and the destroyers and torpedo planes that are her guards. Thus far, thanks to precautions and marksmanship, 100-per-cent delivery has been the rule. In wartime drama at sea, all this is just about the tops! Fred Tupper, Jr., will give you an eyeful of it.

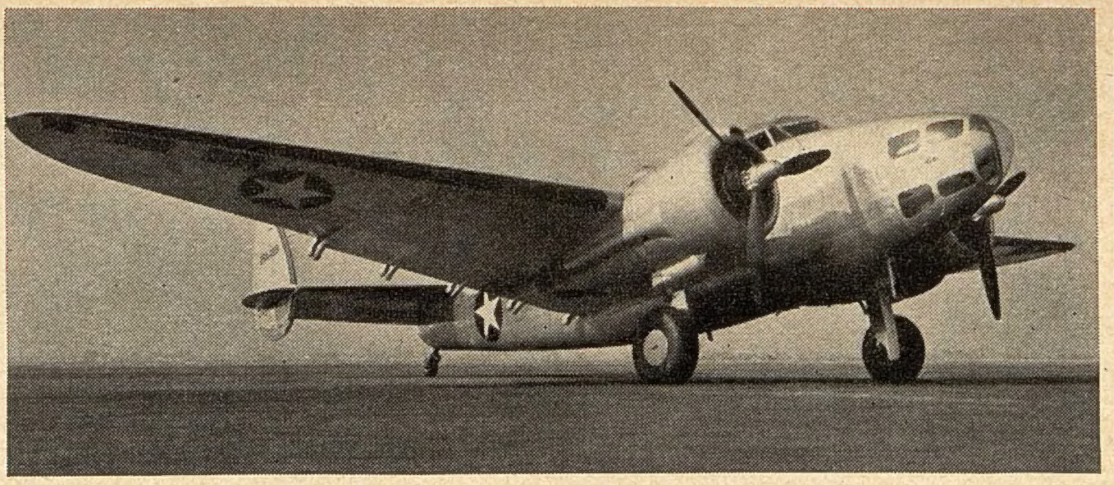
IT'S GOOD TASTE even to her finger tips

MILWAUKEE'S MOST EXQUISITE BEER

FOR GOOD TASTE Blatz

IN 12-OZ. AND 32-OZ. SIZES

THE BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS. • IN OUR 92nd YEAR
BREWING INDUSTRY FOUNDATION
SPECIAL PILSENER BREW
Blatz
Pilsener
BEER
BLATZ BREWING CO. MILWAUKEE



The Lockheed Hudson, first American bomber to see action in the war, has taken off its war paint to become an army trainer. While Hudson bombers roll off the production line, a sister ship shown here, the At-18, is being made in two versions—one a gunnery trainer, the other a navigation trainer.

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Bombs for the East Coast?

Our east coast is not invulnerable to air raids if the Germans make an all-out effort, but such raids, if they originate in continental Europe, must be accomplished in the months between May and October. Only during these months do the famous trade winds blow westward in the lower Atlantic and permit long-range airplanes to carry heavy loads across the big pond. By starting the flights in lower France (since Dakar or other African points are no longer available) the Nazis could fly westward and return by a northerly route to Norway with the aid of prevailing eastbound winds.

But it's a big task. It means a round-trip flight of at least 6,600 miles, plus a safety margin of a few hundred more miles—and with a bombload if the raid is to be at all effective. From Bordeaux, France, to New York is 3,600 miles, and from Brest it's 3,320 miles. Lisbon is 3,350 miles. Even with helpful winds each way, it takes a mighty good airplane to make the round trip and have any carrying capacity for bombs. Theoretically, round-trip raids are possible. Militarily speaking, they could not be too serious, but it depends upon what the effort is worth to the Germans. (*Next week: What the Germans have in the way of equipment to do the job.*)

France Moves Ahead

Although all *production* in France is for the benefit of Germany, French designers are losing no time in getting ready for the postwar era. Peter Masefield, technical editor of the Aeroplane, says, for example, that more than a dozen new French designs are now flying. These include the new Bloch 161 four-engined transport for thirty-three passengers.

The Breguet G-10A helicopter is attracting considerable attention. It is claimed to be the most powerful of this type yet to fly anywhere, as it has a 600-hp Gnome Rhone radial engine with a speed up to 125 mph. The helicopter has two oppositely rotating two-blade rotors mounted on a single shaft and 51 feet 9 inches in diameter, Masefield says, and is equipped with a tricycle landing gear. Four passengers can be carried.

The Centre Company at Cannes is building an experimental stratosphere monoplane powered with two Hispano-Suiza liquid-cooled Vee motors side by side in the nose driving a contra-rotating propeller. The pressure cabin has accommodation for a crew of five and is designed to operate up to 49,000 feet.

It has been known for some time the French were building three huge flying boats: the Latecoere 631, the Potez CAMS 161, and the Sud Est 200, all among the largest in the world.

Another French type is the Sud Est 700 tailless gyroplane for four people, powered with a 300-hp radial engine. Others now flying or being built include a single-seater sports plane with a 70-hp engine and speed of 143 mph and several smaller transport planes.

How to Lose Friends

Just about the most unpopular bird on a training field is the cadet who accidentally pops his parachute while on the ground, thus necessitating meticulous repacking—and often a special cleaning job. Out at the famous army Thunderbird Field in Phoenix, Arizona, the members of the parachute-packing department have erected a large plaque entitled Junior Caterpillars of Thunderbird Field and illustrated with a dejected Disney-type creature immersed in the folds of an opened parachute. The preface states:

"Below find listed on a field of virgin white the names of those dodos and instructors who, through curiosity, carelessness, and plain ordinary jackassness, have applied upon their ripcords an uncalled-for pull; the same described pull causing parachutes to pop their contents of silk lines and canopy upon some dirty floor, tarry apron, or greasy airplane; all of this resulting in a lot of unnecessary work for this department." Below this is listed the name of each offender and the flustered first words spoken by him when the parachute popped.

Not So New

To illustrate that the sensational "new" developments in aviation in the present war have their roots as far back as 1918, take a look at four of the red-hot features of the air combat fronts of 1942 and 1943: self-sealing fuel tanks, armor plate, aircraft cannon, and power-operated gun turrets.

These aren't new to the dean of the American aircraft industry, Glenn L. Martin. In 1918 the Martin "leakproof" fuel tank passed exhaustive tests at the army's Wright Field, but was a long time in becoming a standard feature of combat planes. Also in 1918 a 37-mm. Baldwin cannon was mounted on a Martin "gunnery-plane" and armor plate was installed to protect the four-man crew on the same plane. Not so far back, but as long ago as 1937, Martin installed a power-operated turret on the first of the PBM-1 navy patrol bombers. In the present war Martin brought out the first modern bulletproof tanks and powered turrets.

Cutting Drag

Largely unpublicized because its work is all in the realm of military secrecy is the government's National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, an independent agency created by Congress many years ago for purely aeronautical research. Many noteworthy features of American planes have come out of years of research at the NACA laboratories at Langley Field, Virginia. Before the war NACA obtained authorizations from Congress for additional facilities at Cleveland and on the west coast, and these are now contributing greatly to making American planes superior.

Had it not been for the war and necessary secrecy, one of the more recent NACA developments would have been given world-wide publicity. As it is, only a few essentials can be told. It is a new low-drag wing which the NACA developed, and which is now used on the North American P-51 Mustang, which the NACA says is "the best pursuit we now have." The wing is a radical departure from the conventional wings in general use, and a NACA official believes that wing drag can be reduced as much as 50 per cent by the new design. This is one of the outstanding aeronautical achievements in the past decade, paves the way for increasing the range of fast planes by as much as 100 per cent without additional fuel or power. In normal wings a considerable part of the structure "drags" the plane in the air, holding it back.

Flying Goliath

Four years from first design to production models! That's the schedule for the mammoth 400-passenger plane which Consolidated Aircraft Corp. has undertaken. Harry Woodhead, Consolidated's president, revealed recently that his company has reached the mock-up stage of this new air Goliath and that "the design is well along." Two years are required from the time of the first design drawing until the experimental plane actually flies, he said, and another two years before quantities roll off the production line.

Speed? Woodhead says it will be over 300 miles per hour.

Headaches? Plenty. Woodhead estimates that each pound of dead weight saved in such a large plane is worth over $200. On over-ocean hops, each pound of dead weight saved is worth at least $400. That's a high per-pound rate and keeps the engineers busy trying to save unnecessary weight in everything from cabin structure to gadgets and furnishings.

Odds and Ends

Sunburn has become such a serious problem for army and navy flyers that a new transparent aircraft plastic which protects crews of high-altitude planes from severe sunburn-producing sun rays has been developed by the Celanese Celluloid Corporation.

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Staged by BRETAIGNE WINDUST
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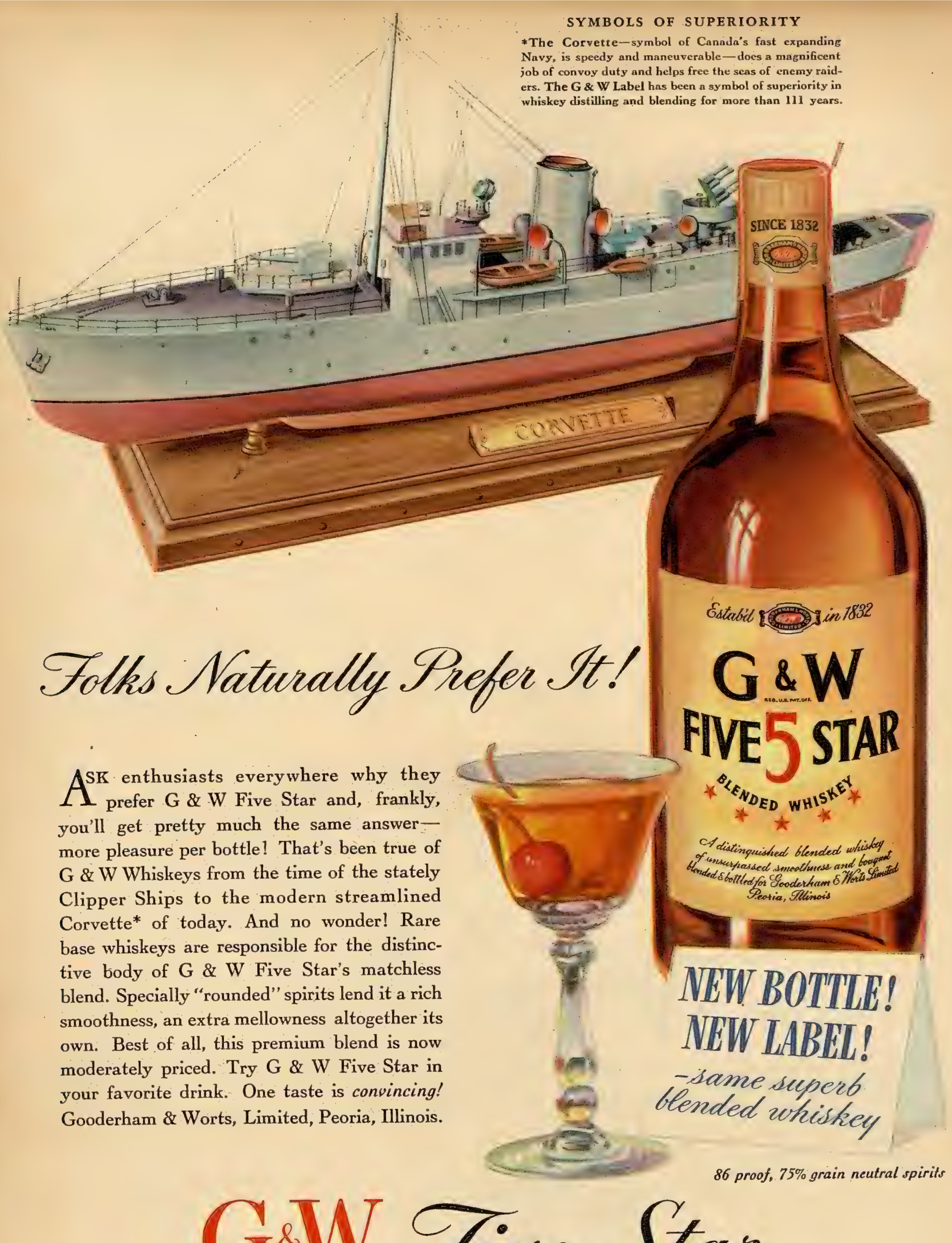
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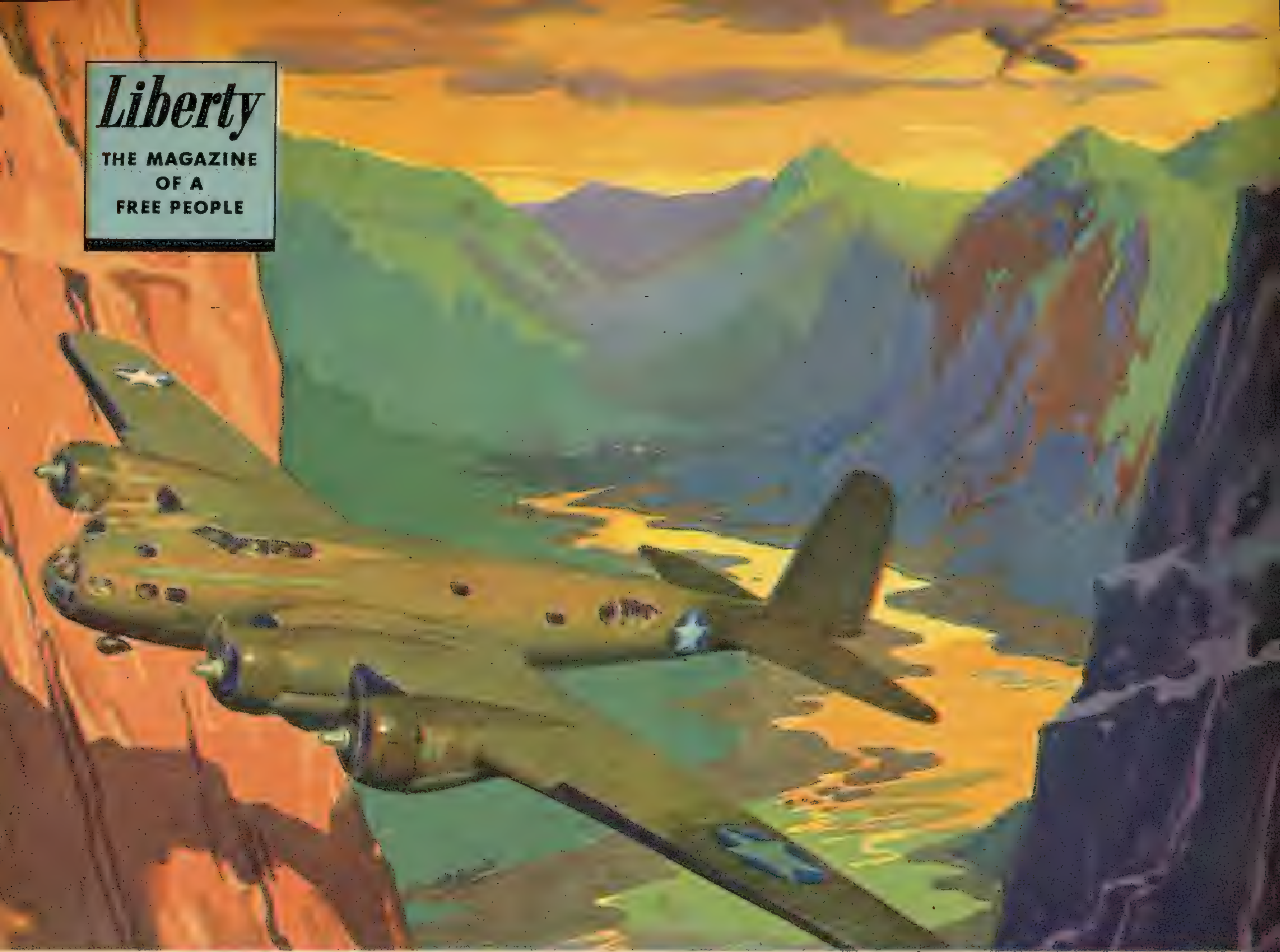


McVeigh had pulled out of the dive within the protecting walls of the gorge.

WHEN YOUR BOY IS AWAY

Every family with a son in the service will want to read this timely story—proving they also fight who only stay at home and wait

BY GRACE FLANDRAU

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

IT was just ten o'clock, Central War Time, when Steven Seward got up to propose the toasts. The night wind, warm for September, moved softly along the Country Club veranda, and through the branches of the overarching elms a fragment of bright moon could be seen, sailing high across the peaceful sky.

It had been a pleasant dinner, characteristic of the Steven Sewards and of this Midwestern city of which they were so much a part. All ages had been invited to meet, for the first time, the girl their son Steven was going to marry. Only young Steve himself was not there. He was in West Africa, ferrying bombers inland from the coast.

There was a stir among the guests when Seward senior rose. He had a light touch, neither too serious nor too jocose, and an agreeable speaking voice. "I'm afraid you'll have to hear at least one speech from me, maybe more. As you know, I always have plenty of material—the vital statistics alone of the Seward family would supply that—"

He was interrupted by the laughter that always greets a local allusion. The Sewards were a large family with innumerable ramifications, so that almost any day there would be a Seward engagement, marriage, birth, or—death. But now, seeing Seward so handsome and smiling, so young for his years, as if he always would be spared life's ordinary sorrows and dismays, no one thought of that one vital statistic that would be so inappropriate to this gala occasion.

The fact, however, of young Steven's absence and of the dangerous service in which he was engaged gave unusual poignancy to the affair. He had met and fallen in love with Philippa Wayne when he was stationed at an East Coast port waiting to be ordered abroad. But the families had not wanted the engagement to be announced until they themselves had met.

Now the delight Steven Seward took in his daughter-in-law to be was evident in his voice and smile when he lifted his glass to her. She was extremely young, with the clear intelligence and gaiety of her age. Her fair hair hung to her shoulders, and she had quick, sensitive lips and straightforward eyes. Oddly, too, she wasn't really pretty, and all his life Steven senior had had an eye only for pretty women. Yet he would not have had her different in the smallest way.

"We will drink to you, Philippa—to your happiness and to our son's."

The young girl replied with a toast to Steve; and then Steven's mother said a few words. As she rose, her eyes sought her husband's, and seeing the look that lay back of her smile, he steadied her with his own. In that instant their son, their only son, was startlingly present, as if in flesh and blood, between them. And again his father marveled that a tall, slender, dark-eyed boy at the very peak of his vigorous youth could be so like this handsome, gently aging woman.

Other toasts and speeches followed. And as these old friends talked and listened, felt the cool night wind that brought scents of harvest and threshed grain and ripened apples and all safe familiar things, they thought, too, of the deep forests, the wastes of sand; saw the lonely plane winging above, carrying this home boy on they knew not what mission of mortal peril.

They tried, too, to figure out what time it might be there. Perhaps it was day; and yet, they always saw him in darkness, pushing steadily across dark and troubled skies.

What they did not know was that he had now set off on a long flight, destination not revealed, and during which no word could be received from him. But the two families knew. They knew, too, something else. Steve's crew, of which he was navigator, had until now had one of the best pilots in the Ferry Command, a veteran of many years' flying experience. But now this Rosness Erickson—Rosy, Steve called him—was about to be transferred to combat service and a new man was to take his place. Steve had written guardedly but they read a certain uneasiness into his words.

So that when the party was over and Steven Seward was driving home with Philippa on the seat beside him, he found most unexpected and, for so worldly and debonair a man, unusual words saying themselves in his mind. He never prayed, but they sounded like fragments of a prayer: "For God's sake, don't let anything happen to him—not, anyhow, till they've had a little happiness. . . . Let him come home safely and marry this nice girl . . ."

YOUNG Steven Seward was not, however, flying in darkness. The sun had risen and its long gold rays struck level across the endless roof of the forest. The take-off had not been good. The new pilot, McVeigh, had come into the corps almost directly from civilian flying, and the crew didn't like it. Hedgehopping a light passenger job back in the bush was no training, they felt, for handling a heavy craft like this. Why hadn't the co-pilot Saunders been given the promotion?

They didn't say anything, but they resented this newcomer, felt uneasy about him.

To make matters worse, McVeigh had been delayed in reaching the base, and had had to take her up today before he'd had a chance to get really acquainted with her. It had been a close thing. He'd advanced the throttles unevenly, and, when she began to ground-loop, had gassed her instead of cutting the power.

But fortunately, Saunders was beside him. Against all regulations, he'd grabbed the pilot's hand and pulled back the throttles. McVeigh managed it O. K. on the second try, but were his ears red!

The crew passed off the incident with a few wisecracks, but they were all thinking about it and couldn't help watching, listening.

They were flying low. Underneath, the great equatorial forest was not a roof now, but a plumy gray-green floor that covered the whole earth. The sky was thick with humidity.

Steve had, as usual, charted three courses, but he hoped they could stick to this middle route. The others lay over the high mountains on one side, where bad weather was reported, and on the other came much closer to enemy terrain.

Idly, too, he wondered how he himself would behave in combat. He had not yet seen any fighting—orders to the Ferry Command were to keep out of the way of trouble if they could—and wondered if he'd act right. For some reason, when he thought about fighting he always thought, too, about his father. He had a funny idea his father would act, under fire, very much as he did when he made a speech—rather elegant and smiling, and giving the impression that nothing possibly could happen to him.

As a matter of fact, the old man had probably been talking just an hour or so ago. If things went according to schedule, Philippa and her mother would be out there now, and the engagement dinner would be—well, perhaps about over, counting back six hours. He could see how she'd be smiling when his father talked, and the quick way she'd toss back her childishly long fair hair, with the color flooding her face; and yet how natural, how like a good kid, she'd be when she got up to say something back.

THE huge plane dropped and shuddered. A routine bump, but he looked up nervously from his table. Right now the crate could fly herself, yet he didn't feel right about it. There wasn't enough to do, either. Hour after hour they'd pushed on monotonously, sometimes over forest, sometimes over lush plains. Once the co-pilot Saunders came forward and looked in on him.

"How are things going up there?" Steve asked him.

Saunders' eyes met his noncommittally, his expression, as usual, at once dead-pan and kidding. "O. K.," he said.

"Do you *mean* O. K.?"

"Well, so far. He figures he's getting on to things."

"I wish to the Lord *you* could bring her down when we land. Couldn't you work it?"

"Not unless something falls on his head."

"That ought to be easy. I'd be glad to take care of it myself."

Saunders went off laughing.

The country was open now and very rough, with jagged peaks beneath and storm-wrapped mountains in the distance. There was a strong cross wind, and from time to time Steve obtained a fix, took readings from the drift meter. And when he called the pilot on the interphone to correct the course, he began, rather against his will, to feel a little less nervous. And it was the man's voice—something *right* about it. Maybe the guy had felt uncertain on the

(*Continued on page 58*)

PHOTO
KNOPF-PIX

Coy at his desk, which has phone connection with the White House.

THE PRESIDENT'S MAN

Not many Americans have heard of Wayne Coy—but a direct wire to the White House and a way with the generals and admirals make him one of the few "co-ordinators" in Washington who can get things done

BY ALFRED TOOMBS

STENOGRAPHERS and army officers who work in a crowded room in the old War Department Building in Washington recently looked up from their work to see two men standing in the doorway. The two silently viewed the scene, disappearing before any one had time to nudge a neighbor and say, "Look! It's Stimson and Morgenthau."

The Secretaries of War and the Treasury moved from room to room in the part of the building devoted to the Army Air Forces. A boa constrictor could not have created more consternation than the sight of two Cabinet members, unescorted and without blare of bugles, poking through the building. Cabinet officers had refrained from such unannounced tours since Harold Ickes, wandering through his Interior Department, had found his workers happily engaged in drinking pop, playing pinochle, and sleeping on the desks. There was only one reason why the two had taken time from their desks for this reconnaissance in force.

Wayne Coy had asked them to.

Coy had suggested the tour in anticipation of a knock-down battle between the Treasury and War Departments over which should occupy a newly completed building.

"Why," he had asked Morgenthau, "don't you drop in on Henry Stimson in the morning? You fellas look at the offices those Air Force people are using and then decide who needs the new building worst."

And so the two Cabinet members trotted off quite willingly, settling in a few minutes a question which ordinarily would have taken weeks of time and tons of memoranda.

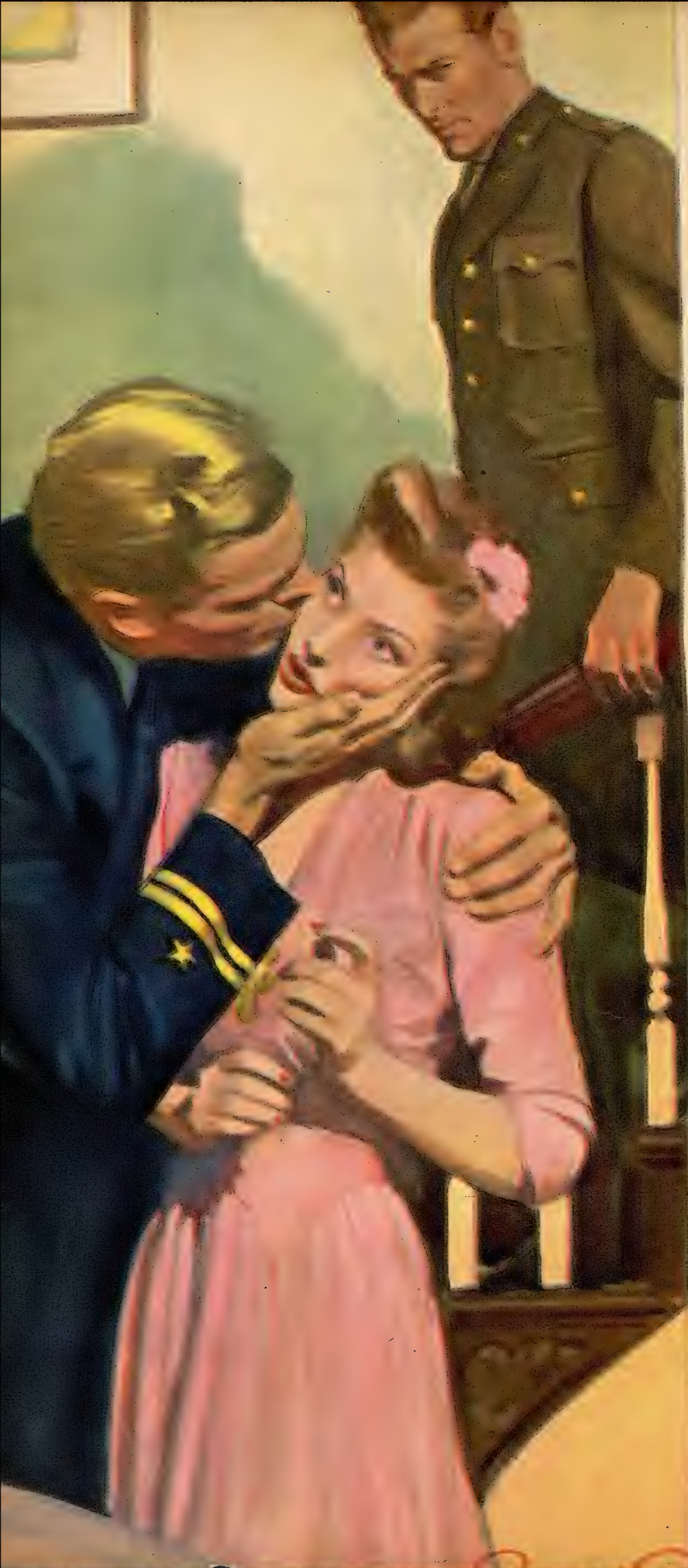
To the American public Wayne Coy is as little known as Yogi philosophy. He could call up 130,000,000 people in this country, announce "This is Wayne Coy," and the only response would be "So what?" But a call from Coy to any one of the two or three hundred men in Washington who are shaping the lives of those 130,000,000 would command the most respectful attention. For in Washington he is known as a worker of governmental miracles.

Nominally, he is liaison officer of the Office for Emergency Management and Assistant Director of the Bureau of the Budget. In plain words, his job is to make the machinery of government move at the speed demanded by total war.

His authority has never been clearly established by executive orders, nor have the limits of his power been precisely defined. Yet he has been able, by force of personality and fast footwork, to summon enough authority to reach most objectives. As Assistant Budget Director, he controls the financial and legislative programs of virtually all the war agencies. As liaison officer of OEM, the top holding company of the war agencies, he is the administrative director of these myriad bureaus. He is the President's ambassador at large to the War Production Board, Office of Price Administration, Lend-Lease Administration, and other bureaus.

Some people hold that Coy is a mere opportunist. They say only such a person could have risen so fast in government. A year and a half ago he was laboring obscurely in a routine government job. Today

(*Continued on page 53*)



IT'S TIME

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

AFTER eight years of being married to Johnny, Tessa Barnes could not recall what life had been like without him. Her whole existence was built around him and their two children, their suburban home, their friends, their social life. But now Johnny was going away; his knowledge of color photography had brought him a captaincy in the army and he was being sent to Washington—and from there, heaven knew where!

This was bad enough, but even worse, to Tessa, was the knowledge that he wanted to go, that he could have stayed home if he had allowed his boss in the advertising agency where he worked to intercede on the grounds that his war-poster designs helped build public morale. But Johnny confessed to Tessa, "I as much as told him I'd knock him down if he got in the way of my accepting that commission!"

"Why would you want to go?" Tessa had asked him. "It—it isn't because you don't love me any more, is it?"

"No," said Johnny. "It hasn't got anything to do with loving somebody or not loving her. It's just that life was getting pretty dull, pretty much a matter of routine. For both of us."

Tessa remembered then, with a little chill, something Jill Marshall had said: "An awful lot of men are going to this war because they're fed up to the teeth with their wives and their jobs and their lives! It's an escape. A chance to look around under the guise of patriotism, and see just what they want to do with their lives afterward."

Johnny was only partly aware that he wanted an escape. He loved Tessa, he told himself—but why had everything suddenly gone as stale for him as yesterday's ginger ale? Why did he remember so vividly that one shaken minute when he had kissed Catherine Lockhart, and his heart had leaped at the thought of what it would be like to love a woman like that? Catherine—beautiful, brilliant, hard—was Tessa's best friend, a writer who was married to rich middle-aged Carlson Lockhart who adored her. It had never entered Tessa's head that Johnny might have any feeling except friendship for Catherine—or Catherine for him.

Tessa tried to make Johnny's last day at home a happy one, but everything went wrong. At lunch, at his mother's,

It was a minute before she pulled

TO SAY GOOD-BY

Millions of women like Tessa Barnes are seeing their husbands off to war—and it is then that the battle within themselves begins

BY ISABEL MOORE

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. SCHMIDT

an inadvertent remark made Tessa certain that Johnny expected her to give up their house and live with the elder Mrs. Barnes. I won't! She stormed inwardly. I won't do it!

ALL those things seethed through Tessa's mind as she sat alone in the car finally, giving Johnny a few minutes alone with his mother. When he joined her, his face was very quiet. The day was drawing to a close, and the impact of what he was doing, what he was leaving, was just beginning to hit him. She waited until he started the car before she spoke to him. It was an effort to control her voice, to keep it steady and reasonable.

"Johnny, I'm not going to give up my house and move in with your mother and Janice, if that's what you've been planning on. The children would get on Janice's nerves, and your mother and I could never get along, living together."

"I'm afraid you're going to have to," Johnny said, keeping his eyes on the ribbon of road that unwound slowly before them. "It's cost us five hundred dollars a month to run our house, and there isn't going to be five hundred dollars a month from here in, Tessa."

"We can cut down somewhere—"

"Those are pretty fixed expenses. I've already put the house on the market. I hated to tell you, Tessa. I know what that place means to you. But some day I'll get you another house. A bigger one. Maybe in California."

"But I don't want a bigger house! Why, I went without a new coat last year to get the rug for the hall, and it's fixed just the way I want it, and near the children's school, and I won't give it up and go to live out in the woods like that. I won't!"

"Tessa, you've got to."

"Why?" She flared up angrily, furiously. "Just because you want to play soldier? Just because you're fed up with a dull job and want to get away? I'm fed up, too, but I can't throw everything up and walk out on the children and the cooking and the marketing! It isn't as though you had to go—" She came back to that stubbornly.

"Will you stop saying that?" Johnny shouted at her. "Of course I have to go! The army was excited about the work I've done in color photography. They need me. I could have crawled out of it, yes, if I'd let Van Sinten give them a lot of hooey sales talk about building morale. But what kind of a heel do you think I am, Tessa? And what kind of a wife are you, for heaven's sake? I know you're making sacrifices, but so is every one else!" Then he quieted; the angry flush died out of his cheeks. "There's no use trying to go back, Tessa. We're on a road now that's a one-way street. We're in this thing for the duration. I can't afford that house. You'll have to move in with mother and Janice. Thousands of other women are doing the same thing."

"I won't," she said.

"O. K. You can stay on in our house for as long as you can afford it on the money I send you. But don't go into debt, Tessa, I warn you!"

She closed her lips tightly on that and said nothing. She was thinking, as they drove home to change for Catherine's party and to pile Johnny's bags into the car, that perhaps Catherine could help her. Perhaps Catherine could suggest some kind of job for her. Anything. Anything rather than move in with Johnny's mother!

CATHERINE LOCKHART was thirty-one years old and she never lied about it to any one. That was one of the many things that made her different from any other woman in Linton Heights. There were many other things that set her apart from the other women in this small Westchester suburb that she had moved to when she married Carlson Lockhart seven years ago. She had married him not because she loved him, but because she had had an affair with him, and when she was ready to break it off he had threatened all kinds of things—to kill himself, to follow her wherever she went, even once, wildly, to kill her. The entire thing had bored her, had interfered with her work, and she had wondered at the time why so much is written about men who weary of women in affairs and so little about women who weary of men. Carlson was no youngster but a brilliant, important business man, and she had thought, in the beginning, that they could have fun together. But instead, something begun as an amusing, interesting relationship had, in the end, become tragic and troublesome, and she had married him because the gesture cost her nothing and seemed to make him so happy.

Oddly enough, she had been a good wife to him and had made him happy. He was proud of her fame and of her success, though compared with what he made as head of one of the big steel companies, her income was pin money. Carlson had retired from his company five years ago, but from the big house that was set off by itself on a strip of land that ran down to the Sound and was known as Davin's Neck, he directed all the policies of the company and made all the important decisions. Carlson knew of Catherine's flirtations, but he was sure enough of himself to believe they never went any further than that, and indeed, until now, they never had. In many ways, Carlson had spoiled her. He was smooth and amusing and selfish, like herself. He commanded respect, and he was a handsome, if somewhat pompous, man, with thick white hair and dark eyes and very black strong eyebrows that dominated his rather heavy face.

But now Catherine Lockhart had tasted something she had never known before. For the first time in her life she was in love. She was in love with Johnny Barnes, which was ridiculous, which was fantastic, which couldn't be, but it was.

She smiled about it now as her feet followed Johnny's feet expertly

(*Continued on page 61*)

NEW TIRES NEXT YEAR

We'll remain a nation on wheels if we conserve our present rubber supplies until the vast new synthetic rubber industry gets going

BY MYRON M. STEARNS

AMERICAN energy, inventiveness, and know-how have created, almost overnight, a vast new industry—synthetic rubber. It will soon be turning out hundreds of thousands of tons of the vitally needed product.

At Akron, Ohio, rubber capital of the world, I've just seen tons on tons of the new raw rubber, all made from American materials. I've seen acres of piled-up mats ready to be manufactured into military tires, life rafts, and tough treads for tanks. One new 30,000-ton plant was only starting production the day I arrived. At another I was allowed to stir a sample of the synthetic rubber ingredients in a glass jar and watch the rubber particles coagulate. I squeezed the particles into a pinkish ball as big as a fist and bounced it on the floor. At a third plant I saw yellow "crumb rubber" roll from big coagulating tubs. I saw it packed into rubber bricks and bales for shipment.

But you and I needn't expect our brand-new tires just yet. Encouraging and thrilling as this avalanche of new synthetic rubber is, it's hardly more than a start. All the natural rubber still available, as well as far more synthetic rubber than we've been able to turn out yet, is needed for lend-lease and military use. Not until spring of next year will new tires be available for civilian use. And they will be available then only if our synthetic rubber production plans go through without a hitch *and we conserve every ounce of rubber we already have.* That includes the tires now on your car.

The Japanese High Command believed they could cripple the United Nations by taking over the world's supply of natural rubber, and it's terrifying to think how nearly right they were. As a matter of fact, our crisis is still to come—next fall, with the stock pile reduced to the danger point and new production not yet fully developed.

We started 1943 with a rubber supply of around 440,000 tons. During the year far more than that will be needed. Our brand-new synthetic rubber plants are expected to make up the balance. But a number of them won't even get into production until almost the end of the year. It's going to be a close squeak.

"Our one ace in the hole," an Office of Defense Transportation man told me, "is in spare tires. We may have to call in all spare tires and let the people run on four. We hope we won't have to."

The gigantic size of the production job is the main reason for the close call. The government program calls for 813,000 tons annually of different kinds of synthetic rubber, with rubber substitutes and secondary types possibly accounting for another 85,000 tons. It was originally planned to reach this rate of production by the end of this year, but, due to various conflicts that developed over the use of badly needed war materials, only about one third of this goal will be realized.

Experts figured, before we started in on this synthetic rubber program that's being mostly completed inside of two years, that it would take at least seven years to build half of it!

After seeing the immensity of a "little" private plant turning out

6,000 tons a year, and of a couple of the government plants each good for 30,000 tons a year—but each taking care of only the *final stages* of the rubber-making process—my own mind simply can't take in what it means to produce a million tons of synthetic rubber.

Millions of gallons of water must be used daily in the production of the raw materials alone. To manufacture the butadiene and styrene—the ingredients from which GR-S (Government Rubber, type S) is made—huge new plants will be required, with thousands of miles of pipes, running from little quarter-inchers up to conduits three and a half feet in diameter. Some of the structures will be as high as twenty-story skyscrapers. More than 200,000 tons of the butadiene is to be made from grain. A bushel of grain yields about three gallons of alcohol, which gives seven pounds of butadiene. So more than 60,000,000 bushels will be needed.

Most of the butadiene will be made from crude oil, or petroleum, which is also used in the manufacture of T. N. T.—now being produced at a rate twenty-two times greater than in World War I—and the high-octane gasoline which gives our bomber and fighter planes such an edge over Axis craft. Naturally, our government isn't going to check the increased flow of either high-octane gasoline or T. N. T. any more than is absolutely necessary.

ONLY after military needs are met will you and I get in on the best of the new-rubber output.

Some small idea of those military needs is contained in these facts. Trucks, tanks, mobile guns, jeeps, motorcycles all require rubber tires. A battleship needs 75 tons of rubber. Self-sealing gasoline tanks in bombers require more than 1,200 pounds apiece. Modern life belts and life vests and life rafts and life boats are all made out of rubber. So are barrage balloons, bogie rollers for tanks, endless-band tracks for tanks and tank destroyers, pontoons for army bridges, air hose and oil hose and steam hose and the fire hose with which our sailors fought fires on our stricken aircraft carriers.

By next January we will have turned out about 250,000 tons of synthetic rubber. Add the 440,000 tons of rubber in our stock pile at the beginning of this year and the 50,000 or so tons of natural rubber imported from Brazil, Liberia, Ceylon, and Central America, and you have a total of, roughly, 750,000 tons for the year.

That's a lot of rubber—but it's actually short of government requirements. Which is why new civilian tires will not be produced until well into next year.

Until then civilians will have to depend entirely upon "reclaims." At Akron I saw huge stores of old tires, piled two stories high and covering acres. There are facilities for reclaiming 350,000 tons or more of rubber every year. Since last summer's scrap collection netted 454,155 tons, the facilities are being operated to capacity.

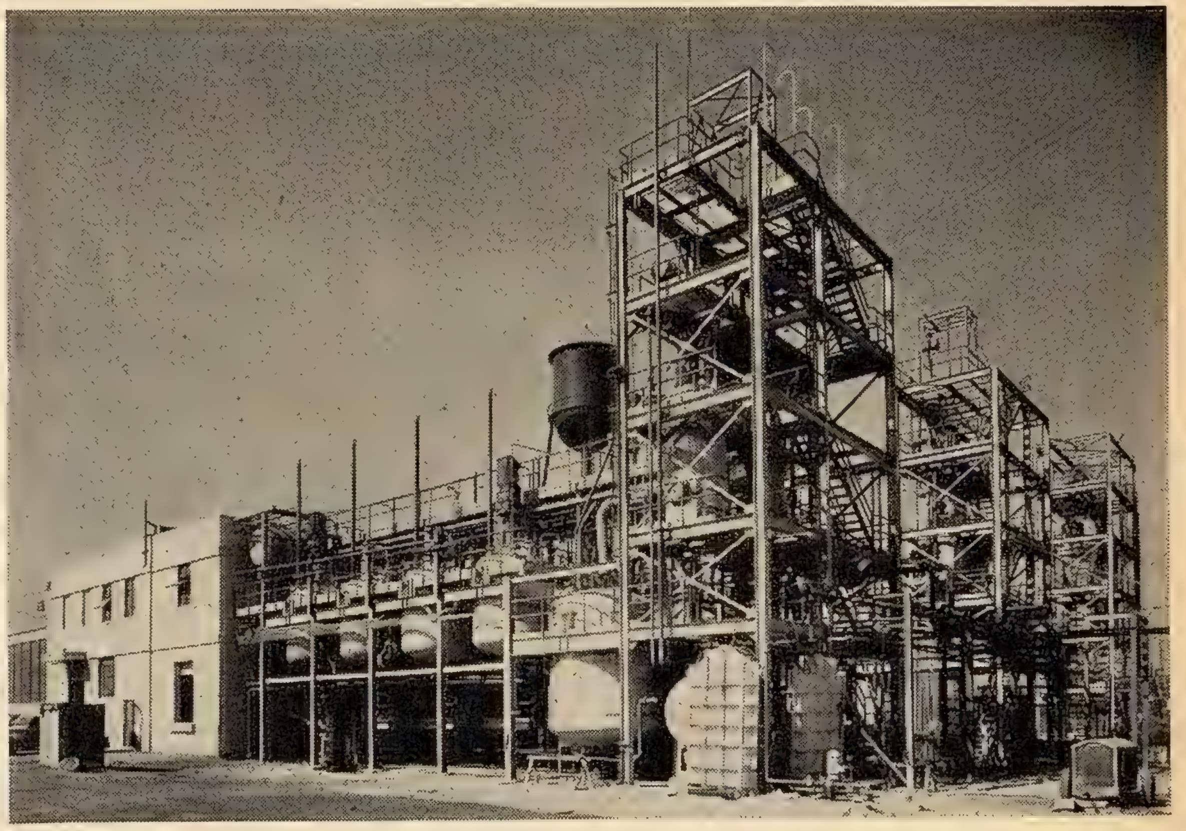
But reclaim is not like new rubber; it is blended, in normal times, with as much as 70 per cent of new rubber for full effectiveness. If a tire is made of reclaimed rubber only, it will give somewhere between one third and one fifth the mileage of a new rubber tire, say 10,000 miles instead of 30,000 miles.

When we finally get to all-new rubber tires again, or even to 70-per-cent new-rubber tires, they'll be good. The synthetic rubber is in some ways superior to the product of rubber trees and in other ways nearly as good.

One Ameripol tire, made by the B. F. Goodrich Company, was exhibited before a Senate Committee after it had been driven 24,127 miles on an American Airlines station wagon. It was still in fine condition.

Most people think synthetic rubber is something new. It's not. The Germans made 2,300 tons of an in-

(*Continued on page 60*)



This Firestone plant can produce as much rubber as 100,000 acres of rubber trees.

Dr. Waldo L. Semon, B. F. Goodrich's discoverer of Ameripol, stretches a bit of it.

HOW TO GROW A VICTORY GARDE

Ol' Professor Shane, who knows his onions (and other vegetables), gives out with a few tips on turning that weed patch into pay dirt

BY TED SHANE

"THE secret of good gardening is plenty of well rotted manure." I pass this on to you Victory gardeners free of charge. See that your plants get enough to eat, and you will get enough, too. That is, if you apply lots of muscle, weeding, watering, coddling, and worrying.

If you have about enough soil to cover a postage stamp, plant lettuce and beans and tomatoes. If you have acres, plant them with potatoes and onions, greens, berries, and as many other fruits and vegetables as you desire. But even in a tiny back yard in the city, you'll find there is always something you can raise.

With half or third of an acre you can be assured of an all-year supply of food with plenty of ascorbic acid, riboflavin, and other vitamins. On that much ground you can even find room to house a cow and a few dozen chickens, and raise some of

the feed to nourish them. In time the cow in turn will produce the necessary well rotted manure.

I've been growing this kind of garden for the past ten years—minus the cow and chickens. There are a few tricks to it. The most important (and hardest) one is to arrange it so that you get a continuous supply of vegetables all summer. Often I have had more beans than I knew what to do with for a week or so, and then had to go for weeks to the local market until the corn came in. This can be avoided only by careful planning. There are other headaches, too, but it's surprising, once you get the hang of it, how soon you'll develop "gardener's thumb."

Let's say you're about to gather dirt under your fingernails for Victory. There are five things you must do: Select the garden spot; get some tools; make a blueprint of the garden; plant the garden; and fifth, and most important, take care of it.

A perfect garden spot should have lots of rich black loam. Shade trees should not choke off the sun or eat up the soil food with root spread. Too much sand and poor drainage don't help, but lots of sun does. If you garden in the city, large buildings—cutting off light—and traffic fumes will kill your plants. Even snap beans, which grow practically in desert land, can't stand the deadly carbon monoxide. Lots of Victory gardeners-not-to-be-denied, however, are making deals with owners of plots a mere streetcar or subway ride away and giving a share of the crops in return for use of the land.

Once you've selected your spot, take a sample of your soil and have it analyzed. Your local Farm Bureau man will do this for you and you'll usually find him through the post office. He'll tell you what vitamins your soil lacks. Yes, soil needs vitamins, too. You may even find your soil is deficient in soil itself. In that case, you'll have to haul in topsoil or purchase it by the yard from the local contractor. Like well rotted manure, soil is bought not by the peck but by the yard.

Unless you plan to garden with a knife and fork on a penthouse, you ought to get yourself a mess of tools. Since tools are scarce and also highly fragile, buy only the best.

For a small garden I suggest a spade or three-pronged spading fork, a rake with strong sharp teeth, and a common hoe for future weeding and stepping on. You'll also need a ball of strong cord for marking rows and tying up plants, and an old broomstick handle for transplanting.

For larger gardens I'd suggest a wheel hoe and, if you must be technical, a scuffle or push hoe and a trowel. You'll also need a length of hose to water your plants—on dry Thirstdays of course—and it'll come in handy for any incendiary bombs that happen to drop in. Should you plan a half acre, I'd strongly advise having it plowed by the milkman and his team of Belgians.

Next comes the plan. Common credo of the city yokel is merely to move into a bare space with a shovel and a few packages of seed, dig, sight a straight line by eye, and scatter the seed along it—then sit back and watch it grow. Nothing could be more sloppy. It's like building a house without a blueprint.

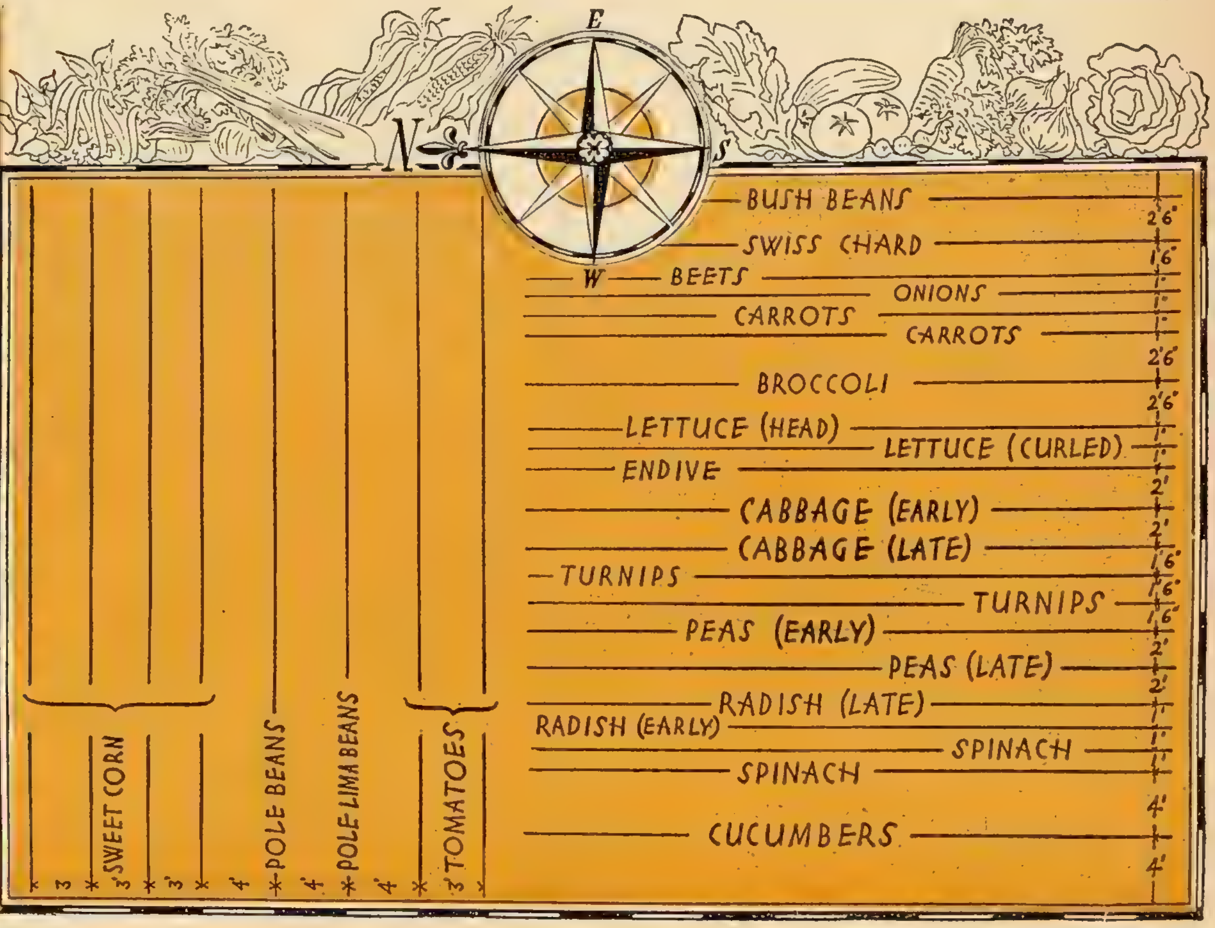
A garden plan will enable you to get the most from the available space. First measure your plot. If it is small, you can't have lots of space between the rows. If it is large, you can have enough room between rows to push a wheel hoe and facilitate cultivating and weeding.

While I cannot give you exact measurements for your plot, a very small garden—say thirty by fifty feet, ample to feed a family of four, with a surplus for canning—can be measured off to grow fifteen different vegetables. These will be the garden smiths and joneses: pole snap beans, pole limas, tomatoes, chard, beets, carrots, turnips, cabbage, onions, radishes, spinach, lettuce, and mustard greens or collards—highly thought of by the vitamin authorities. Spaces between the rows will vary from one foot between the radishes and spinach to three and a half feet between the two rows of luscious tomatoes. And you'll have to do some careful winter planting after your first harvest.

Larger plots will allow for wider spaces and such garden aristocrats as Golden Bantam corn, eggplant, broccoli, and such garden ramblers as cucumbers and squash (you plant pumpkin among the corn). You can also go in for fancy squashes, delicious little-knowns such as salsify, oyster plant, and spaghetti plant and other veteran gardener esoterica.

After you've designed and carefully laid out your plot, you must be sure never to permit your rows to run up and down hill. If the plot is level, run the rows the long way. It'll help in working them. If possible, the rows should run north and south,

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER BUEHR



as that gives the sun most chance to feed the hungry mouths of the little growing plants. Some gardeners urge circular gardening, in concentric style. It's allegedly highly efficient.

Tall crops, like pole beans, corn, or asparagus, should be placed on the north side of the garden, so's not to shade the low stuff like spinach and cukes. And don't ridge the rows unless they're beans, cucumbers, or sweet potatoes, or unless you live in a heavy rainfall area. Ridges will prevent washing out your seeds.

Let's say you've laid out your garden like a bride her trousseau. You've learned tricks like planting the radishes and carrots together because the latter germinate just when the radishes give out, and your plan calls for twenty different kinds of vegetables, properly rotated so not an inch of your garden will be wasted or a dull moment occur in your eating. You also have leftovers for future canning and dehydration.

IT'S a warm spring day in April. The frost is out of the ground. Out in the garden you go, with your find new tools and plan. You stake off the garden, make its edges with the cord, and get to work. Deep in the ground goes the fork, pushed by your foot. Up you press it and turn a clod. You break the clod with a tamp of the fork, and watch an earthworm diving for air-raid shelter beneath. You move to the next hunk, and turn that. What's wrong?

Two things: 1. You must wear gloves or you'll blister badly. 2. Where is the well rotted manure? Drop everything and rush some home to the hungry earth—if you can get it. If you can't, buy yourself some prepared commercial fertilizer mysteriously numbered—like 5-10-8. While manure is worked well into the ground anywhere except with a few root vegetables, commercial plant food must be carefully tooled into furrows hoed alongside the seed rows. Otherwise it will "burn" the young seedlings.

By now you've a generous chunk of the garden spaded up. Before moving to the next part, you're ready to do some planting. Putting a seed in the ground is to me the most thrilling part of gardening. But plants are sensitive, just like you and me. Some like cold, some hate it; some can't be planted too early, some must be planted late. First in the ground in my rugged Connecticut hills are onion sets, spinach, peas, radishes, and carrots. You'll have to buy onion sets from your hardware man ("keepin'-onions" you raise from seed).

(*Continued on page 24*)

BEACH PATROL

BY OSCAR SCHISGAL

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM RUSSWIG

JOE SCUDDER had to walk eleven miles along the beach to get to the recruiting office in town. It took him five hours. With his heart the way it was, Joe had to be careful how he walked. But he didn't mind the time. What bothered him was the way the sergeant at the desk stared at him and repeated, "You want to *enlist?*"

"Well," said Joe, "I want to do *somethin'*."

"How old are you, anyhow?"

Joe figured he'd better lop off about ten years, so he answered, "Sixty."

The sergeant grinned and shook his head. "Sorry, pop. We sure can't take you on for the marines."

Joe thought maybe he'd given the fellow a wrong idea. He knew he couldn't fight much. He didn't have any fool notions about getting into battles and winning medals for what the newspapers called "conspicuous gallantry in action." Hell, no. He just wanted to help.

"Couldn't I mebbe—cook or somethin'?"

"Not at your age, you can't." Then, because he was curious, the sergeant asked, "What're you doing now?"

Joe felt uncomfortable. With his rag of a hat in his hands and his dirty overalls going down into cracked boots, he knew he looked like a bum. But he wasn't a bum. He was a self-supporting citizen.

"I fish," he said.

"That so? Where d'you live?"

"Them shanties down the shore—down near Cod Cove."

The sergeant was surprised. He glanced at the marine near the door, then back at Joe. And Joe fidgeted. There were still four shacks on the beach, ready to keel over at the first good puff of wind, and Joe lived in one of them. Alone now. Everybody else had deserted the shanties long ago. But after his wife had died, Joe had hung on. He'd figured he might as well stay there as go anywhere else. It didn't cost anything, and you could always catch enough fish to eat. Besides, his heart was holding out all right on the beach—as long as he didn't try to run or work too hard. He hadn't had any pain around it in pretty near two months now.

He pushed bony fingers through his tangled white hair. "Ain't there *anything* I can do in this war?"

"Why, sure," the sergeant sa quickly. "Plenty." He didn't want t hurt Joe. When you looked into th seams and weariness of Joe's fa you couldn't hurt him. The sergea said, "Why don't you go on bea patrol?"

"Huh?"

"You've seen the soldiers guardin the beaches, haven't you?"

"Why, yeah," said Joe, wonderi "There's some camped two mi north o' my place; some more a mi south."

"You could help them," the se geant said. "They sure need som body between their camps—som body to watch for submarines a see no Nazi spies get up on t beach. That'd be a swell job f you. Mighty important work, too

Joe Scudder's eyes widened. "Y mean it? I kin go on regular patrol

"Sure," said the sergeant. "J report anything you see to th soldiers."

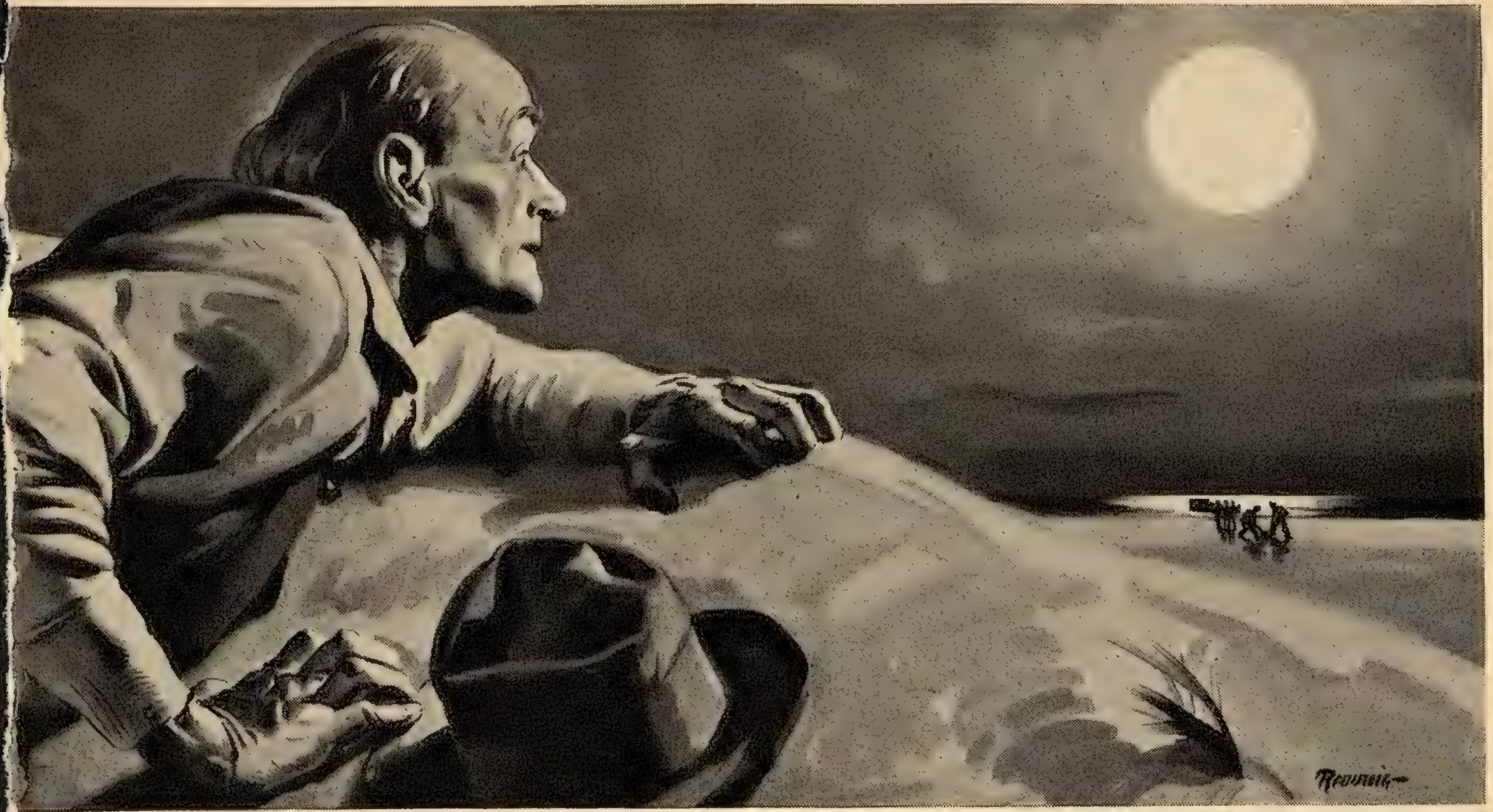
So Joe walked the eleven mi home with a great bubble of a and happiness in his heart. He pretty near as important as President of the United States. Ab ten miles down the coast from shack the marines had a train base, and he *had* hoped he co get a job over there, doing someth that wouldn't bring too much p to his heart. But this was bett Watching for subs and spies—w this was doing something for t whole country!

Joe felt grim and serious when went on patrol. During the d while he fished, it was easy. He j had to keep his eyes open. nights it was harder. Joe figured had to do a good job if they w going to rely on him, so he got twice every night—once about m night and again about three— walked up and down the beach a look around.

That was how he came to see w happened during the second week his patrol. It was something to too.

He got to the top of a dune moonlight, and when he saw w was going on he dropped flat in sand. His eyes almost popped ou

A couple of hundred yards a he saw a small boat pulled up on beach. It was a queer sort of b



Joe knew right away what he was seeing. His skin got prickly and wet. He felt all tightened up.

ped like a scow; only it wasn't bigger than his own dory. Two n with shovels were digging a e in the beach, working fast; ee others were carrying boxes ore.

oe Scudder knew right away what was seeing. He remembered the there'd been a few months back, en the government had caught a of Nazis who'd come ashore like s and buried dynamite. And here was again.

Joe's skin got prickly and wet. He t all tightened up. He couldn't ht those five men. They'd kill him fore he got anywhere near them. e thing to do was get the soldiers er here. Quick, too. Before those ers could get away. They'd be all ough in a few minutes. But the arest soldiers—half a dozen of em living in army tents—were mped a mile and a half away.

Joe backed down the dune's slope. was sweating more than ever. *ly way to get them soldiers in e,* he thought, *is to run. Got to for all I'm worth.*

Then Joe remembered he couldn't . Not and stay alive. Even when walked fast that cramp jumped his heart. He'd never make a e and a half running. Joe felt pless and kind of sick—till he ked ahead to the shacks where he d. They gave Joe an idea. They e only a quarter of a mile away. His eyes began to shine—and Joe ran.

He ran only fifty yards before the pain got him. He tried to keep going but after another fifty yards things got so bad that he fell into the sand. He lay there a few seconds, catching his breath. The sweat poured out of him, and he kept a hand clutched over his heart. He dragged himself ahead on his knees. Then he managed to get up and run a little farther, maybe ten yards, before he fell again.

Joe didn't think he could make the shanties. Even when they were only a few hundred feet away they looked to be a hundred miles off. But he kept pulling himself along like a lizard. The pain around his heart was terrible now. Like a clamp. Every time he sucked in a breath it was like stabbing himself.

But he made it all right. He got as far as the first shack, which was his own, and that was all he needed. He still had enough strength left to get a match out of his pocket and light it and hold it to the straw mat inside the door. When the flames began to rise, lively and yellow, Joe fell limp. The queer thing was that he was grinning. He lay like that maybe five minutes, till good high flames were leaping from the shack. Then he dragged himself back a few yards, away from the heat.

The way Joe figured it, he'd done the right thing. The flames would bring the soldiers in a hurry, and they'd catch those damned Nazis on the beach.

IN the morning the recruiting sergeant put down the telephone and looked at his hands. The marine at the door asked, "How's the old boy doing?"

"Not so good, the hospital says." The sergeant spoke in a thoughtful way. "He sure gummed up a military secret, didn't he? Today the whole town knows that last night the marines were practicing Commando tactics on the beach. Sneaking in, burying explosives and supplies for the men to follow, and getting out again quick."

"Yeah, he butchered it up, all right," the other said. "How come you asked the hospital not to tell him about it?"

"Well," the sergeant answered slowly, still looking at his hands, "the old guy probably won't last through the day. He burned his house and killed himself, thinking he was playing for keeps."

"So you figure he'll be happier not knowing—"

"Sure," said the sergeant. "Maybe we owe him that much. Instead of a medal, I mean, for what they call valor and conspicuous gallantry in action."

THE END

(Continued from page 22)

Oh, yes, Uncle Sam wants us to keep a green leaf going in the garden continuously—kale, chard, collard, or turnip greens. You takes your choice and you'll find they keep growing even past the fall frost. Chard can be eaten practically roots and all. The stem *au gratins* nicely and the leaf "cooks up good" with a bit of salted sowbelly—Bob Burns' chicken, as Arkansas calls it.

Later on, buy ready-made plants that have been started in hot frames. These are broccoli, cauliflower, cabbage, tomatoes, lettuce, eggplant, green peppers, and celery. Until you are an expert don't try to grow these plants from seed. They come in flats, cost about thirty to fifty cents a dozen, should be transplanted into your garden with plenty of water. So, if possible, transplant on rainy days. Practically everything else grows nicely from seed.

DON'T bury your seeds too deeply or plant them too shallow. They'll either push and push and never reach the surface, or dry up and die, or be washed out. Run the hoe handle along the surface of the ground for small seed—making a half-inch furrow along that twine line. For larger seed, like corn and peas, make a furrow with the corner of the hoe. Walk over the row, after planting, tamping as you go. Besides giving you exact directions for planting, the seed packets will tell you to sow thickly such small seed as carrots, collards, onions, parsnips, spinach, and turnips. These should be sown four times as thickly as you'll eventually thin them. Corn, peas, beans, cucumbers should be planted, as you want the plants to stand. Beets and chard should also be sown to the number of plants required, as these seeds are really fruits and contain several seeds. They will therefore need thinning anyway. For heaven's sake remember the young seedlings are very delicious. Eat your young beet thinnings, greens, stems, roots, and all, with a hot dressing made of vinegar poured on sizzling chopped bacon.

These four matters having been disposed of, you sit lazily in the sun on the south side of the house, dozing over the Farmer's Bulletin. You dream of Ponderosa tomatoes, luscious succotash, and a beautiful salad Cézanne might have drawn. All you have to do is sit by and wait for it to grow.

You do in a pig's ear. Brother, your troubles are just beginning.

Just take a walk in your garden. You'll notice that the seeds are beginning to sprout. The Black Valentine beans have pushed up their green snub noses and are splitting into a two-section leaf. But what is that suspicious green fuzz coming up beside the beans and covering the rest of the garden like a carpet?

Weeds, brother, weeds.

And if you don't remove them, you'll harvest them and not that big purple eggplant you've been expecting. For the weeds will have lunched the precious vitamins out of the well rotted manure.

To counteract this Hitlerian vegetation, there is a deadly weapon known as the hoe. There is also bending down and pulling them out—being careful they do not nip you from behind (they grow that fast).

It takes blood and sweat and tears to get weeds out. But, if you weed religiously every day, you can keep reasonably ahead of them. And when you stand in the long, clean rows and see the delicate green and red-tinted edges of your Mignonette lettuce flanked by the corn knee-high by 4th of July—it's worth your trouble.

Another way to exterminate weeds is mulching. This means taking sheets of tar paper, dried lawn clippings, leaves, or old Libertys, and laying them between the rows, thus keeping the sun from rousing the guinea pig in the weed.

You should get each member of your family to devote ten minutes a day to weeding, cultivating the ground around the plants, staking tomatoes, and sprinkling. My daughter used to do it for a double scoop of ice cream. My wife is doing it for her figure. There's a knack to sprinkling. Imitate the rain if you can. Heavy watering, not drizzling, is the thing when the ground is dry.

It shocks you with its machine-gun swiftness. It leaves you breathless!

MEMO TO A FIRING SQUAD

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

is a novel of an American newspaperman in wartime Lisbon, of a beautiful Polish girl who schemes to use her beauty to trap her country's enemies, of a high-minded young Englishman, a French major-domo and his wife, and sundry Portuguese and Spaniards who hate the Nazis. All are allied in a conspiracy to track down a Nazi-minded group who are plotting a phony peace. Don't miss Liberty's condensation of this high spot among 1943's thrillers.

Coming next week!

Vegetables must be picked at the proper moment and not let run rank. Generally speaking, the sooner you gobble your harvest the better—canning your surplus. We always have our water boiling before we pick our corn. Try this sometime, and you'll think you've never eaten corn before. A chemical change takes place within a few minutes after picking. For most veggies, pressure cooking in little water brings the best results.

You can whenever your garden overflows. In the fall, certain vegetables may be preserved in other ways. By now your carrots and beets will be huge—those that haven't been eaten. These, with potatoes and turnips, can be kept in a cool moist cellar, but be careful that they don't freeze. They like 35 degrees. Onions will keep for months in cool dry air.

As for dehydration, your grammaw knew all about it when it came to drying pork and beans and corn. This can be done in the sun, just as she did, but if you insist on being more modern about it, call up your local light company and ask about the new electric dehydrators.

How much time do you have to give to a garden? I know a man who works from 7 A. M. to 4.30 in a hat factory in Danbury, Connecticut. Then he rushes home, eats his dinner, removes his shirt, and pops into his garden, which is as large as a football field. By working after business hours and week-ends not only does he raise enough food for his family of six, but sells enough to buy their clothes. His strawberry beds produce the most delicious jumbo berries in Connecticut.

THE motif this year, then, will be all out in the garden for Victory. It is the patriotic substitute for such former summer pastimes as golf, tennis, or lying in the hammock. But there will be fun as well as vitamins in your Victory Garden. Once your muscles have tuned in with nature you'll find rewards in tanned cheek and a farmer's appetite—as well as the stuff with which to satisfy that appetite.

Local gardeners, Farm Bureau representatives, Garden Club ladies (in flat, tired-looking hats) will gladly lend a hand with the advice, and there are plenty of good pamphlets available from the Department of Agriculture in Washington. The most important thing to remember is that if you urge her properly, Nature is just crazy to turn those seeds into good green vegetables. With, of course, plenty of well rotted you know what!

THE END

The WHOLE HEART

A Novel By HELEN HOWE

ABRIDGED TO ONE EVENING'S READING TIME

A Liberty BOOK

What the Critics Said About This Curious Story of a Man Four Women Loved—

"THE WHOLE HEART is a novel that amuses with its wit and humor. . . ."—
The New York Times

"It is the kind of novel it's fun to read."—
The Boston Daily Globe

Mary Leverett

Dover Street Settlement,
Boston, Mass.
February 25, 1919.

DEAR Jim,

I'm falling very easily, you see, into your trap! Yes, I may say Cousin Hetty's threat to write you once a week does make you an object of considerable concern. I know all too well that neither she nor I can ever take for you the place of your darling mother—who indeed can take that place with any of us again?—but as second cousin perhaps I have the right to try for second best.

Indeed I'm only too delighted to drop the lieutenant in addressing you. I'm glad you're not going to turn into one of those revolting old men who have to be called major or colonel all their lives just because they bayoneted out somebody's insides.

I thought of you intensely during my Christmas visit to Marblehead. Cousin Hetty, in order not to show how miserably she was missing your mother, and not to risk the expression of any emotion, pecked at me incessantly.

Christmas Eve was pretty grim. Cousin Hetty and I pulled the curtains tight and pretended we didn't hear the carolers flatting Good King Wenceslas outside. We sat before the Franklin stove and knitted, and talked about—you've guessed it—you.

Your picture is in every room of the house, but Cousin Hetty says I must wait some time before I see for myself just what the war has done to you, as you plan to stay in Paris for a while, thanks to the few hundred dollars which came to you in your mother's will. From those last snapshots, I know you are still tall and stoop-shouldered. I like the cigarette hanging out of the corner of your mouth. It doesn't look at all like Marblehead or Amherst, Mass.

Poor Jim. As I look back, those college years when you boarded with us couldn't have been much fun for you—creeping out of bed in the cold winter mornings

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to start off on your round of furnace stoking. I don't seem to remember your ever complaining, though.

I'm sorry I haven't a photograph to send you back. Don't get your hopes up that the Ugly Duckling has become a swan. Far from it. I have two perfectly good blue eyes. We can both thank Captain James Leverett of the clipper ship Flying Eagle for that indelible stamp of the sea-bred Yankee, and for all that your name is Hurd, you are pure Leverett. My hair is the color of hair. In fact, I am irredeemably "nice"-looking. One evening some of the girls here at the House got playing Personalities. Do you know the game? When one of them said, "I am thinking of some one who reminds me of a glass of cold water and a feather bed," everybody in the room shouted, "Mary Leverett!"

I'm still as quiet as I was at sixteen. Nothing I can think of to say seems worth saying, or else I'm too shy to say it. In spite of the first twenty years of my life having been spent in Amherst, I'm afraid I'm labeled "Bostonian"—and you know as well as I how complimentary *that* is! Why did I decide to go in for settlement work? The surface reason is that Mr. and Mrs. Staunton, the head and wife of this House, offered me an "apprenticeship." But deeper than that, I am aware of a perverse streak in me which drives me toward what is hard and distasteful. What is the compulsion in so many New Englanders to strike out against the current rather than go with it? I have a dreary feeling, haven't you, that it's Conscience.

Did Cousin Hetty tell you that Dempsey beat Willard awhile ago? I myself don't know if that's good or bad news!

Your affectionate cousin,
Mary.

Boston, *November 11.*

Dear Jim,

I suppose you saw Armistice Day against the background of Paris. I hope for your sake that you heard the Marseillaise sung from the balcony of the Opéra. I hope you sat astride the captured German cannon in the Place de la Concorde and drank champagne and danced in the street and kissed every *midinette* in sight.

For my own part I am determined to tie up—if only in my own mind—my work here at the Settlement with the democracy you fought to make the world safe for. God knows it shakes, creaks, and rattles with imperfections, but in this country, as in no other, there is *hope.* So I'm particularly thrilled to hear of the book you're writing. Young Glory is a grand title, and I see just what you mean. Indeed everything that goes with *Old* Glory—the rostrum thumping and band playing—is so drenched in bathos that you must shake it out of your eyes and ears and soul, and write down the truth of war as you saw and felt it. I see, of course, that you will be representing an unpopular point of view. But you can speak out, if any one can.

It's thrilling to think we'll be meeting so soon. At least it is for me.

Affectionately,
Mary.

Boston, *January 17, 1920.*

Dear Jim,

How exciting to have a letter from you with an American stamp on its envelope! You're quite right not to come on to Boston yet. The most important thing is to find a publisher for Young Glory. Wasn't that luck, running into an Alpha Delt brother? I remember Paul Dunster perfectly. It would be grand if he could land you, with him, on the New York World. And even better if he knows some one at Larkin and Reed's to read your manuscript. Aren't they about the best publishers in the business?

I can't thank you enough for letting me see the extra copy. I'm sure, Jim, you've written a *great* book.

Be sure to let me know when you can get on here. I'll be at Back Bay to meet you.

Affectionately,
Mary.

Boston, *February 27.*

Dear Jim,

Seeing you again and being with you gave me a delicious sense of ease and, in a funny way, for the first time since I can remember I felt grown up. Any one with a skin as thin as yours is going to need *some* kind of buffer, and perhaps, though I don't come up to your shoulder, I may surprise you by being it! I think the proudest moment of my life was when you held me off at arm's length and said, "Why, little Mary, you're lovely!"

Your being under Cousin Hetty's roof gave her ineffable pleasure, not so much in spite of as because of the violence of her disapproval of the course you have chosen. Cousin Susie and Cousin Roger are another kettle of codfish. I can only humbly admit that I was wrong in my bright idea of ringing their Beacon Street doorbell before you took your midnight train. After all, you might reasonably expect, if not a hero's welcome, then at least a little genuine warmth and interest. But as for really caring what Cousin Susie thinks about you—do you really think that poor little Beacon Hill is of the least importance one way or the other?

I'll be keen to hear how the reporting goes, though I must say it pales in importance against the fact that Young Glory is really to be published. As for your being afraid of taking advantage of my being "too sympathetic" —don't be ridiculous. I'm deeply fond of you, and that's all there is to be said.

Your loving
Mary.

Seaquisset, Mass., *August 19.*

Dear Jim,

I thought I should burst with pride over the review of Young Glory in this morning's Tribune. Isn't Mr. Larkin delighted? And Paul Dunster? The World will have to promote you!

Since our week-end together here, even my bathing suit has an added luster because you admired my brown arms and legs and said you never knew, in my city clothes, what a pretty figure I had! As we lay beside each other all those hours on the sand, we were thinking the same thoughts. When you said, "There's something so gentle and understanding about you, Mary. What am I going to do without you in New York?" I'd been thinking, "What am I going to do without Jim here?"

Your devoted
Mary.

Boston, *September 15.*

Dear Jim,

Isn't it flattering that H. H. Ramsay should have spotted your talent? I think you're right not to jump at his suggestion that you try some stories for his magazine. After all, Ramsay's isn't exactly the market you want, is it?

Is the bad-mannered daughter you describe the same one, I wonder, whose picture I noticed in a magazine recently? A technically beautiful face, with those high cheekbones and heavy eyelids and high-bridged nose. Jim, you must toughen yourself up and not mind feeling out of place in her sort of world. I miss my guess if that little boy from Marblehead doesn't make the Barbara Ramsays sit up and take notice.

Your loving
MARY.

Boston, *October 15.*

Dear Jim,

Everything I've always loved about Amherst has been heightened to a new intensity after our day there together! I shan't forget the moment, after lying on our backs on the sweet hot pine needles, without speaking, when you put your hand on mine and closed it gently, and we still didn't speak, because there was nothing more to be said. I never felt closer to another human being.

I've thought of what you said about how I seem to you like some one on another planet when you're with Barbara Ramsay, and how she seems remote and unimportant when you're enjoying the "warmth and actuality" of being with me. You know, Jim, I'm sure that only competition for material success and concrete worldly fame will quell that restlessness inside you.

You mustn't be apologetic for being attracted by the Barbara Ramsays of the world. Any New Englander is better off for an astringent dose of high living and plain thinking. I don't believe Barbara is trying to high-hat you or laugh at you just because she told Paul you're the most "diverting" man she has met in years.

Of course, if you want me to meet her, I'd like to. I only ask you in advance not to add insult to injury by telling me she is a "man's woman"—the most irritating way I know of explaining away bad manners.

I'm so glad you're moving out of that dreary furnished room to the apartment on Eighth Street.

All my love,
MARY.

Boston, *January 10, 1921.*

Dear Jim,

It was a perfect Christmas visit and not all the bread and butter in the world can ever say thank you as I should like to say it.

I love Mr. Larkin's looks, Jim. An H. H. Ramsay may spot you as a potential money-maker, but "Lark" knows an artist when he sees one. He told me how he grew up in Minnesota but knew the New England temperament down to the ground, as all his people started from here originally. He's as sure of your future as I. I must say I don't blame you and Barbara Ramsay for laughing at his wife. Poor little "Gertie." She's obviously out of her depth so much of the time that I couldn't help a kindred feeling for her!

I've thought a lot about Barbara. That low, breathy voice of hers and her great beauty. Added to her height, that one streak of white hair in the black, and her vivid coloring would make you stop and look at her anywhere. She seems to have a flair for people as well as clothes. Otherwise she wouldn't mark you for such particular attention.

It's exciting to think you've really taken the plunge and are a free lance, with no steady job behind you. I wish you wouldn't relegate me to the class of a complete prig by apologizing for the fact that you've promised H. H. Ramsay that your first story shall be in a light vein. Please abandon the idea that you are answerable to me for every word you put on paper. Since Ramsay has given you such a good advance, he, like Barbara, must know a good thing when he sees it. I'm impressed that it was she who suggested the subject of your story. No wonder she's the apple of her father's eye.

I could talk on forever to you—as always! I meant only to say thank you, over and over again.

MARY.

Boston, *February 19.*

Dear Jim,

What a good friend Barbara will have proved herself if she really does bring you and the Hollywood magnate together. I'm so glad you had such an amusing time with her at Syosset. Isn't she extraordinary to find time to paint so seriously, and apparently so well!

My own social life presents a striking contrast to yours. Miss Lena Cobb, the chairman of our Board of Trustees, took me as her guest last night to Jordan Hall for an unutterably dreary costume recital of Balkan folk songs. In spite of her seventy years, she didn't mind walking through one of our iciest blizzards to a dank stuffy streetcar, where she swayed from a strap with an air of positive pleasure.

She is a familiar figure in all of Boston's slummiest streets, and she's reputed to be worth at least five million dollars. What a different breed from the fat old men who made you so angry when we looked at them through the windows of the Stuyvesant Club on Fifth Avenue.

Love to you, Jim, as ever.

MARY.

Boston, *March 6.*

Dear Jim,

There's no question, as you say, that a job with the Bromfield publishing people in Boston would give you a very nice backlog, which might keep the pot on a slow steady boil. And, yes, I do agree that to do a first-rate second novel, and not a second-rate second novel, you should take lots of time and not feel pressed. It's true that the tempo and pressure of New York are much harder to withstand. But I very much resent your assumption that I shall, of course, and unqualifiedly, say you must come back to Boston. I *don't* say so, Jim, unless you feel that your goal would be artistic achievement rather than quick financial or worldly success—but all this is IF. What does Lark say? And Paul Dunster?

I'm so glad you're riding with Barbara in the park. I've hoped you'd find some kind of exercise. I'm glad you find her advice on your writing helpful. What a shame that she has such a lot of deadwood around her. But just because the lounge lizards have Pierce-Arrows and you haven't doesn't mean you're a washout.

Love,
MARY.

Boston, *April 3.*

Dear Jim,

You said last night on the way to the station, "Promise you'll never let me down, Mary." How can you know me so little as to think I ever *could* "let you down"? Perhaps you were still smarting under Barbara's sudden departure for Europe without having produced Sanger. I don't suppose a movie magnate can always be delivered on order. And, after all, spring shopping in Paris isn't a thing to be lightly postponed! I don't see why you speak as though you were never going to see her again. Dear Jim—you're still far too modest.

It's always wonderful to me to be with you—but this time I felt you were preoccupied and distracted with so many decisions to be made for the future. I hope I didn't add further to your troubles by being unable to retreat from my position that I Wanna Go Home was *not* worthy of the author of Young Glory—Mr. Ramsay notwithstanding!

Your constantly loving MARY.

Nantucket, *May 23.*

Dear Jim,

You say you've been in the doldrums. Do forget it all for a few days and join me here. I thought of you this morning the first moment I woke, with the fresh May wind blowing the sea and the sky into my room.

Do come, please!

MARY.

Nantucket, *June 1.*

My own Jim,

I still can't believe this has happened. Never for one moment have I thought I was "in love" with you. I've only known that I loved you. I should have continued to do that all my life, even if the heavens hadn't opened for us last evening. Till I die I shall see your face turned to mine, blotting out the light of the moon over the dunes, and your voice dropping to a tone I never knew it had—private and for me alone—and then all the rest.

I love you, I love you, I love you.

How mean it was that after such hours we should have had to bump back to earth to the unpleasant reality of that telegram from Barbara. But, Jim, I'm sure she wouldn't call you back from a holiday, promising you that Sanger would be there, and then just not produce him. I'd never forgive myself if I had stood in the way of some really exciting opportunity. I'm *sure* you'll hate every minute, my darling, as you said, but so will I.

I don't suppose whatever Sanger proposes can have any effect on your final decision to come back to Boston and the job with Bromfield Books. Even a few weeks in Hollywood might give me time to look for an apartment. How could you think, dear, that I could care how cheap or small it would have to be?

Our future seems like a broad beautiful river waiting at our feet. We can't be sure of every twist and turn of its course, but we're sure of our love underneath—clear and strong and deep. Thank God I'll be in Boston tomorrow, where your letter will be waiting for me. I hope it tells me that you are as *completely* happy as

Your MARY.

Boston, *June 17.*

Dear Jim,

I haven't been able to answer your letter before.

If I had known that Barbara had refused to marry you before she went away, I should have seen—what you yourself didn't—why you turned to me. You were hungry and thirsty. I gave you bread and water. It was all I had to offer. Don't reproach yourself with having accepted them. How could you know I was giving you all myself? It's natural you should crave something more exciting than it is in my power to give, and I'm glad you've found it.

You're quite right not to have mentioned any of this to Barbara. It will be simpler all round to pretend it never happened. How can you think I shall despise you forever? Why should I? How could I? I wish you all the happiness which life can hold.

Always your loving cousin,

MARY.

Barbara Ramsay

June 20, 1926.

WELL, it's our fifth wedding anniversary. Just the fact that Jim remembered the Fatal Day at all was something, as we both forgot it last year. You never know about Jim, though. All of a sudden he goes kind of sentimental on you. He came into my room and kissed me, which I think he hasn't done before breakfast since our honeymoon. Dad came to dine, and he and Jim, as per usual, got going on politics. Jim ripped into Winston Churchill, and dad called Jim a "parlor pink." Afterward Barby came down in her nightie and they both agreed that a woman was her most seductive at the age of three.

Every time I beg dad not to bring Barby such fancy presents and tell him it will only spoil her, etc., he fixes me by saying, "Give her a baby brother and she won't be spoiled." Jim himself has already got me so nervous on the subject that I'd be doing well if I'm able to present him with a field mouse.

I know dad is as disappointed as I am that Jim hasn't done anything since Star City. Having Young Glory in the movies gave him about the biggest break a young man could expect, and I mean no one could have asked for a more diverting set-up for a honeymoon than Hollywood. But perhaps he would have been smarter not to try to do a Hollywood novel. Or anyhow not have listened to dad and made the sappy ending for Ramsay's. Heaven knows I shouldn't complain over a story which brought in $100,000. Still, I don't quite see why he isn't distinguished the way he was when I married him. He's more famous and less important, yet he acts half the time as though some one were going to cut him dead.

Dad says I oughtn't to keep nagging him and making him feel as though he were some kind of freak out of a side show just because he's man enough not to want to live on his wife's money. Lots of people think dad's spoiled me. But though I'm his one and only, in any disagreement he always takes Jim's side against me. He says Jim's his dark horse and he's not going to have him kicked around. Oh, well, what the hell! And today's been really quite nice.

NEWPORT, *August 26.*

The Richardsons' fancy-dress party and treasure hunt was terribly gay. I couldn't have had a better time. Pete Donatello, the big rumrunning king, practically shanghaied me onto his mahogany speedboat and took me outside the three-mile limit to "contact some of the boys," and proceeded to get distinctly miffed because I wouldn't let him do more than make first base.

Sometimes I think I'm the only woman I know who doesn't go in for moral turpitude. At least judging from the look of amazement on the faces of the boys to whom I say no, which is pretty often. They immediately figure that I have a husband who is insanely jealous, which couldn't be further from the truth. In a funny way I think it flatters Jim to see that other men go for me. He knows he's not the Don Juan type himself.

Awhile ago dad said, "Barby, do you know Jim is still afraid of you?"

What is there to be afraid of? After all, I married him, didn't I, and practically had to do the proposing, at that, he was such a funny shy duck. I guess I was pretty foul at the beginning, and I suppose it isn't nice to wish he had *not* been an unsullied Galahad when he married me, but life would certainly have been easier for everybody if there'd been at least one blot on his scutcheon. Now I could take a little of the cave-man stuff and like it, I guess it's too late. He just sort of looks at me like a sick cow most of the time. Just after Barby was born he was so different, he seemed like a rock even stronger than dad that I could cling to.

The high light of Jim's summer has been the New York Yacht Club cruise. It seems to have given him a colossal kick to lie at anchor in Marblehead Harbor in his own boat. He bumped into his cousin, "Roggie" Leverett, at the bar of the Eastern Yacht Club—some kind of triumph, I can't make out just why.

S. S. ILE DE FRANCE.

August 23, 1927.

I stayed in the cabin all morning making out my customs declaration. I will say that racing from *couturière* to *couturière,* plus my new bra, has made me look at least as though I didn't have one foot in the grave.

Naturally, the biggest thrill of the whole trip for me was the ballet. The Devereaux took us and they introduced me to Alexei Polianov, the exciting new Russian painter who had all Paris talking about his one-man show.

Jim has been too funny on this whole trip. We stood in front of the Opéra one night and he showed me where he had heard La Marseillaise sung the night of the armistice. He seemed more sunk than I have ever seen him since our marriage. But he says he's got an idea for a new book, Retreat from Honor. I gather it's to be more or less autobiographical. When he'll ever get around to it, I don't know. Lark cabled for him. Uncle Jed, his last serial for Ramsay's, has been bought by the movies for some fabulous sum. I bet once they get on the screen there'll be no end to Uncle Jed pictures, so his other opus will have to wait.

What should we read in our ocean newspaper at lunch today but that Jim's sweet cousin, Mary Leverett, has been picketing the State House in Boston because of those dreadful murderers, Sacci and Vanzetto, or whatever they're called, and has been ARRESTED! Jim turned simply scarlet when he read it and went striding up to the radio room to send a cable. When he came back I said, "I suppose, being your cousin and all, you *had* to put up bail. And I certainly hope you'll fix it up somehow with the papers not to mention her being any relation of yours. It might do you a lot of harm in Hollywood, not to speak of my friends."

"Good Lord!" roared Jim. "I wired, 'With you every inch of the way with pride and love Jim.'"

Like a fool, I said, "Do you know what, Jim Hurd? You married the wrong woman. Your wife should have been some one noble, like Mary Leverett."

He practically exploded. "You don't know what you're talking about. Mary Leverett is the damnedest finest person I know."

I just laughed, and said, "Woof-woof. Don't be a goof." Of course he never did look at her actually. He swears there never was anybody until I came along, and I suppose he only rallies around her on account of family loyalty.

November 25, 1928.

I don't think life has ever been more hectic than this autumn, so of course it is the moment I decide to move. From the first day I said Sutton Place to Jim he dug his heels in; but even he, I think, gets quite a kick out of seeing the boats go by his study window.

A new tobacco company has asked permission, to the tune of $75,000, to use the name "Uncle Jed's." Jim seems thoroughly bored with the whole thing, and says he may never write another line. All he does is follow the market like a hawk. With it going higher every day he's in a benign mood.

The big excitement has been Alexei Polianov's coming to the house. He'd been told about my white room designed on purpose for that picture of his I bought, and was apparently flattered and interested. So Francine arranged the meeting, as she knew a friend of a friend. When he saw me he pretended that he remembered meeting me in Paris at the ballet. He is, frankly, the handsomest physical specimen I have ever laid eyes on. Old Ma Farrington has taken him over completely, given him an entire floor of her Fifth Avenue house, calls him her adopted "son," and kicks like a steer if any other woman comes near him.

June 20, 1931.

I think a wedding anniversary can be sort of depressing —particularly a tenth. But today, for some unknown reason, Jim has been quite cute. He came into my room this morning, before I had my eye pads or muscle straps off or anything, and said, "Hello, Barb. I hope you'll like this," and handed me over a painting I've been eying all winter. I gave him a really beautiful year-old Doberman pinscher, already christened Kurt, who fawned on Jim the second he saw him. Jim has been like a child with a new toy all day long. It seems to give him a great kick to rap out a command in this house and have it obeyed!

The party we gave, though, was something—everybody distinctly relaxed, judging from the state of the blue room, where one goofy dame left a perfectly good bra on the bureau. Not that any one cares. But then. Lark made a pretty cute speech. He always acts as though he were at least Jim's father, and I think Jim is as fond of him as if he were. It's funny, I always feel him subtly blaming me for Jim's not having written more books like his first.

My dress was white tulle, with three thicknesses in the skirt, which flares and touches the floor. "Regal" is what Alexei said, but as I said to him, "Sneering, as usual." Ever since I've become his pupil he feels he has the right to be as rude to me in public as he is in his studio, which is plenty. The first day I showed him some of my work—he looked and looked and then turned on me with blazing eyes and said, "What a fool! You could have been a painter. You still could be a painter, if you only had the gahts." Since then he has kind of haunted me like some kind of spook.

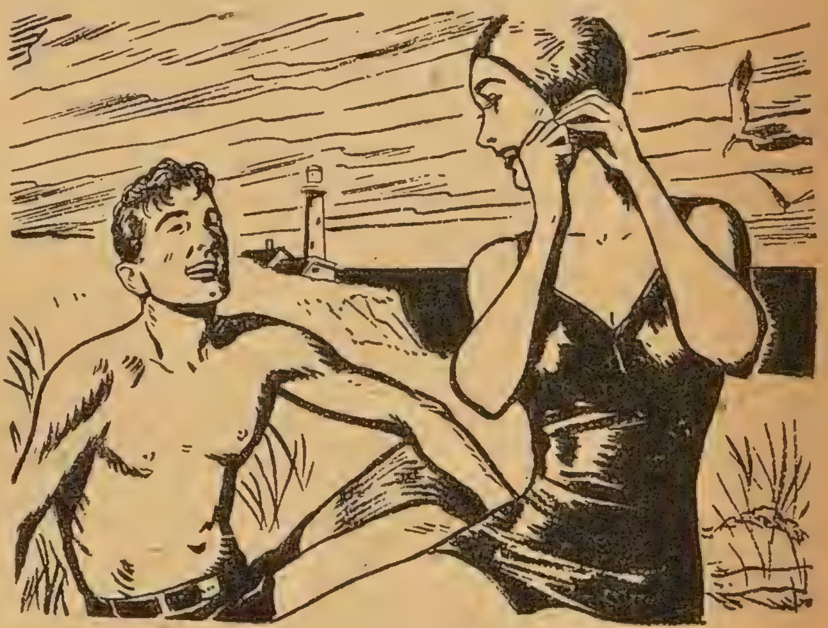
While he danced with me tonight he didn't say a word. He held me very close, even for a minute after the music stopped, and I could swear I felt his lips on my hair and ear.

Afterward Jim said, "I didn't see you all evening myself, Barb. It seems sort of silly, doesn't it, considering the party was in honor of our being married." I could see he felt badly for some reason which even he couldn't figure out, so I didn't even begin to try. However, I tried to be a little nicer than usual. He is now snoring in the next room like a steam engine.

September 28, 1936.

Life begins in earnest with Barby at boarding school. Over the years I've got used to her spending a week or so at a time with Mary Leverett, who seems to be a kind of female Pied Piper of Hamelin, or something. But this is different. It made me feel, frankly, like a great-grandmother, leaving my baby in the very same room where dad left me at Hillcroft years ago. Jim and I both pretty near burst out bawling when we said good-by.

As a matter of fact, Barby will probably make out considerably better than I did at her age. I'll never forget that queer feeling of something being all wrong when I went off to spend my first Christmas holidays with dad in our suite at the Plaza. He had wired me a huge corsage of orchids to wear on the train, and those horrible Briggs girls from Philadelphia were on it with me—all very tweedy and First Familyish. I remember telling dad they seemed quite poor, and he roared at me, "Good Lord, old man Briggs owns half of Black Mountain in Pennsylvania, which is nothing but coal mines. He's worth at least fifteen millions."



So of course the not-so-dumb Briggs virgins married extremely eligible and rich husbands. All, that is, except Sally, who's about ten years younger than I, with a mop of red hair, and has gone in for being sort of a professional tomboy, and goes to Tibet and the damnedest places with a Leica and publishes pictures afterward in the Junior League Magazine, Town and Country, etc. She was at Hillcroft this time putting her sister Franzie's youngest in Barby's class—Franzie, of course, being occupied in breeding future Briggses.

This Sally, or "Briggsy," as she is lovingly called, snared Jim as a prominent lion to pose for her, with Barby (no question of me, of course!), on the steps of the Briggs gymnasium. I will say Barby was terribly cute and seemed to want to give me a big build-up. She kept saying, "Mum, your hair looks keen that way." Jim was as bored by Miss Briggsy as I, but said he didn't want to gripe her, as her little niece may turn out to be a buddy of Barby's, and why spoil the child's chances of social advancement?

Sometimes I think Jim means those cracks of his, which makes me wild. What is it about those old blueblood families, who haven't had money for a while, like Jim's branch of the Leveretts, that makes them more touchy than the damnedest *nouveau riche* upstarts, like dad and me? Maybe he's afraid people are going to think him low-brow on account of Uncle Jed—who saw us through the depression! Jim's on the track now of an idea of weaving something around the life of Francis Drake—a good swashbuckling escape story.

Alexei has gone to California. It's a relief to think I won't have to cope with him for a while.

PALM BEACH, *February 18, 1938.*

I thought I was just coming down for a rather poky visit with Margot and Biffy at the Everglades because life in Westbury, with Jim in Spain and Barby at school, would have made any change a good one. The second night I arrived we went to a huge jamboree. And—well, there was Alexei. I had heard that old Ma Farrington had died in California and left not one penny to him. Dirty work at the deathbed by a son-in-law, they say. I had no idea he was in Palm Beach. He came right over, clicked his heels, and kissed my hand. All he said was, "How do you do." After dinner he asked me to dance. It was pure heaven—dancing with any one so exactly right for my outsize and who isn't afraid to hold you tight and who leads so divinely. That's all I was thinking.

After a little he said, "Have you nothing to say to me? I would commit murder just to hear you say the alphabet with that voice." And the way he looked at me I knew, for a change, he wasn't kidding. Then, as though it had all been arranged beforehand, we went out across the lawn to the cabana on the beach. The waves were rolling in, and the moon was shining, and Alexei took me in his arms. Then and there I fell madly in love. And I was scared. I heard myself whispering, "Oh, poor Jim!"

February 28.
The whole thing still seems like a dream. When I say to Alexei, "But I always thought you hated me. I know I always hated you," he just laughs and says from the first moment he saw me he knew I was the woman for him, but Mrs. Farrington would have kicked him out if he had so much as lifted an eyebrow in my direction. So instead of making love to me he kicked me around. He says I'm like a high-spirited horse who needs to be ridden with spurs. I asked if he really thought I was a fool not to have become a real painter, and he said, "Yes. But even more I meant you were a fool never to have let yourself become a woman. You had never been awakened by a man."

I wonder. Certainly Jim always has been shy and awkward and acted as though there was something wrong about making love. At that, I never would have married him if dad hadn't been so keen about him—from the beginning. I just thought he was cute. Poor Jim. I think in a way I represented something a little unattainable, something which Marblehead, Mass., had never given him enough of. And now I keep asking myself what would he say if he knew about Alexei?

March 7.
A letter from Jim in Spain seems as though it were from a stranger. As usual, his interests don't seem to jell. Drake's Swan was such a gold mine that Cortez seemed the next boy—and a trip to Spain for the sixteenth-century background the first step. Now, what with Paul Dunster over there in the Lincoln Brigade, all Jim can think of seems to be their Civil War. He raves about the Loyalists. He thinks all of them and their cause are "great stuff."

I'm holding on to every minute I can have with Alexei because I must get back to New York for Barby's vacation, and he has to stay on here.

April 15.
I guess I look like the cat that swallowed the canary, for when I lunched with Francine today she said, "Barbara, you've got a beau." She really is such a good egg that I broke down and told her. She was damned nice. I think she's been waiting for years to put the skids under Jim somehow. Anyway, she said I could use their guest house in Connecticut any time I wanted to be alone with Alexei. He writes angelic letters, but there's no hope of our meeting for ages.

May 5.
Jim landed yesterday. The poor guy did honestly seem pathetically glad to see me; more like a kid getting back to his mother than anything. He's thrilled to be back in time for the Louis-Schmeling fight. Of course the pay-off was bound to come, and did when Jim suggested our getting to bed early. I said did he mind but I had a headache and wanted to sleep alone. I put my hands on his shoulders and gave him as cool a little peck as possible. Once I had my door shut I felt like a heel and could think of nothing but that sort of nonplused way he had looked at me. So I went back to him and said, "Jim, I don't want to pretend things are just the way they were when you left. They're not. I've fallen in love with some one else. I want you to give me a divorce."

He just looked at me. I told him, as straight as I could, the whole set-up, and that Alexei was my lover.

He turned slowly dark red and came and stood right in front of me, and he said, "If you go through with this divorce I shall fight it and ask for full custody of Barby. If you give the matter your attention you will see that I will get it." And he walked out of the room.

All this time I've thought my husband was perhaps a little immature and inexperienced, but underneath so sweet and kind and *such* a gentleman!

June 20.
Jim's won. I'm leaving with Barby for Newport tomorrow, for a jolly, jolly summer—we are such a blissfully happy family.

August 20.
Two months of purgatory for everybody and nothing accomplished. At last I wired Alexei money and told him he must meet me here in New York in three days. I told Jim I had to come on to have my hair attended to, which was really true.

I can't express the heaven it was to be with Alexei again. We went out to Francine's little house in Connecticut, where there wasn't a soul. The first moment I heard that wonderful low voice of his say Barbara, I knew there could be no turning back for me. When I told him I was determined to ask Jim for a divorce, he was terribly upset and said that though he was no longer a practicing Catholic he had great feeling for the sanctity of marriage and the home, etc.; and that, besides, how could he ever take care of me and give me all the beautiful things which I must always have? I told him not to worry about *that,* and that dad had told me, ages ago, I had only to ask him and I could have a big slice of what would be coming to me some day anyway. So, after that, it became wonderful.

He's going to fly to Bar Harbor tomorrow, because he has a portrait to do there. I shall stay here with Francine and write to Jim of my decision. *I am not going back.*

NEWPORT, *October 20.*
Alexei is dead, killed in an airplane accident. I woke up here in my bed long ago, so somebody must have taken me away from Francine's in Connecticut, which is where I last saw him. When I get a little stronger I'm to be sent up to the Adirondacks to Dr. Turner's Sanitarium. Dr. Turner is a "kind, wise psychiatrist" and would never think of taking any one who was the least bit *mental,* my dear. My only difficulty is these damnable

heart attacks. "False angina," they have the nerve to call it.

Jim has been gentle and quiet and, in a funny way which is hard to put in words, he has had great dignity. He sneaks into the room pretty often, and yesterday I just held onto his hand and kissed it. I'm glad I hadn't written the fatal letter, telling him I was throwing in the sponge for good, but of course he knows I was with Alexei in New York.

May 2, 1939.

It seems hardly possible that this is my last evening here. Now I'm convinced that my angina was "false," and have a pretty good idea my love for Alexei was, too. The joke is, my true fate has been Jim from the beginning, only I've been too arrogant and spoiled to see it.

Thank heaven for Dr. Turner. Thank heaven for my baby, who gets out of school next week, and—above all—thank heaven Jim is sailing for home today.

Life may turn out to be not so bad after all. It could even have a son and heir, maybe. I've got my fingers crossed tight. But, for the first time since the knot was tied, I think I know what it is to feel damned glad for good old Jim.

Constance Field

London, *May 2, 1939.*

DARLING,

Suddenly I feel quite self-conscious, sitting down and writing you my first love letter. I, who have always splashed about in ink as my natural medium! Three months being together every hour of every day left no room for doubt or fear, but a pen in my hand and you heaven knows how many miles already out in the Atlantic brings me up with a start and makes me wonder is there a Jim Hurd really alive in the world, and is he still mine?

I send this along so you may have it almost as soon as you arrive in New York. I think of you every minute. The rose-diamond ring and your picture on my bureau tell me I haven't dreamed it all—and that I may dare to live not only in all we have had, but in the happiness still ahead.

I love you. I love you.

Your CONSTANCE.

Heathfield, Sussex, *June 8.*

Darling,

It was like you to send that wonderful cable. During these last months I never thought of you as having any existence apart from ours together. It was only when you first told me you loved me that I said, with my heart like ice, "But, Jim, you're married." The snort you gave was reassuring when you said, "Do you call it a marriage if your wife laughs at your friends, scorns your interests, looks down on your work, asks for a divorce and admits she has a lover under your nose? Good Lord, Barbara was fed up with me years ago. It'll be a positive relief to her to see the last of me."

I know the first best gift I can give you is the son you have wanted so long. He ought to be a very superior little love child, oughtn't he, darling? Perhaps he may redeem me a little in the eyes of your Barby, because she'll be bound to love *him*. I try to believe you when you say she'll love me too.

I wonder will Lark read it in your face the minute he sees you? After all, you can remind him I have merely acted as a faithful employee whom he told to "act as nursemaid in London to Jim Hurd, who undoubtedly has another good book in him." How could either of us know that the B. B. C. was to give us such a perfect excuse for daily meeting?

Incidentally the "O. W." job is coming along more slowly than I had hoped. I suppose it's not surprising that a Cabinet minister, at this juncture of history, has even more important demands on his time than telling his life story to me. The old boy, however, is sensible enough to see that an official inside story of Prelude to Munich would sell well in the United States, even if it has to be "as told to Constance Field."

As the international situation gets murkier and murkier, these amazing people go their unperturbed way. Is it courage or lack of imagination? Or are they the same thing? For the life of me I can't feel sad or afraid over the blackness of the world. I am only deeply happy.

I kiss you good night again and again. . . .

CONSTANCE.

London, *July 15.*

Dearest,

Your letter has just come. I can't pretend that it hasn't turned my heart to lead. It seems fantastic that Dr. Turner should have insisted on seeing you before you saw Barbara. It's all very well for him to say your wife "couldn't stand the shock of a divorce at the present time. She must make an 'adjustment.' She must be brought to see that she herself doesn't wish the marriage to continue." *Applesauce!* Is he so sure that he can instill into her head the idea that she can do without you, that she really doesn't want you back herself? Well, as you say, six months cut off from a future of happiness isn't a major catastrophe. How could I *not* be willing to wait for any one who says such things to me as you do? Darling, is it true that I am so much to you?

It was lovely to see your letter headed New York, and won't it be fun to be there together some day? You must show me Sutton Place (from the outside, of course), and I shall show you Brooklyn—anyhow, Prospect Park West (from the inside), and the pond where I used to skate as a kid. Then there's the Womrath's where I had my first job. That was the springboard to bigger and better bookstores. And then into Larkin and Reed's, straight to you.

I got into the House of Commons yesterday to hear Chamberlain announce a forthcoming concentration in home waters greater than any since the war. Sir John Simon launched a staggering war-preparedness bill. Never mind. In the face of the Day of Judgment itself my love for you would blot out every other preoccupation.

Your CONSTANCE.

London, *August 20.*

Sweetheart,

I love you and cannot live without you. Hurry, darling, and come soon. Remember, the job of ghosting can't last forever, and then I'll have to go back to the New York office and Lark. I do think you're right to stick with the B. B. C. here, since they want you back. It should make the "trial" period with Barbara less of a strain, and show her you're not just round the corner, longing to get back by the fireside again. Of course you'll be sunk leaving Barby, and I know you'll feel the wrench of leaving Barbara, too. Let me say, as I have a hundred times, if you have a sudden change of heart and feel I'm a complication, or something in your hair, just you forget you ever knew me. I said IF.

How long we can keep it chaste, heaven knows. Fundamentally I think you're right *not* to want to beat the gun until we can be together always. Are you, I wonder, as much aware as I of the difference in generations between us? Twenty-eight to forty-six is quite a lot of years, darling. Particularly when there's a little thing like a world war thrown in. Somewhere inside you there's a brake, which stops you if you feel tempted to do anything which a "gentleman" doesn't do. And sleeping with a lady, even if that lady is going to be his wife, when he is married to some one else, is one of those things. I'm not going to try to sell you another bill of goods. I can wait.

I suppose I, in my way, am "typical" of something as much as you. I've been nagged by something handed down from my Jewish mother. Call it a sense of appraisal. Though I've sown my oats, I could never fool myself that they were anything more. I love you in a deeper, more complete sense than I ever knew existed. The flesh is in it, but the mind and spirit are too.

O. W. is in Scotland, as is Chamberlain, but they'll be back for the meeting of the Inner Cabinet on Tuesday.

All my love. Come *soon*, my dearest.

CON.

S. S. Manhattan, *September 20.*

Just a line to send back by the pilot, my dearest love. I still can't believe that all our heavenly plans are upset, and here am I speeding away, leaving you in a country at war. Thank heaven, at least, that we could be together at all. Of all the perfect hours together, wasn't the last evening best? When you suddenly drew me down to you in a sort of desperation, I could see tears in your eyes as you said, "Con, I never felt this way about anybody before. Promise me you'll never leave me."

I feel badly that you felt you had to lie low when you heard your friend Paul Dunster's voice say from a nearby table, "There's only one man in the world with that laugh—and it's Jim Hurd." I know how much I'd like him, and I should have loved to have him see us together. But I know you're not ashamed of what has happened. Don't be afraid, dearest. Dare to believe, if not in life itself, then in me.

I shall want you always and forever.

Con.

New York City, *October 4.*

Dearest,

Do you really believe Barbara would do anything so vindictive as to try to gain the full custody of Barby if she found out about me? I'd never forgive myself if I were the means of bringing about such a disaster. I've thought a lot, too, of your concern that Barby might lose respect for you if she thought the divorce was your idea.

Let me know at once what happens about the offer from the American Broadcasting people and whether you may go to Paris. I only want you to be in the city which is safest—an ignoble motive, I admit, for one who is bursting with ambition for you.

Aside from my longing for you every hour, I am happy to be back with my family. Father is at the moment, like all good radicals, in a torment of confusion over the pact. It's funny, but up till now I don't think I've given any thought to the fact that one of my parents was Jewish and one not. My mother's background in Germany seemed to be cut out of the same piece of cloth as my father's in Wisconsin. But all that has been happening in Europe seems to make us no longer American or German—only gentile and Jew. Mother's sister, Aunt Rosa, who lives in Warsaw with her husband and children, is in her mind every second. We all listen (my brother and sister-in-law, who come down from the apartment upstairs) to you every night.

Jim, I'm sure Lark knows what has happened. He took me out to lunch, and we talked about you without stopping for two hours. He feels Barbara to be at the root of all your troubles and says if the day ever comes when you leave her you'll do some first-rate writing again. He wants me to make a lecture tour. There's a great deal of interest in a firsthand impression of such an important man of the hour as O. W., and since I saw him for weeks on end several hours a day, I could probably do quite an amusing as well as slightly propagandaish talk on the subject. Lark would be pleased, too, as it would be good publicity for the book. What do you think?

God keep you safe.

Your Constance.

New York City, *November 15.*

Dearest,

Bless you for your cable. The cute thing about you is that you don't realize how famous you are. I, along with the rest of America, already knew you were in France, safe and sound, for the simple reason that I heard you broadcast from Paris last night! You are *grand*—better and better every day.

Who do you suppose swept into the office today? Your wife, Barbara. Jim, you never told me how lovely looking she is. She asked—in her *fascinating* low voice, more like sighing than speaking—to look through your desk for some keys to a vault which you seemed to have neglected to hand over before leaving. Are you *sure* she doesn't love you, Jim? She flushed at the mention of your name and the pulse on her neck beat so one could see it. She didn't cast an eye in my direction. Why should she?

Last night some one on the radio told about the looting of a ghetto in Warsaw. Jim, I am enclosing Aunt Rosa's name and address. If it's possible for you in Paris to get word of her and her children, perhaps through the Polish Embassy, or in any way you can think of, I know you'll do so.

Good night, my dearest love.

Constance.

Jamestown, Iowa, *December 19.*

My darling,

What an education your girl friend from Brooklyn is getting by seeing life in the U. S. for the first time! And how about you, my darling? I'm pining for your news, and know I shall have to wait till kingdom come before getting any letters. Is it even faintly possible, I wonder, that you could be missing me as much as I am missing you? The moment I am conscious in the morning my first thought is, "Jim. Thank God." And my last thought at night is, "I love him."

Constance.

Jefferson, Ill., *January 5, 1940.*

Dearest,

Here we are in a new year, and Hitler predicting victory for himself in it. What do you say? I say *Pfui!* I wish, my love, you could know how much happiness I'm wishing you. You don't have to wish it for me since you are *it.*

At the moment I am in the most dismal of dismal hotel bedrooms, after my lecture at the Women's Club this afternoon and then an informal dinner, given by one of the "girls." We had a riotous time on pineapple-juice-and-ginger-ale cocktails, and the electric moment of the evening was when somebody said, "Say, I wonder what's on the air. Let's listen to Jim Hurd in Perris." They all oo'd and ah'd and said, "Say, he's cute. I like *him.*"

Darling, there's no question you're over the top now. Does it make any difference to you to know that the girl you left behind you is filled with pride, even though she can't share it with a living soul this side of the sea? I love you in the flesh, in the mind, in the heart, and in the soul. I kiss you good night again and again.

Constance.

Chicago, Ill., *January 10.*

Your first letter has come, my dearest. It seems very hard to believe that you are subject to the same fears as I. But I laughed over your injunction not to turn down any opportunity which would be better for me than marrying you. I shall remain "the haven where you would be"—unchanging and unchangeable. As for all the other wonderful things you say I am to you, I still can't believe them. That part of your letter made me happy enough to stand up to the crushing disappointment of your postponed return. If the American Broadcasting people say you're doing such a swell job that they can't afford to let you leave, then you mustn't. I see it's too important to your future.

Thank you, darling, for taking so much trouble about Aunt Rosa in Warsaw. Mother writes me only very short, sad letters and I think really has given up all hope of ever hearing anything again.

How extraordinary that you should have been able to get the same room in Paris in which Young Glory was incubated! I'm sure that's some kind of good omen. You must have been delighted having Paul Dunster turn up. I'm interested, and very depressed, to hear that you think Russia will never attack Germany. What do you believe *will* happen?

You say Barbara's beauty is like that of a cathedral window seen by daylight from the outside, and I am "lit from the inside." It's only my love going out to you that lights me. Whatever your misguided eyes may tell you, my skin is dead white, and my eyes too far apart and my mouth too big. When I'm tired or sad the whole thing collapses and looks awful.

I love you, Jim. If you knew how much.

Your Con.

Chicago, *January 15.*

Dearest,

Through a nice doctor friend of Lark, I met Mary

(Continued on page 45)

WHERE TANK FIGHTS YANK

If you think our troops are "green," read how they sweat out their fears during maneuvers in Louisiana swamps

BY LIEUTENANT FRANK M. PHILLIPS, Jr.

These gunners are among the defenders of the town of Castor, Louisiana, which thirty tanks of the First Armored Division, supported by planes, are attacking.

STIR a needle in a bowl of soup and take it out. You won't find much soup on the needle. That's about all one soldier can pick up on maneuvers. That is all I saw, but I'd like to tell you about it. I know maneuvers are cold turkey after you've read about the real thing in Tunisia and Guadalcanal—but Hitler and the Japs are soon going to meet boys who have put behind them a lot of time in this army, plus the hardening of two long months in the Louisiana swamps.

Get a map of Louisiana and look for Leesville up in the northwestern section. Now find De Ridder, and then cross over into Texas and put your thumb on Jasper. Shade in all the land between these towns and toss in a few square miles for good measure. You have the ground over which we fought.

Close your eyes and imagine pine and gum and cypress and oak trees, bogs and creeks and dusty roads and rolling hills. Watch for a razorback to jump across the road in front of your peep or root up your garbage pit ten minutes after you fill it. Listen for the dry scratch of an armadillo in the pine needles. Walk all day and fight all night. Ride all day and all night in a bouncing truck in a blackout, through water and dust and mud. Eat breakfast at three in the morning and get two sandwiches for lunch and no more to eat until late that night.

Don't wash your face for three days, and sleep on the ground in your clothes—but not before you put a few knotty sticks and some red bugs underneath to make it interesting. Feel your red eyes burn from dust. Get that tight painful throb in your lungs that comes from too much dust and too much smoking. Forget about sleep and food, forget about everything but fighting, and keep on until you imagine this is the real McCoy. And grin. That's the important thing. Keep grinning.

Mix all these things and do them for two months. You'll come out of the woods with a thin hard body, a wind-roughened face, and a new confidence.

They say you can tell the true worth of a man when you do three things with him: hunt, play poker, and drink together. We did all three. We hunted men. We played poker and shot craps on a G. I. blanket beside a pine-knot fire. And once in a while, when things got tough, we would take a few shots of the hard stuff. Do all this, and you learn a lot of funny things. You find that sometimes men who were tops back on the drill field don't have what it takes in the woods; and sometimes the boys who couldn't do close order turn out to be the men you can trust.

You learn a lot about your superiors too.

Now, what is a maneuver? Well, you take a couple of divisions of infantry and an armored division, add a few supporting units of cavalry and engineers and chemical and quartermaster and ordnance troops, and move out some place where there aren't a lot of people. There you set them all down, divide them, give them a problem, and say, "Let's go." You'll have planes around to attack and harass and take pictures and note all the mistakes.

Working out the problems takes three days and two nights. Between problems, you move your units to new bivouac areas where they can rest up for a day or so. While they are resting you have a critique for the commanders and show them what they did wrong and right. Then you go back and start another one.

(*Continued on page 72*)

NOAH SAILS IN

The Nazis thought they had finished off the skipper when they killed his son, sank his schooner, and left him drifting. But how wrong they were!

BY CAPTAIN DINGLE

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

THE convoy had formed; in a lifting fog not far from Sable Island the captain and chief officer of a fourteen-knot cargo steamer grumbled at being allocated one of the suicide corner positions. Ahead, most of it invisible, stretched the convoy of twenty ships, four lines of five each. The middle six were tankers full of precious petrol or large liners full of troops. The escort consisted of a fast auxiliary cruiser leading, a corvette on either flank of her, a destroyer on either flank of the convoy, and a big, powerful flotilla leader covering the rear. Overhead hummed shore-based protective planes which would cover the convoy to the limit of their fuel capacity.

"Plenty of wreckage about, sir," the chief officer remarked. "D'you suppose the Jerries really have refueling bases in these waters?"

"Does it matter? They get fuel and stores somewhere, and that's all we need worry about. Hullo! Look at that lot!"

"Looks like the wreck of the Ark, sir. Those are animals—"

"Ark's right, mister! There's old Noah himself sitting on top of a dead horse like a blooming emperor. Heave him a line."

The freighter slowed to a stop in the midst of a mass of wreckage in which floated a score or more dead ponies. Upon one swollen corpse, clinging to a stiffened upthrust leg, sat a grim old man of seventy or so, whiskered, capped like a skipper, and wearing a mask of caked blood and hair and sea water.

He caught the flung line expertly, and swarmed up it and on to the freighter's deck with the agility of a giant ape. The ship proceeded at her controlled speed; the whipping-in destroyer flashed past and signaled to her to keep her station and leave castaways to the discretion of the navy.

"Come on, Noah, the captain wants to see you," the chief officer said, and the old man followed him, dripping and squelching, to the bridge. There was no protest or even comment concerning the use of a name which to some old whiskered seamen might have seemed offensive.

"Lucky we sighted you," the captain said. "Been adrift long? What ship are you from?"

"Adrift, sir? Was I adrift?" Something in the old voice caused the captain to look more narrowly into the old eyes, and that in turn forced him to see that the caked blood had issued from a nasty head wound that looked like the work of a bullet.

"Send the steward to me," he ordered a bridge boy, and led Noah to a seat on the wheelhouse lockers where the old fellow at once evinced keen interest in the helmsman and his tiny wheel. The steward appeared, and at the captain's order produced hot tea and sandwiches. "He's a bit dazed, steward. When he comes round a little, take him below, dress his wounded head, and put him to bed. I'll have a talk to him when he wakes up."

The steward reported when he had done as ordered.

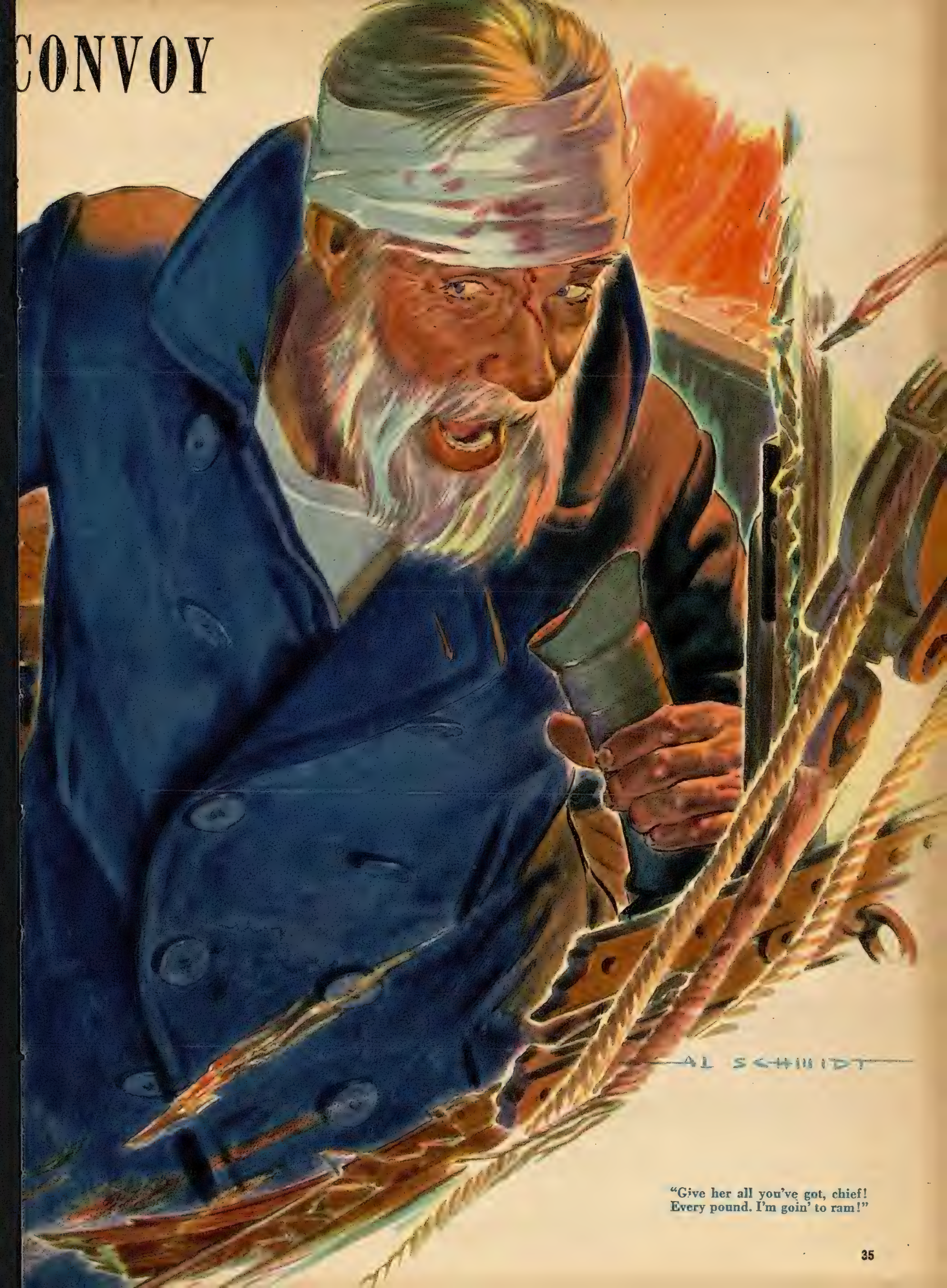
"Seems O. K. now, sir. Fell asleep like a baby. Pretty nasty knock he had. But didn't seem to know how he got it—or else he just wouldn't talk, sir. Asked him who he was, name of his ship, that sort o' thing, and he just looked dumb. All he said, as he shut his eyes, was that the gentleman he met when he stepped on board called him Noah. That was all he knew."

"We'll see," the captain remarked, and turned to the business of following a zigzagging convoy into the gathering night.

The old castaway climbed on to the bridge near midnight and seemed to take it for granted he was where he ought to be. The captain was there, after the briefest of rests, sharing watch with the third officer and cursing the war which made it necessary for a ship to go blinding through fog without showing a light. Now and then a destroyer came boiling through the murk, out of sight and back again, as if her men possessed the eyes of Argus. Noah,

(*Continued on page 40*)

CONVOY



"Give her all you've got, chief! Every pound. I'm goin' to ram!"

THE DUTCH LEARN TO HATE

Dreaming of the day when the Nazis are defeated, the once gentle Hollanders now talk of fantastic vengeance on Adolf Hitler

BY HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

MY friend had arrived that morning and we had talked late into the night. Three months before he had still been in The Hague, quietly pursuing his profession as a physician. Then, one day, a grateful patient (a policeman) had informed him that an order had been signed for his arrest.

After the occupation of the Netherlands he had helped to organize the underground movement against the Nazis. If the Germans had caught him, he would have been condemned to death. After truly incredible adventures he had reached America. Now he was sitting in my study.

We had, as I said, talked far into the night, and then the conversation had turned upon the subject of hate. A strange topic for people of our nation, for the Dutch had been famous as very indifferent haters. They had not engaged in a war for more than a century. After the first World War they had opened their homes and hearts to Germany's starving children, tens of thousands of whom had lived for years with kind Dutch foster parents.

When the Nazis had invaded this peaceful land, the attack had been led by those selfsame boys (now grown into manhood) who spoke Dutch as well as the natives. Dressed in stolen Dutch uniforms, they had mixed with the real Dutch soldiers and had shot them in the back.

The city of Rotterdam had been obliterated by Nazi airmen after an armistice had been duly signed. Middelburg, the loveliest among the many lovely old Dutch towns, had been burned to cinders. Murder and arson had not ceased even after the country had been conquered.

I wondered whether such deliberate brutality had finally affected the Dutch character.

My friend poured himself another cup of tea. Then he looked at me and said, "Most people who are talking about the world after the war completely overlook one thing which will be of the greatest importance."

"What is that?" I interrupted him.

"That is the problem of hate, and the problem of a national conscience which has been so deeply offended that it can only be appeased by an act of revenge that will be as gruesome as it is just. I hear that it is the same way in Norway and in Greece and in all the occupied countries. Yes, in those first weeks after the end of the war there will be an outbreak of fury and hatred such as the world has never known. But let me tell you a story and then you will see what I mean.

"It is a sort of folk story. Some one started it, others elaborated upon it. Now Dutch people tell it to each other whenever they meet at night in what remains of their homes. They whisper it to their children. When you hear it, you will agree that the Germans have done a most successful job of educating their Dutch victims in hate."

Here it is as he told it to me:

"Suddenly the war was over, and Hitler had been captured and taken to Amsterdam. Brought before a

This was Rotterdam—before Hitler's airmen blitzed it.

This is what they left of it—an object lesson in hate.

military tribunal, he had been condemned to death.

"But then the problem had arisen about the method of his execution. Under martial law, it was possible to shoot the nasty creature; but that is a merciful death. Hanging? That, too, is too quick.

"Then some one uttered the word that was in everybody's mind, though no one had been willing to confess to it. The man who had caused such incredible suffering should be slowly *burned* to ashes.

"'But,' objected one of the judges, 'if we burn him, only a very few people can be present. Our biggest public square in Amsterdam holds only ten thousand people, and eight million Dutch men, women, and children will want to be there.'

"Then another judge had a brilliant idea. Hitler was to be burned at the stake. But the wood was to be ignited by the flare-up of a handful of gunpowder, and that gunpowder would be ignited by the longest fuse ever used. It would start in Rotterdam and follow the main road to Amsterdam by way of Delft, The Hague, Leiden, and Haarlem. In this way millions of people, lined up along both sides of the wide avenues which connect those cities, could watch the fuse burn its way northward, and everybody could tell his grandchildren, 'I was there. Oh, what a lovely little spark that was, as it sputtered slowly past us on its way to do justice to that horrible monster!'

"A plebiscite was held upon the subject. There were 4,981,076 yeas and only one nay, and that nay was voted by a man who wanted Hitler not burned alive but pulled to pieces by four horses.

"At last the great day came. The festivities commenced promptly at four o'clock in the morning of a lovely Tuesday early in June. At that moment the mother of three sons who had been shot by the Nazis as hostages (for an act of sabotage of which they had been completely innocent) set fire to the fuse while a band played the national anthem.

"THIS ceremony took place in the heart of what once had been Rotterdam. During the first few minutes the people stood in awed silence. They realized that what they were participating in was something terrible, something of which they would have been thoroughly ashamed only a few years before, and it hurt them. But when they looked around at the bleak, stony desert which had been their home, and thought of the five thousand people whose charred remains still lay hidden beneath the ruins, and remembered those rows and rows of innocent hostages who had been lined up and executed by Gestapo firing squads, they burst forth into such a shout of triumph as never had been heard before in this quiet land of peace and plenty.

"The spark ambled leisurely from Rotterdam to Delft, and on toward the great square in Amsterdam. The populace had come from every part of the country. In every city special seats had been provided for the aged and the lame and the relatives of the murdered hostages.

"In Amsterdam, Hitler, dressed only in a long yellow shirt, had been chained to the stake. From the tower of the old city hall came the cheerful notes of patriotic airs which the city chime-master played all day long for the crowds in the streets. In two near-by churches special services of thanks were being held.

"After Hitler had watched all this stoically for several hours, an incident had taken place. A little boy had climbed to the top of the pile of wood around the former Führer and had hung on it a rudely lettered placard saying, 'This is the world's greatest murderer.' This had so aggravated Hitler's pent-up feelings that he had burst forth into one of his old vituperative harangues.

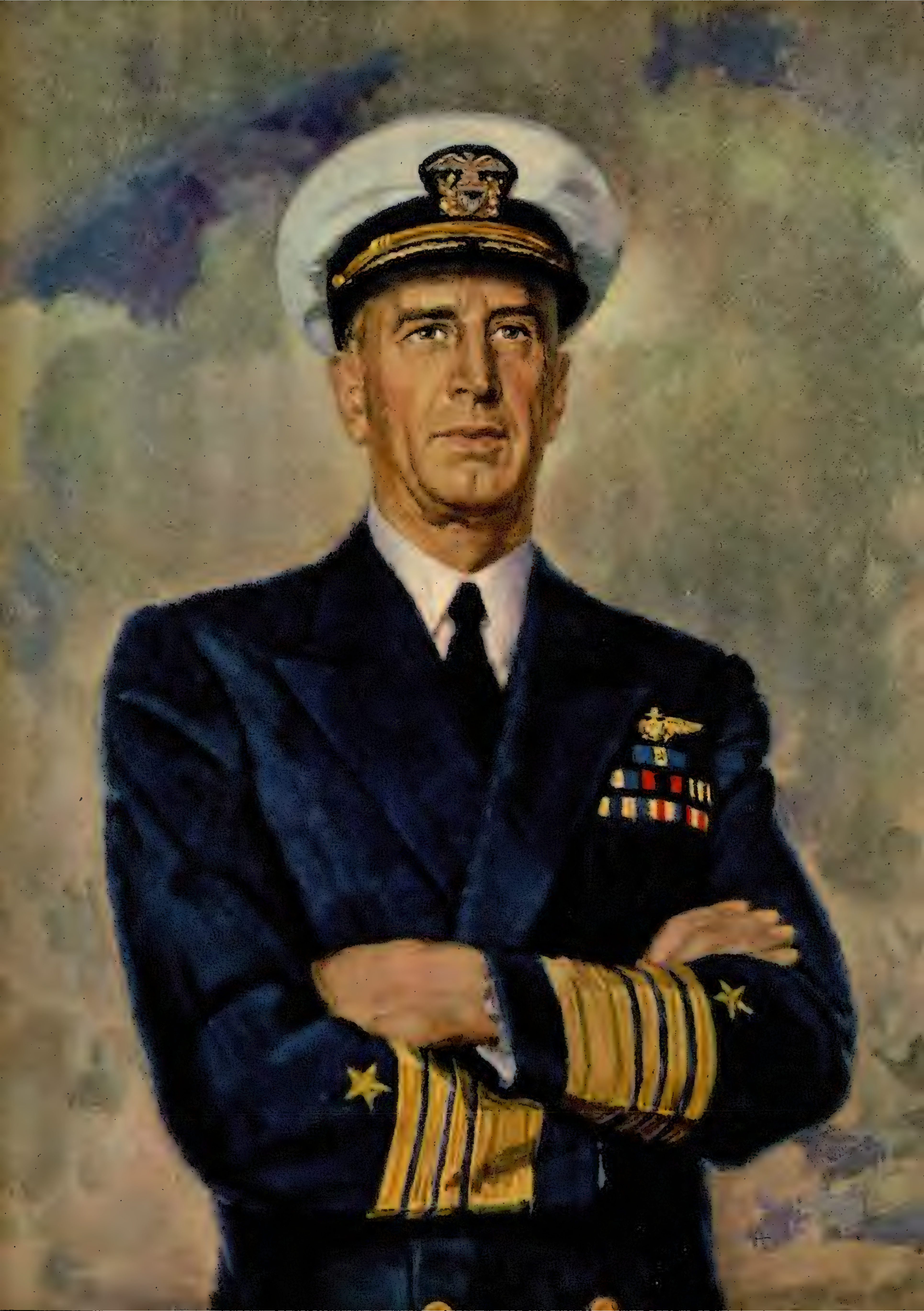
"For a moment or two the crowd had been silent in amazement at the sight of this greenish-looking little man, with his absurd mustache, talking away there for dear life, just as if he were still addressing his own enthusiastic followers.

"Then a terrific howl of derision had silenced him, resounding from every part of the market place.

"And now I come to the greatest moment of the day. Shortly after three o'clock in the afternoon, the spark, having sputtered its way along the fuse through Leiden and Haarlem, had reached Amsterdam and slowly proceeded toward the place of execution.

"Suddenly there was a roll of

(*Continued on page 67*)



ADMIRAL
ERNEST JOSEPH KING

First of a Series of Paintings of
Leaders of Our Fighting Forces
by McCLELLAND BARCLAY

WHEN the supreme naval command was given to Ernest Joseph King in December, 1941, even those who disliked his iron discipline were content. For Admiral King, although he had never had a battle command until the present conflict, was an outstanding officer both for his "triple-threat" qualifications—surface, air, and undersea—and for his uncompromising insistence on obedience and hard work.

Sixty-four years old—he was born in Lorain, Ohio, in 1878—the lean six-foot-two admiral can, according to some reports, "outdance any young ensign at night and outwork him by day." At Annapolis, from which he was graduated in 1901, his class rated him "a born leader, a fast thinker, and a great party man." The yearbook said of him: "Temper? Don't fool with nitroglycerin."

He had been ready for war a long time. When he was commander of the Atlantic Fleet, it was said that he kept his ships "one speech ahead of the President." As chief of the Bureau of Naval Aeronautics he instigated the program to obtain PBY and PBM patrol bombers for the navy. He laid out the present defense set-up in the North Pacific, and in 1937-38 inspected sites in Alaska and the Aleutians with a view to establishing naval bases there.

In World War I, King was assistant chief of staff to Admiral Mayo, commander in chief of the Atlantic Fleet. In 1926, while commander of the submarine base at New London, Connecticut, he engineered the salvaging of the S-51. Later he raised the sunken S-4. For these feats he was twice awarded the Distinguished Service Medal, the second time with the rare gold star. At forty-nine, he took up aviation, went through the same tough routine as young cadets, and got his wings in Pensacola.

King is married and has six daughters—referred to as "King's Boys"—and one son who is now at Annapolis. Although a stickler for form and discipline in matters concerning the navy, his sternness does not extend beyond his official duties. In private life he is kind, witty, a clever raconteur. He's fond of funny movies, duck shooting, biography, modern fiction, and is an avid reader of military history.

DAD OF THE WAR DADS

PATRIOTS WITHOUT UNIFORM

BY
NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD

WHEN Johnny comes marching home, will he find America ready to give every returning soldier a square deal? If H. Roe Bartle of Kansas City has anything to say about it, the answer is yes. And it looks as if Bartle might have plenty to say. He is head of the American War Dads, a national organization dedicated to doing something for your boy and all boys in Uncle Sam's services.

The American War Dads originated in March, 1942, when a small group of Kansas City residents decided to meet regularly and talk about their boys in the armed services. Bartle, who was present, commented that it was a fine thing to talk about the boys, but what really mattered was what was done for them. He then outlined plans for an organization of fathers of service men, and $16,000 was raised that night to get the project started.

Bartle called a meeting for every father who had a boy—or girl—in the services. Five hundred men attended. The driver of a garbage truck sat next to the clergyman of a fashionable church. A C. I. O. enthusiast and a Chamber of Commerce big shot slapped each other on the back as they talked about their sons' letters and experiences.

Bartle told his audience that the American War Dads would be nonpolitical and nonsectarian, its whole purpose to help men and women in the American armed forces now and after the war. Bartle was named national executive director at the salary of one dollar a year.

Bartle started the Kansas City group on immediate needs. He learned that the boys in camp were not getting as many letters or packages as they would like. He not only got every dad in the organization to write and send a parcel regularly, but also inspired them to persuade their friends to follow their example. He got hold of a truck and collected forty tons of magazines, six pianos, six radios, two phonographs, eight table-tennis tables, and innumerable pieces of furniture to ship to camps.

H. Roe Bartle

Meanwhile he proceeded with the national set-up. Learning of two similar societies, the Fathers of Sons in the Service, at Indianapolis, Indiana, and the Fathers of Boys in the Service, at Portland, Oregon, he persuaded them to merge with the War Dads. He traveled, made speeches, organized chapters, obtained co-operation of government officials. As a result, there are already chapters in seventeen states.

The organization is completely democratic. Already it has many Negro members, and in the South a number of chapters composed of Negroes are in process of formation. There is a sprinkling of enthusiastic members of Chinese ancestry. So far, there are no Japanese-Americans. "However," comments Mr. Bartle, "if an American citizen of Japanese descent who has a boy in the service wants to join, he'll be welcome as a Mayflower descendant."

With this background, Bartle envisions a militant organization of millions of fathers who are determined that service men and women, when they come home, shall have (1) adequate hospital care when necessary; (2) jobs; (3) opportunity to continue their education; (4) a real place in a society that has stuck to American institutions and the American way of life. Some of this will come to pass through individual effort, but much of it will require action by Congress. How farsighted Bartle is may be judged by the fact that there is now in process of formation a chapter of War Dads composed exclusively of members of the Senate and House of Representatives.

THE END

"THE FINEST COLA I EVER TASTED!"
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CANADA DRY
Spur
Spur
CANADA DRY
Spur

The cola drink with Canada Dry quality

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NOAH SAILS IN CONVOY—Continued from Page 34

looking fantastic with his old cap balanced on top of a bandage, went to the captain in the bridge wing and spoke in a matter-of-fact tone:

"Don't steamers carry lights no more, cap'n? Nor blow their horns?"

The captain tried to peer into the old fellow's face, but fog and night defeated his vision. Here was a man, obviously a seaman, hauled out of the sea not six hours ago but having certainly been adrift long enough for drowned beasts to swell up, unable to give his name or that of his ship, making a remark which suggested complete ignorance of the war.

"WERE you carrying lights? I mean, when your vessel struck or was struck?"

"I can't remember," muttered Noah.

"Was it one of those?" The destroyer roared up out of the sternward invisibility, barely came in sight, and melted into invisibility again. The man called Noah glanced after her. He made no reply but his shaggy head swayed negatively. The captain gave him up, certain that sooner or later memory would come back. One thing made a faint clue: When next day the chief officer tried to find some easy work to occupy the old fellow on the passage, he discovered that he was a fine helmsman, though he found the small brass wheel of the steam steering gear amusing.

"I been used to big 'uns, sir, big wooden 'uns—"

"You were in a schooner?" the mate put in hopefully. "What happened to her?" But Noah simply said, "Schooner? How did you know, mister?" and ignored the rest of the question. The chief officer told the captain.

"Leave him alone. Let him steer all he wants to. You can find plenty for the men to do with the new fire-fighting equipment to rig up and the new boat gear to get them used to."

So Noah stood long tricks at the wheel, and nothing else appeared to interest him. In daylight, when the whole convoy was in clear view and the darting destroyers and corvettes made action pictures continually, Noah stolidly held the ship to her course, changed course when ordered, and noticed neither warships nor zigzag. Now and then the captain tried to draw him out, and once, for just a moment, believed he had touched a responsive chord. The flank destroyer made a wide sweep, turned, and for an instant in the sunlight presented a view in which only her narrow beam and the tip of her mast showed, the brilliant sun shining for a breath on her gray bows and the white figures painted on it.

Noah uttered a queer choking sound, and the captain looked closely at his face. But the destroyer turned, presented her broadside, then her stern, and Noah's interest died. But for one moment he looked as if he saw something he knew.

He was as cool as he looked, too. In mid-Atlantic a big shell dropped in among the convoy from over the horizon. It was followed by others, which developed into a fierce bombardment by an enemy of power and range. The auxiliary cruiser's guns were outranged; she turned to seek her foe. A shell burst close to Noah's ship and showered the bridge and boat deck with water and bits of steel. Wheelhouse windows were shattered; a boy who was bringing a mug of tea to the officer of the watch had his tray whipped from his hands and the hot tea flung into his face. Noah saw the lad stop a scream in his throat, wipe his face on his jacket sleeve, and dart down the ladder. But in a few minutes he was back with fresh tea. The officer took it, glanced inside the wheelhouse where Noah was picking bits of glass from his beard, and nodded comically.

"A bit closer and you'd have had a shave," he said. "You all right?"

"Aye, sir, as right as a sailor can be in a steamer. I never had my windows blown out. Never had no windows in my schooner."

"You take it pretty coolly."

"How should I not be cool, with yon babe in arms before my eyes?" said Noah, nodding toward the boy, who was grinning now, no longer pale.

THE convoy was zigzagging, the destroyers were speeding to the support of the escort leader seeking battle with the raider; the corvettes covered as much area as they could, but it was not quite enough. Suddenly the ship ahead reeled; a dull underwater explosion was followed by the heavier roar of ignited explosive cargo, and she swerved out of line, belching black smoke and sinking. A corvette dashed around in circles dropping depth charges, but no telltale spread of oil followed. No periscope was to be seen. Two boats got away from the stricken freighter and were picked up. The file of ships on that side closed up, the escort returned, declining to be drawn completely from their job by the fast powerful raider.

Now and then the man they had nicknamed Noah seemed to be on the verge of memory. He wore a puzzled frown when he was relieved from the wheel, and went along to have a yarn with Slushy, the cook.

"D'ye think the corvette sunk that submarine, cook?"

"Never touched her—if that was a sub, mind you. You ask me, old Noah, that ship was hit by a bloody big shell from the raider. Pocket battleship, you ask me. What else could plaster us from out o' sight?"

"But submarines do sometimes follow a convoy, don't they?"

"Has to be either a slow convoy or one o' them super U-boats. Ordinary subs can't travel fast enough submerged, and if they stay on top they're pie on a plate to our guns, ain't they? Next time you fall in with a sub chaser, take a look at her funnel. Perhaps you'll see a star—or two or three—meanin' she's sunk a sub for every star."

"Silver stars, cook?"

"Black—what y' mean, silver?"

"I seem to remember a silver star —a great big silver star that dripped," said Noah, and his eyes glazed over again in an agony of effort to remember. The cook told the steward, who told the third mate, who told the captain that old Noah was going crackers again. But Noah stood his trick at the wheel the same as ever, and took all that happened day by day as the normal lot of a seaman.

ON the day the first enemy plane appeared, indicating that the convoy had entered the real danger zone, Noah was scrubbing gratings abreast of the fiddley when the chief officer came to the near-by lifeboat with a portable radio set to which Sparks had been fitting a new directional loop.

"How's it coming, Noah? Memory getting any clearer?" the chief officer asked as he left the boat.

"My memory's clear enough, sir. Wasn't I taken from the sea—my schooner sunk by a dirty German who murdered my son and—"

"Yes, carry on, Noah!" The officer was almost breathless with excitement. Here was the old man, suddenly come to life, about to tell the mysterious story everybody wanted to hear. But Noah fell silent. His eyes glazed again, and as he scrubbed away at his grating he asked in a different, duller tone of voice:

"Do German submarines ever follow a convoy across, sir? Seeking to pick off ships, I mean. Cook says they're not fast enough."

"The cook's head's duff, old fellow. Take no notice of him. Enemy submarines have to go home for refit. They may have secret stores and fuel bases abroad, they may have

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GUARANTEED DEPENDABLE
CHAMPION
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KEEP 'EM ROLLING—BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

store ships to meet them at sea—but when it's docking they need, it's home they must go. It's the big 'uns that operate in distant waters, Noah. They are able to follow a convoy, and if they see a chance they go all out to get as many ships as they can. Proper death-or-glory boys they are. They give 'em Iron Crosses for picking ships out of convoy. I've seen U-boats with Iron Crosses painted on their conning towers before now."

"It wasn't a cross I saw. It was more like a star—a great silver star—it dripped—"

Again, as when talking to the cook, Noah fell silent. The chief officer tried, but failed, to arouse memory again. He told the captain and the captain intended to make a real attempt upon Noah later.

That evening a corvette was torpedoed as she turned at the end of her range; from the skies four planes dived like frigate birds upon the convoy.

From every ship, merchantman and escort, blazed the guns. One each to a line, coming out of the sunset from behind clouds, the planes sprinkled the ships with their machine-gun fire, ran to the head of the lines, turned, and let go their bomb loads upon the center before roaring away to base in the southeast. Before they were out of sight more than ten minutes four more appeared, to carry on the attack. And there was menace from beneath the sea too.

"Two of the gun crew hit, sir. The carpenter too. Dead," the second officer reported to the bridge.

"Replace the men at the gun. Send Noah to the wheel. He'll release a younger man," the captain said.

"One of that last burst smashed the galley, sir. Must have been a cannon shell. Set fire to the after side of the companionway, sir," the bosun reported.

"Is the fire under control?"

"That new equipment smothered it, sir."

"Go round with the chief officer and see that the boats are not put out of action. If one is badly damaged, see that her water and stores are shifted to a sound boat."

"That's good dope, sir," remarked Noah, appearing silently at the second mate's order. "No use putting double load o' men into a boat and no grub and water for them. Captain, sir, your cook's head is duff, as the mate declared to me. Them submarines *do* follow convoys. I saw one not ten minutes ago."

A look of expectancy came to the captain's face. He was about to accompany Noah inside the wheelhouse to follow up the promise of the mystery to be revealed, when the second air attack began in grim earnest. The wheelhouse roof was blasted open; the helmsman fell across his wheel as Noah leaned forward to relieve him. Outside, the second officer and the bosun came together in the narrow of the ladder, and a pair of bullets ricocheting from a ventilator hurled them down.

Noah took the helm, and a heavy piece of deckhead timber fell upon him from above. It brushed his head, knocked off his cap, and fell dully upon his shoulder. He threw it aside, shook his head, and concentrated upon his steering, answering the quiet orders that came from the captain out on the exposed bridge. The planes passed; the after gun blazed away at something seen only by her crew. The sun went down, but out of the afterglow came yet a third attack.

"This seems like the real thing," the captain came to a broken window to say. "You feel all right, Noah? You're bleeding again."

"I'm all right, sir. When these damn hornets quit their buzzin' I think I can tell you what you want to know about me. It's all clear now. Duck, sir! Here they come! Wow!"

Far ahead a steamer spouted flame and smoke; almost over her head an attacking plane seemed to explode in the air when hit by the flak from the cruiser. The attack seemed to be done, unlikely to be resumed during darkness, when the last of the planes loosed off all she had left before breaking off for base.

ALMOST before the roar of her engines was drowned in the nearer crashing thud of a hit aft on the ship, her last burst of machine-gun bullets plowed a furrow fore and aft. The captain pitched headlong to the deck; the chief officer, in act of hailing the bridge to report number three hold on fire, was hit in the back. The boy, creeping up to collect empty tea mugs, looked aghast at the fallen captain and the ripped woodwork of the wheelhouse and bridge.

"Can ye give the captain a hand, boy?" Noah called out. The boy knelt beside the captain, who frightened the wits from him by abruptly sitting up and flinging an arm around his neck.

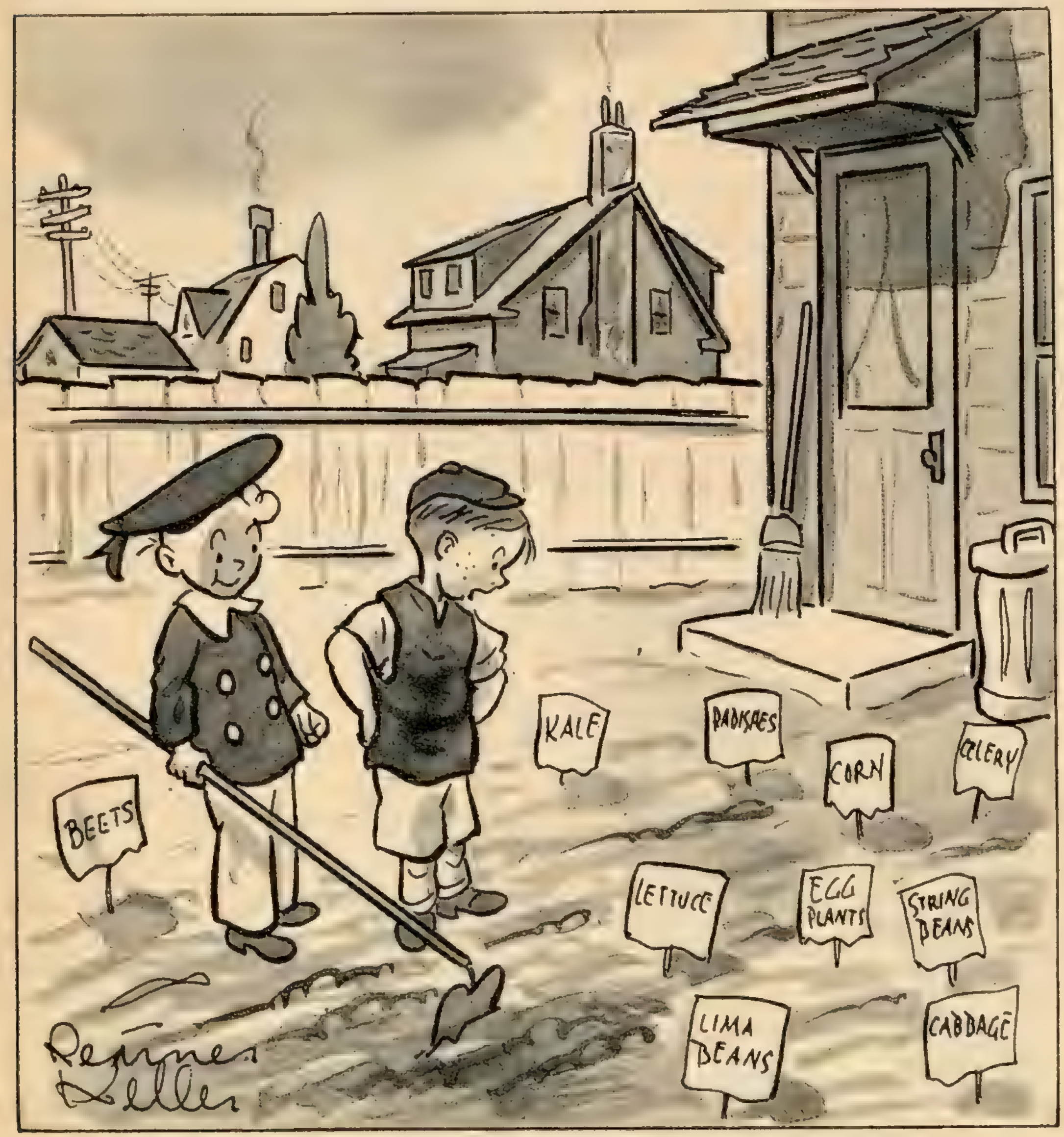
"Give me a hand to get up," he said thickly. "I don't feel hurt. Must have been an empty cartridge case that knocked me out. Where's everybody?"

"Number three hold's on fire, sir. Third officer's got all hands that's left looking after it—"

"All that's left? What do you mean, boy?"

"Chief officer and second down, sir, carpenter too, half the deck hands—"

HARDTACK



"Don't let the signs fool you. I planted it all in watermelons."

"You can see the ship ahead," the captain said to Noah; "keep station by it. I'll be back presently." He stumbled down the broken ladder and toward the blazing stern.

The wind was westerly. Noah felt the heat of the fire at his back. Left to himself he would have turned the ship head to wind to prevent the fire spreading forward, war or no war; but he must obey orders, and the captain remained away fighting the fire. There were shouts of alarm, and Noah gathered that something had gone wrong, pumps had failed, or something. Men of cool courage in the engine room fought to remedy the fault; men of equal courage on deck beat back the fire from the bulkhead beyond which lay two thousand tons of petrol.

THE aging moon rose two hours after the sun went down and revealed the convoy almost in its proper formation again, the burning steamer lagging behind simply because there was nobody on her bridge with experience in keeping station. Noah could only hold her on a course in the wake of the ship ahead. He knew nothing about steamers. What he did know, and which was becoming clearer to him every hour since that timber from the wheelhouse roof fell on his head, he wanted to impart to the captain.

It was near dawn when the captain climbed wearily to the bridge, followed by the deck boy with sandwiches and coffee.

"Good Lord! You still here?" the captain said, seeing Noah still at the wheel. "Boy, give those sandwiches to Noah, and bring me some more." Noah wolfed the food, for he was famished, and scarcely heard what the captain went on to say: "You'll be relieved very soon now. They'll get the fire under or it'll be abandon ship. All depends on the bulkhead. Red hot in places."

"Don't matter much, sir. I'm not tired—very. I can tell you how come you found me adrift on that dead hoss, if it'll interest you, cap'n. It all came back to me when I got that sock on the head. I pretty nigh got it once before when I saw one o' them destroyers turn in the sunlight. She looked mighty like a sub when she stood stem-on for a second."

"Submarine got you, eh? I guessed as much. But where did the ponies come from? Must have been scores of them. That was why the chief officer named you Noah."

"Names don't matter," muttered Noah. "One's as good as another. My two sons and me, we got a livin' with our old schooner. We was carryin' Sable Island ponies last trip. Petrol's gettin' mighty scarce ashore, and folks is buyin' hossflesh again. Some'eres between Sable Island and Canso one o' them U-boats come ghostin' out o' the fog. Joe was feedin' the ponies, Ned was slappin' 'luminum paint on the windlass. That U-boat come right aboard us. Her cap'n was a proper-whiskered dirty-faced pirate. He said he wanted a pilot for Novy Scotia waters. 'Twas then Ned ups wi' his can o' 'luminum paint and slings it at the feller. Missed him, o' course, but made a lovely great splosh on the connin' tower—just like a great silvery star, 'twas. Made the pirate mad, too. Couple o' hands jumps aboard us wi' guns. Knocks Ned on the nob and hauls him into the U-boat. Cleans the schooner out o' stores complete, then tells me and Joe to git into our boat 'cause they was goin' to sink our schooner.

"Never waited to give us a chance. Started to pepper us wi' bullets soon's they hauled off. I dunno how long Joe stuck it. I kep' duckin' under them ponies till the firin' stopped, then either I had been hit and didn't know it, or one o' the ponies must ha' kicked me on the head—"

"Bullet, Noah," the captain said. "Steward's got it for a souvenir."

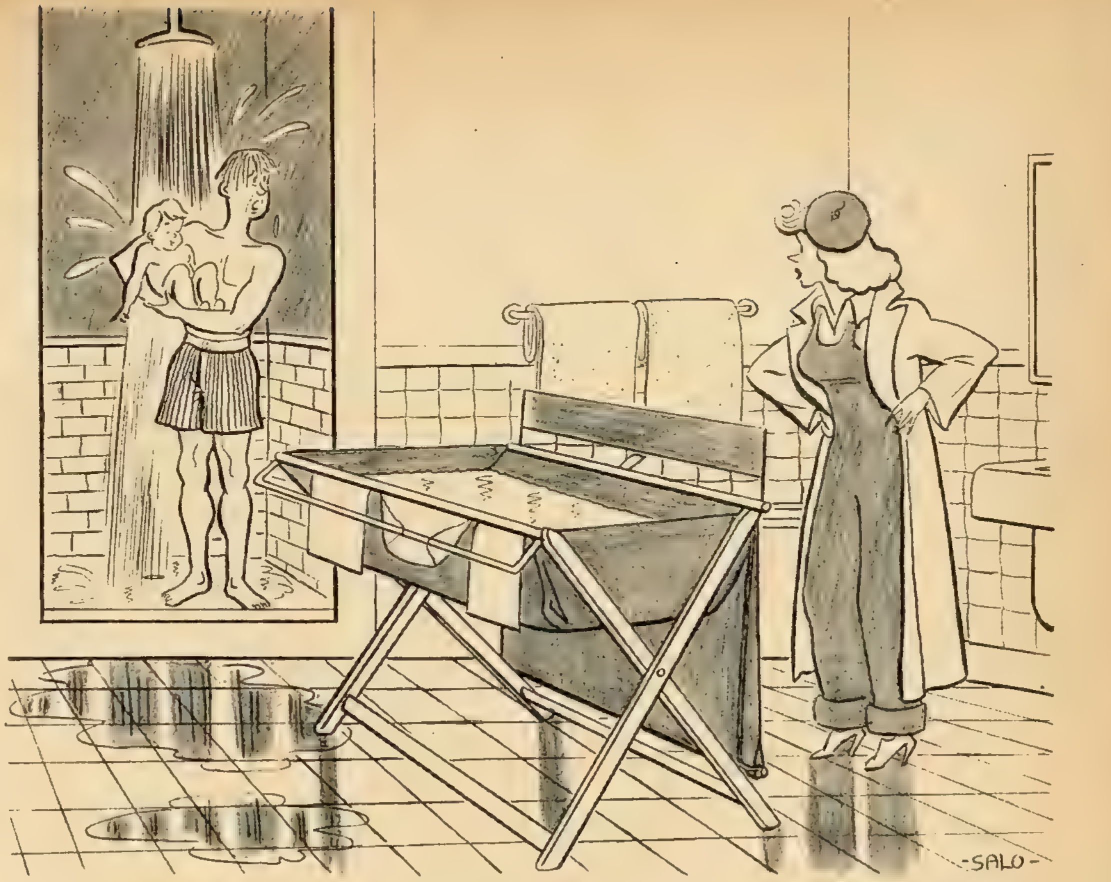
"Well, however 'twas, next thing I knows I'm aboard your steamer and all hands is callin' me Noah. Now if you could spare a relief, sir, I could shut an eye. I been here for nigh fourteen hours—"

The captain was not listening. Noah followed the direction of his gaze and forgot that he was tired. During the dark hours a U-boat had contrived to get inside the convoy; her periscope was seen by an alert lookout as she was about to discharge her torpedo at a crowded transport, and the margin of warning was enough to permit the transport to take avoiding action. At the moment when the torpedo was skimming harmlessly away and before a second was ready, a destroyer came roaring down the line of ships and depth charges were dropped all round the disappearing periscope. A Sunderland flying boat had appeared to take over protective duties, three enemy bombers were coming up, and the Sunderland could not at once tackle all three. Machine-gun bullets began to plow the deck at Noah's long-suffering feet again. He sighed and went on steering according to the captain's directions.

HE heard the thump of the depth charges. He altered course once at a wave of the captain's hand, then he stiffened and stared at a boiling of the sea just ahead which grew into a rusty and weed-grown U-boat's conning tower. The depth charge had not sunk her; it had blown her to the surface. But Noah was not concerned with niceties of cause and effect. What he saw with fascinated eyes was a great ragged silver star which, except for patches of red rust, covered that conning tower with aluminum paint.

"Pumps have give out, sir. Fire's gaining!" The bosun's mate stood gasping at the head of the bridge ladder, and the captain turned with a weary shrug. "Third officer's down—bullet got him."

"Bring her head to wind, Noah. I'll pass the word to abandon ship." The captain gripped the telegraph handle



"I just couldn't get the hang of it."

as the sailor leaped down the ladder. Once the bell clanged, then the returning plane sprayed the bridge again, and the captain fell. Noah heard not a word of the order. He heard the clang of the telegraph, and saw that the indicator pointed at Stop. He left the wheel, jammed the telegraph up to Full Ahead, and whistled down the speaking tube to the chief engineer:

"Give her all you've got, chief! Every pound. I'm goin' to ram!"

The engines had scarcely paused. They took up the rhythm again in greater intensity, and Noah steered straight for that big silver star. Ned was inside that rusty hull; Ned would say go ahead if the decision were put to him. Noah didn't know that the U-boat was stricken to death already. He saw men pouring out of her hatch, and they were the men who had murdered his son Joe, sunk his ship, and left him to sink or swim with a bullet in his head.

The submarine lay motionless; a destroyer was circling to approach her; Noah steered his ship for that silver star, felt the shock and the uprise when he ran upon the grisly hull, saw the U-boat break in two.

Then he steered his ship to come head to wind, and rang her to a stop as the bosun's mate led the surviving crew up the ladder to see what was holding up the abandon-ship order, and number three hold blew up with a volcano of roar and flame.

THE destroyer had picked up men from the U-boat. Now she ranged alongside the steamer and hailed that she would take off the crew. Noah was staring at the after end of his ship, where a moment earlier all was aflame, and now, where there should have been complete catastrophe, seemed only to be smoke, and less of that. He stumbled down from the bridge and along to number three hatch. The entire hatch and deck had been blown up, but so had the fire, and by a miracle of chance the explosion had not set off other near-by combustibles. In fact, to Noah it looked as if the fire was now in a condition to be got under control.

"We're all right, sir," he called to the destroyer; and to the men around him, clamoring that the order had been passed to abandon ship, and reminding him that he had no authority, he said simply, "Abandon ship if ye must. But y' see the fire's 'most out. The ship can be got home, and her cargo's sorely needed. I've been at the wheel for fourteen hours, but I can stand another fourteen if so be ye'll try that fire once more while I keep her head to wind."

So the men went back to their fire, and conquered it; and Noah, knowing nothing about the compass vagaries of a steel ship, the convoy having gone out of sight ahead, steered too far to the north and never did see the convoy again. He missed the final concentrated attack thereby, and at last fell in with a small convoy from Iceland which guided him safely to port. The steamer had been listed as missing, last seen ablaze, and refusing assistance from a warship which was too busy to argue with the crazy old man on her bridge.

Noah liked the praise he received for his exploit. It made him feel proud that if Ned had been alive in that U-boat when she broke in two he would be the first to say the sacrifice was worthy. He liked, too, the offer which speedily came—of a bosun's berth in a similar steamer. Bosuns don't have to wrestle with compass deviations. But best of all he liked the invitation to proceed to a certain prison camp to identify among survivors of a U-boat sunk in a recent convoy action a man who declared he was a Nova Scotian, abducted to act as local pilot to a submarine that had sunk his father's schooner off Canso.

THE END

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3. TWO EDGES double blade life. Marks indicated at left identify edges, enabling you to give both equal use and get extra shaves

4. CLEAN BLADE in razor by loosening handle, then rinsing in hot water and shaking. Wiping the blade is likely to damage the edges

(Continued from page 32)

Leverett, who tells me—and why didn't you ever?—that she is your second cousin. I've always admired her career and was thrilled at the chance to meet her. She is just about to sail to Europe to join a medical unit of the Quakers in Poland. I told her about Aunt Rosa, and she promised faithfully to let me know what, even if nothing, she is able to uncover. She herself is a firm pacifist, due to *your* early influence! When I said I knew you, she asked all sorts of questions about you and sent her love.

Her beauty goes down to the bone. Is that because it springs from character as well as breeding? In her eyes one catches a fleeting look of pain—the unexplained pain suffered by a child—which gives her a strangely moving quality. A woman like that is a mystery to me. She doesn't seem in the least what your friend Dr. Turner would call "frustrated," and I prefer her to the sex snobs in which my own circle of friends abounds.

I love you, darling.

Constance.

New York City, *April 4.*

My dearest dear,

I can only live now until evening and the assurance I get through hearing your voice over three thousand miles. It tells me, at least, that you are alive. I am *sure* mother knows what I am going through, because occasionally when I kiss her good night she draws me to her tight. I know she hears me crying in my room at night. Jim, my heart is so sick with anxiety that this miserable divorce is never, never going to materialize.

Work at the office is pretty routine stuff. Lark occasionally looks at me with that funny quizzical sidelong glance of his, and says, "Jim is doing a swell job in Paris." The lecture bureau asked me to go down to Virginia recently to speak at a very posh boarding school. Of course you've guessed already—Hillcroft! Your lovely Barby came up to me afterward—I had vowed I was not going to be the one to seek her out—and asked, since I worked for the firm of Larkin and Reed, if I had met her father. I said I had, in London, and we had become good friends, and we talked about you and your broadcasting and she said you wrote awfully "cute" letters, and I just stopped myself from saying, "Yes, doesn't he?" She is a darling, Jim—funnily like you and mysteriously not. Most attractive—cool and poised and honest. I *liked* her.

It's late, and I must go to bed. The only reality I can cling to in a world which seems rocking is my love for you and yours for me.

More deeply every day your Constance.

Chicago, Ill., *June 15.*

Jim dearest,

It doesn't seem possible that I am addressing you in New York again. The day the Germans entered Paris all hearts here were like lead—mine more so, with its added fear for your safety. And then—your cable from Bordeaux. What a cruel, almost premeditated moment for your father-in-law to choose in which to die. When I saw it in the papers I was in despair and distracted as to what I ought to do, knowing at the moment that you were already on the Clipper, coming home. And so, in my bewilderment, I turned to Lark. I know you won't mind that I told him everything. Nor will it surprise you that he says he has known it all along! What he said to me seemed so full of wisdom and truth, that, though it's the hardest single action I have ever performed, I am not going to see you until you and Barbara have decided *once and for all* what the future is to be.

Jim, what a wonderful person Lark is. I remember your telling me that long ago there'd been some woman he'd fallen in love with—wasn't she on a newspaper?—but that after going through a year of more or less hell he decided to stick by his bargain with a small-town Gertie. He doesn't have to lean on any one or talk about *his* operation—the way I do about mine!

He is sending me on a "business trip," and you can reach me through him if these clouds should ever lift.

Your Constance.

Chicago, Ill., *July 10.*

Weeks of uncertainty and misery and then just reading those words, "It's washed up for good between Barbara and me. I want you and need you and love you more than ever, if you will have me."

Of *course* you feel as though you had been dragged through a knothole. And poor Barbara. Naturally you mustn't think of even suggesting Reno immediately. Her hands and heart must be so full. I hope the gods have a new and happier deal in store for her.

Who is this wretched Francine woman you mention who is making cracks to Barbara about no man wanting a divorce without there being another woman in the background? You are right that we must be terribly careful. But, Jim, the day will come when there is bound to be a cry of "I told you so." You want to keep your child's respect in the future, but you *will*. Just being the kind of person you are will ensure it.

I feel sick, *sick* at the thought of your going back into the pesthole of Europe. But the farther away you are from me the less likely your conscience is to trouble you—and I am beginning to realize you can expect a good deal of trouble from that unpredictable organ. I shall be back to see you before you sail, *or else*. I don't want my family to know I'm in town, however, so I think I'll go and stay at that dreary Career Women's Club, where none of my friends—I hope!—would think of looking for me. I'll call and leave a message at the Amherst Club as soon as I arrive.

To be with you again is all I can live for.

Con.

New York City, *August 1.*

Whatever happens, we've had those two days, haven't we, Jim? It was an inspired idea of yours to whisk me out to Bucks County and the perfect little Coach-and-Four Inn. Do you still smell the syringa outside and see the casement windows and four-poster bed which, if George Washington slept in, his ghost will certainly hurry by in future with averted eyes? I can say with you, "I feel as though I had never been alive till now," and feel a staff in my hand and firm ground under me, and no turning back. But I do see that it's far better we should be separated until we can be together always. I have thought since of your saying to me, "Now that I have left Barbara for good I know I shall never be really free of her. I suppose it's because she's the mother of my child, or because—oh, I don't know." Perhaps your unfinished sentence was a tactful way of saying, "Because I once loved her as I now love you." If all my love cannot remove your burden, pray God it may lighten it.

I still can't help wishing that you yourself had told little Barby of the coming divorce, and I wish, dear, you weren't quite so determined that Barbara shall take full blame for everything. If only she hadn't chosen this extraordinary moment in the course of a twenty-year relationship to go and fall in love with you in earnest.

I long for your first letter from London. Tell me everything you are doing, thinking, feeling, planning, hoping, and whom, if any one, you are missing.

At last, completely your Con.

New York City, *September 14.*

My more than dearest,

My wonderful mother has died. Thank God she was ill only a few days. It was pneumonia, and her poor, strained heart simply couldn't stand it. How I wish you could have known her, Jim. If there is anything in me of courage, or truth, or goodness, it comes from her. We are all now like dead ashes in a grate where the fire has gone out.

This morning we read Buckingham Palace and the House of Lords have been hit. I've tried to lull myself into a sort of There'll Always Be an England attitude by reading Mrs. Miniver. It will take more than her Mrs. Minivers to save England now. Above all and through all, I want to know will there be a Jim Hurd? I try to quell one thought which haunts me more and more—have I the right to bring a son into such a world? Above all, a son who will bear the stigma of Jewish blood.

I laughed aloud over your description of your Junior League girl friend. I feel just as you do about the "old peach" type of American college girl. Did "Briggsy" play hockey or baseball at Bryn Mawr? Be careful and don't let the poor fawning puppy fall in love with you. Stranger things have happened and even hockey captains have their softer side. But it's a daily wonder to me that all the women in the world don't love you as I do.

Your desperately loving

Constance.

New York City, *November 20.*

The same day your letter came to me the outline of your book on the fall of France came to Lark. He tells me he read it through at a sitting and is sold on it. By this time you will have his cable urging you to finish it up as soon as possible.

I can hardly mention the question of the divorce and Barbara. My spirits are deadening more every day with hope deferred. Why *won't* she go to Reno? Will this waiting never end?

My poor little cousins who came over to be with us—Max is twenty, Ruth eighteen—have combed the city looking for work, and, poor kids, who can blame them that they are both pretty bitter about our so-called democracy.

Dearest, *I cannot bring a son into this world.* You may say his name will be Hurd and that he will have only one quarter Jewish blood. I say it is enough to mark him for tragedy. Yes, even in America. I can only trust you to believe that I am not being defeatist—merely realistic.

My darling, sometimes I wonder if you wouldn't do better with a second wife who would be bursting with optimism and happy bounce—a Briggsy! Your description of her camera clicking busily over the smoking ruins of bomb craters first made me laugh and then really sickened me. Save me from these women to whom war is just one long whoopsa-daisy-chain.

Thank you, from my heart and soul, for your letter. You couldn't wish to be with me more than I'm wishing it myself. Dearest, I love you. I love you.

Constance.

New York City, *January 6, 1941.*

Darling,

At last, at *last!!!* When I saw in the paper this morning that Mrs. J. L. Hurd had left for an indefinite stay in Reno, Nevada, I very nearly sent her a sheaf of orchids to the train. The whole business doesn't take more than six weeks, does it? So, dear, it's up to you to say when our music is to start. If it's impossible for you to get back here, I'm sure that by pulling the right kind of strings, and with Lark to help me, I could come to you, and we could be married in England.

I suppose Lark has cabled that your These Were Not Men has won the Book Club adoption. Isn't it wonderful?

Darling. Soon, soon, I shall be able to call myself in name what I am already in fact,

Your wife forever,

Constance.

New York City, *February 25.*

Jim dear,

I'm terribly confused by your short note, coming on the very day of the final divorce decree. If, as you say, you feel like a man who has just had both legs amputated and is asked to dance, you don't know whom you're writing to. There is no question of "dancing." All I want is to give you the peace you say you have craved for the last twenty years. You say Barby couldn't stand the shock of your marrying now. But, Jim, you've known from the beginning what Barby was going to be asked to face. Surely you're not afraid to face Barbara and any of her catty friends who might sneer out a malicious "I told you so" at your marrying again? You've sworn to me that your wishing to divorce Barbara and your wanting to marry me were two disconnected facts. Have you been fooling yourself? You say that my not wanting a son has nothing to do with your present mood. Jim, is this true?

I'm glad the Briggs girl took you out of London for some country air. Write soon, dear, won't you, to your

Constance.

New York City, *April 2.*

Dear Jim,

What a funny way to begin a letter to you, but it seems in order, considering the little note received from you yesterday. "I could never make you happy. Forget me. I shall love you, always."

Jim, you *have* made me happy. I can't forget you. And if you will love me always, then what is keeping us apart? In my despair I rushed with your letter to Lark. I asked him if I had dreamed the whole thing, whether he thought you loved me, ever.

"Good Lord, child, of course Jim loved you. Probably always will, in his own way. But his New England conscience has caught up with him. You undoubtedly represent his own sense of guilt over what he has done. He knows, and he knows that you know that he knows, that he was in love with you and asked you to be his wife before he was divorced from Barbara. He feels intuitively that, married to you, he would be tied to his own consciousness of sin till the day he dies. Don't forget, Con, you're pretty thin-skinned yourself. Loving Jim as you do, and knowing him as deeply, you'd be a perpetual thermometer taking his temperature, a stethoscope recording his heartbeats, a weather vane veering to his moods. There's such a thing as giving a man too much understanding." He smiled, and added, "It makes us nervous."

Then I asked him what kind of woman you should marry if not one who understood you.

"Why, probably some one about as uncomprehending and reassuring as a warm bath. But this doesn't mean, child, that Jim has no heart. The irony is that a decisive man, no matter how ruthless, doesn't cut such a wide swath of misery about him as your fumbling moral appeaser."

"You mean, then, Jim has been cowardly?"

"Who's to tell where cowardice begins and conscience ends? Remember Jim's sensitiveness and talent. And he's being only masculine. He's like a nice big tomcat who has warmed himself by your fire, even allowed you to scratch him while he purred; then he goes to the window. He stays there until you open it for him."

"But what does he *want,* Lark? Has he heard the call of an irresistible miaow on the back fence?"

"Not necessarily at all. He's driven, goaded, enticed—I don't know what to call it—I suppose you might as well say he's tried to follow a gleam as anything else. And it isn't a gleam that can ever be satisfied in any personal relationship. It's only you poor benighted females, you know, for whom the love of one member of the opposite sex is the be-all and end-all of existence."

Today, as I was walking along the street, I thought of a silly little thing, "I must tell Jim," and that second I felt what the man in an electric chair must feel between the turning on of the voltage and his annihilation. I sensed the *death* of losing you.

Constance.

April 9.

I didn't mail my last letter, and there's obviously no point in writing you another, Jim. But as all my thoughts automatically are for you, it's easier for me to put them down on paper.

Today the Greeks abandoned Salonika. In the same paper I read that I too had been abandoned. "Commentator and socialite to wed. Simple ceremonial to mark marriage in London of Miss Sarah Briggs of Radnor, Pennsylvania, to James Leverett Hurd." I lay awake all night, without a sob. And today I can say quite rationally, "Why, of course. Jim is going to be married." When I try to swallow food my throat closes and nothing will go down.

"The couple plan to embark for America immediately following the ceremony." So in seven days you should be in New York again.

Next day.

I'm glad I'm at the Career Women's Club. My being unable either to sleep or eat could only cause comment from my family. I've told them I had to leave town on business, so Lark is the only person in the world who knows where I am. He agreed with me that it was a good plan to "knock off" work for a few days, until I more or less pick up the pieces. It's queer to be back in a duplicate of the little cell where I stayed during the days which were the happiest of my life, just before you sailed, and we were together, and we went out to New Hope.

I don't know how on my last visit I missed the hostess of this club. Today she accosted me in the lobby. She said she wanted to "greet" me and to know what my "birthday group" would be. It seems they give parties complete with cake and "happy birthday to you-oo" for all January girls, February girls, etc. She further tried to lure me to join a class in pottery, French conversation, playwriting, or swimming.

There was a great hubbub of singing in a throaty baritone voice, emanating from the Georgian Lounge. I asked her what was up. "Oh, that, dear, is a little funeral service for one of our members. We always try to keep them cheerful." Every so often a frustrated spinster leaps to her death on the palings below. The singer was booming out, "There is no death," to an obbligato of rattling cocktail glasses in the adjacent Snack Bar. If I decide to take the same leap, my last instructions are, *Oh, bury me not in the Georgian Lounge.*

Next day.

What do you suppose I saw today, or really yesterday, as it's now 4 A. M.? I went for a walk, and there in Brentano's on Forty-seventh Street was a huge pyramid of books, all with the same bright cover, and at the top an almost life-size photograph of you. There was a great sign saying, You Can't Afford to Miss THESE WERE NOT MEN, by J. L. HURD.

Peppered all about the pyramid were single exclamations from the reviews: "Gripping!" "Human!" "Breathless!" "Fearless!" "A Masterpiece!" "These Were Not Men is written by an author who was already established in his generation as a great artist, but who now takes his place in the annals of American history as a great man."

I heard myself saying, "I'm so glad. I'm so glad." Your face in the photograph looked so serious, so sad, that I ached—oh, Jim, how I ached to put my arms around you and put my hand on your forehead and smooth away that frown, and tell you that it isn't because you're famous, or it isn't because of anything in the world but that you are my own Jim that I love you!

I began to cry as I hadn't done since mother died. I stumbled home, not looking for red or green lights. In this damnable cell-like room I flung myself down on the bed and gagged out sob after sob in my pillow. As I write, the tears are slopping all over me. I don't give a damn. I don't care about anything any more. Oh, my darling, darling, how *could* you? Have you forgotten it all?

Another day.

I haven't slept all night. My mind goes over and over and over this thing. What are you *doing?* What is the point of your marrying this Briggsy? This denouement is so flat. I've steeled myself all along to the possibility that Barbara would win out in the end. Heaven knows I've given her every chance to fight her own battles. If she had got you back I might have made a graceful exit from your life as the Other Woman is supposed to do, reaching out both hands, with a little twisted smile, thanking you for an "enchanted patch," and disappearing into the limbo where such women go. But that wife and Other Woman should be swept off the field with the sharp chop stroke of an ex-hockey captain is too much. *What are you thinking of?* Do you want to lead the rest of your life in the atmosphere of a girls' college campus? Your wife will talk and laugh—oh, how she'll laugh!—and lap you round with exuberant health and girlish admiration. Surely the wound which caused you to shrink from marriage only a few weeks ago hasn't healed already—from the inside? Won't the clumsy, hasty stitches with which you're trying to patch it fly open at a touch? Does Briggsy *know* we have loved each other? Has she any comprehension of the suffering she is causing me? I know. I know. You can answer back, "Did you think of what you were doing to Barbara? Did you know she was suffering?" God help me, I didn't want to know.

But, Jim, Jim, I ask you—can you, will you be happy? I love you, so I suppose I should say I hope so. But the way I love you—oh, not nice, not nice at all—I can only pray you may miss me every hour of your life as I am missing you now.

If I only knew which way to turn, what to do. I'm trapped. No way out. I've just read my newspaper, only to read of the poor Greeks—they, too, are trapped. Must betrayal be the inevitable answer to hope and faith? There's nothing much more cheerful in my magazine. Here's an advertisement: "When a woman has lost her lover, when a girl has lost her job, when the doctor has told his fatal news, when the luck is leaving . . . the other woman sailing by in triumph . . . the sudden streak of lipstick across the face spells courage. It is not done frivolously, but resolutely, desperately, defiantly, even gaily, with the dash and dignity of a courageous heart. . . . For one poignant moment the little stick takes on the significance of a sword." A fine weapon to brandish, from the Arsenal of Democracy. Remember, this last will and testament isn't written in blood, whatever it may look like. It's lipstick; and I want to be sick.

"Why don't you read a book?" All right. Recommend me a contemporary writer who has a "message" for me.

We have "knowledge of words, and ignorance of the Word." Instead of telling us how damned gallant we were, why didn't some one ask us, "Canst thou bind the cluster of the Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion?" or "Have the gates of death been revealed unto thee? Hast thou comprehended the breadth of the earth? Declare if thou knowest it all." We were so sure we did, weren't we? You, my sweet, can explain the fall of France. But what of the fall of man? Too late I'm beginning to feel that God is a law. Too late I know I've erred and strayed from its ways like a lost sheep. Don't forget that I knew this at the end. In fact, it could be my epitaph.

And now I've said it. Very clear and cool. Epitaph. In the back of my mind I've known, all along, that there was only one thing for me to do. Shall I tell you what it is? So simple, so inevitable, that any other alternative would be an unbearable anticlimax. *I am not going to go on living.*

There's a little song that keeps running through my head:

Then she'll go *out* the window . . .
Then she'll go *out* the window . . .

You know the one I mean?

After all, it's fantastic to think that you and I should both be alive and in the same country and not meet. Can you, I ask, imagine our being in the same room, no matter how many years hence, no matter how full of people, and your being accompanied by I don't care how many wives or concubines, and not feeling that what has been, what will always be between you and me, is the only power and the kingdom and the glory? For me there can be no other.

And another.

Today the telephone rang, and who should it be but your cousin, Mary Leverett. She had just returned from Europe and had gone to Larkin and Reed to look for me. She insisted on seeing Lark himself, who, when he heard what she had to tell me, gave her my address.

I asked her to come along up and she told me her news at once. She had come upon a trace of Aunt Rosa in a camp near Marseille; no one quite knows how she got there. She had hanged herself in the women's dormitory. We talked a long time, and at last I broke down completely, ending by telling her everything, *everything.*

She was wonderful, Jim. She told me it had taken her twenty years to begin to know you. She said, "Though Jim would hit the roof for my saying so, I think one cause for this mess is the fact that fundamentally he has been sentimental. We women, with our proverbial drivel about moonlight and roses, are often able to face reality in a way which the average man shrinks from. Jim has never looked at any situation—least of all at himself—head-on. You say you love him. If you do, it seems to me you should accept *everything* about him, and love him just the same—love him even more."

She said, once, when you were young, she had looked with you through the windows of the Stuyvesant Club at a lot of pompous old stuffed shirts sitting inside.

"Jim seemed so angry," she said, "that I thought he genuinely hated them and everything they stood for. I realize now that he was like a small child wistfully flattening his nose against a window full of sweets. Half of him wanted to be on the other side of the glass, though he would never have said so to me—and probably not even to himself. I was too young, or stupid, to understand this at the time."

She looked withdrawn and sad for a minute and added, "There was so much I didn't understand. I think I must have failed him dreadfully."

I asked her, then, if she thought your behavior was typically New England or Bostonian. She smiled and said, "I'm sure Jim himself wouldn't say so. I dare say he rather prides himself on having broken every tie with the place and what it represents. The irony is that if the world were to know some of his inner compromises and retreats, they probably would be labeled 'Bostonian.' Though it's hardly fair that one small provincial city should be made to serve as whipping boy for all human frailty. I dare say a psychologist would say that in this marriage Jim is withdrawing back into his mother's womb and has simply given up trying to cope with actuality. It would have been terrible for him, you know, to have married you and have failed to make you happy. I am sure he felt this."

I asked her if she thought you would ever fall in love again. She said, "It depends on what you call 'in love.' Jim will always be attractive to women. His form of flirting is the most insidious in the world, he does it so unconsciously. He simply plays the little boy—the little boy who has been hurt. And any one who is six feet two and as full of masculine attraction as Jim can make an awfully strong tug at a woman's heartstrings. I expect this girl he is marrying must be very maternal. The tragedy is that once, when he was young and first in love with Barbara, he had a great deal to give, himself. Merely to receive, as he might from a mother or a sister, wasn't enough for him in those days."

Then I asked where she figured I came in.

"I'm sure you've given Jim the greatest happiness he has known," she said. "I'm glad it came to him when he was adult enough to savor it. But something inside himself has tripped him up at the last moment, just as his pattern as a complete man was on the point of final realization—just as he was about to shatter the glass of unreality and step through into the real world."

Then I went into my tailspin of tears, and she was so gentle and sweet, I can't tell you.

"Nobody can pull you out of this but yourself. It doesn't do any good for friends to say, 'You'll get over it. You'll forget. Wait and see,' when the last thing in the world you *want* is to forget. You'll simply have to find a way to absorb it somehow, to use it in your own life. Don't let yourself be bitter."

And then she added, with terrific earnestness, "And, whatever you do, don't withdraw your love from Jim. I'm sure he needs it desperately—now more than ever. If you love him—completely—you will want him to be happy in the way he has chosen. Even if it is not your way."

Just before she left I lost all control and burst out: "You're so damned Anglo-Saxon and have your emotions under control. You can't know what it is to feel what I feel, to lose a man when I love him as I love Jim."

She looked at me and her eyes filled with tears. "I do, my dear."

I suppose it was some God-fearing young clergyman. Ask her sometime. And, by the way, you can also ask her how I was looking the last time she saw me. You may like to remember, when you do meet, that she was the last person you know to have seen me alive. . . .

I'm just not one of those selfless gals who can go on living and loving, whether there's anything coming back or not. It's because you *have* loved me, because we have been so lost, or found, in each other that the kind of suffering I know now is beyond my power to meet. I can't turn my thoughts, my heart, or my soul anywhere else. It is the fact that you can that is my blinding, biting bitterness.

The next day.

Another night with no sleep. You'd be surprised what this is doing to my face and figure.

But I am beginning to see a little light. I won't say anything as smug as "I forgive you." But I do understand not just you, not just me—but us. You hoped that by grasping at me you could not only escape your own unhappiness but evade the growing sense of your share of responsibility for your failure with Barbara.

I have been selfish and cowardly, too, in my refusal to give you your son. No wonder you want a wife who can. I've complained, I've wailed, I've belly-ached. I let you become the only reason for my existence. The medicine I'm taking now is a little of the hair of the one-man dog that bit me. Each of us thought our own emptiness could be filled by clutching at and possessing another human being. Two half hearts don't make one whole.

I think at last I can say it—I hope you'll be happy. My dearest, my love.

Isn't it queer, just as I have one foot in the grave or—pardon the realism—one foot out the window, that I begin to feel a power I might have had? I can look back on Lark and Mary Leverett as two lighthouses, winking their friendly beams at me, before I head out into the dark. If only I had held my torch high, with a flame inside of me, like each of them. But I haven't, Jim. You have been my only light to steer by.

The last day.

I had planned to throw all this away. But I've lost all pride. I only know that I should like you to know how the chapter ended for me, and so will put this in an envelope and send it to you, anyway. You'll find it eventually at the Amherst Club when you get home. With Briggsy. I'm leaving a discreet little note for the manager of the hotel, telling him who I am and all the rest.

What a tawdry excuse for an immortal soul I am. I should be saying to myself, "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he who believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live," and, instead, I am haunted, tortured by that wretched tune—do you remember, darling?—we heard it on a nickelodeon in the diner we stopped at for hamburgers, coming back from New Hope. "You're my everything underneath the sun." I remember how, when we heard it, we looked into each other's eyes and you said quietly, "I love you, Constance," and I said, "I love you, Jim."

> Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
> Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

I'm going now to put this down the mail chute by the elevator. Before doing that I shall open the window wide, wide. I shall put out all the lights and leave my door open, so when I come back there'll be nothing to distract me from the river, glistening in the moonlight.

Where will it take me, Jim?

We have loved each other, haven't we?

For me this has been enough. Without you I can't live. And that's all.

CONSTANCE.

Sally Briggs

Radnor, Pa., *June 10, 1941.*

WELL, Phyl me gal, haven't I gone and fooled you all? Having passed my thirtieth birthday I'm sure no one ever thought I'd take the Fatal Plunge. Ma, the angel, after she got my cable telling her the knot was tied, had the stone farmhouse done over, and it makes a really adorable honeymoon cot! We've been back here two days.

As you may have gathered, I've married a celebrity. We were met on the dock by an army of reporters, and before I could even walk down the gangplank to see the family —weren't they all lambs to be there, ma, pa, Franzie, Pollsie, and Nellsie?—we had to have thousands of flashlight pictures taken, and Jim had to answer umpteen questions on the "situation." You probably saw our pictures spread over the front pages of all the newspapers the next morning with great ballyhoo about "War Romance"!

Then Jim had to rush off to a luncheon given in his honor, and later he was interviewed by Lowell Thomas on the air. I'd seen a telegram from his publisher, Larkin, saying he hoped he'd have time for a chat like old times, but Jim just said he couldn't be bothered with any "social stuff." Mercifully ma had had Mac drive my Packard on, so we were independent of the family, and I was able to drive him back to the farm the same night myself. But when I went to pick him up at the Amherst Club, where he'd been for about an hour, going over his mail, I was really frightened; he looked ten years older and sort of gray. He had been overwhelmed by the ovation.

And now I'm knee-deep in his fan mail, which I answer for him. It was thrilling, on getting back, to find These Were Not Men still on the best seller list.

And now I've written all this without even thanking you for that door stopper. Honestly, I let out a whoop when I opened it. It's the most perfect Scottie I ever saw, and Bet actually growled at it, believe it or not! I'm going right on with my collection, marriage or no marriage. I think Jim must have thought he had a madwoman for a wife when he saw the mantelpiece in our bedroom simply swarming with Scotties of every size and description! Bounce and Bet simply can't figure out what a perfectly strange man is doing in my bedroom, not to mention in what they consider to be *their* bed! ! ! They refuse to stay in their baskets, but curl up at our feet, which, as Jim sourly remarks every night, makes things rather thick! He's got to get used to dark-blue sheets—because the pups get white ones in such a state—and his best London suit is covered with hair, and I guess he's wondering what he's got into! ! !

Thanks again for your letter, which was darling, and the simply swell present. If you can ever leave Pittsburgh and Joe and the brats, you must come and meet my Better Half. I want to show him off to all good Bryn Mawrters of ye good old class of '32.

Loads of love,

BRIGGSY.

Radnor, Pa., *July 3.*

Dear Bug,

Gosh, those candlesticks are knockout! And exactly what I needed.

So you want all the "gory details" about how Jim and I met in London, etc. It began really with Ophelia—Ophelia being my Baby Austin, whose whole name is Ophelia Bumps! I used to take her out of London on week-ends and, having met Jim, thought he might like the chance of getting out of town too, which he very definitely did. The family's great friends, Lord and Lady Sulgrave (I call them aunt and uncle and simply worship them) let me treat Fernley like my own house, and I took Jim there a lot, which he loved. I could see he was going through a hell of a time over something, and you know how I love any one who's a little down on their luck that I can more or less take in hand. And the first thing we knew, it seemed a swell idea to get married!

But, Bug, I've married a complete New Englander who is eaten alive by his *conscience!* The poor lamb kept turning his divorce over and over in his mind, wondering if by any chance any of the blame was his. I have said, I don't know how many times, "It isn't as though you had fallen in love with me, Jimbo-Jumbo, while you were still married to her. I suppose maybe your wife might have some right to blame you then. But you proposed to me after the divorce was all over, remember."

"Yes, that's right. I did."

I only wish he had some nice hobby which would help him to relax. He simply digs his heels in when I take him out to the Rowdy Room in the barn, and refuses to play ping-pong or anything. The poor baby has been having a mean time with stomach ulcers, so I have to watch his diet very carefully and see that he has hot milk every two hours.

Hope all goes well with the Book Shoppe and that you're still keeping up the good work by swimming at the Y. But honestly, Bug, you don't know what life can be until you're married. How about it? ? ! said she tactfully.

From *one who knows*—your loving

BRIGGSY.

Radnor, Pa., *July 3.*

Dearest Aunty Kay,

That new Omega enlarger you and Uncle Warren sent me is absolutely swellegant. Hereafter there is no excuse if my Leica doesn't turn out the best pictures of its young life. Even though I have entered into the Holy State of Acrimony I spend hours a day in my darkroom having more darned fun. One reason Jim says he liked me from the beginning was that I seemed able to look out for myself and wasn't always hanging about somebody's neck. I've taken over one room as my own office, and ma's secretary comes in to help me out with correspondence in the mornings—I attend to *all* Jim's—and I'm organizing a charity of my own as well. I'm going on breeding my pups, and Jim says he has no objection to my taking in two grandchildren of Lord and Lady Sulgrave "for the duration," so long as I keep them from getting underfoot. So you can see my hands are going to be full!

I suppose you've seen in the papers that he is going to be the star commentator of the American Broadcasting System, to go on every night—for the largest salary *ever*.

I have not yet seen my ready-to-wear seventeen-year-old daughter, but shall be doing so next week, thanks to a totally unexpected development. Last night I found Jim in his den, with a telegram which said:

SENDING BARBY TO YOU NEXT WEEK FOR MONTH'S VISIT TOMMY RYAN IS PUTTING HIS HEAD INTO NOOSE HE LOOSENED FOR YOU WISH HIM ENOUGH ROPE ALL OF THE BEST BARBARA

Jim was as red as a turkey cock. "Of all the dirty, double-crossing tricks! Ryan is her lawyer in Reno. You can't tell me she hasn't known she was going to do this for weeks. And she was so anxious to catch me in . . . Why, she must have known when I . . . Damn her eyes."

I still can't figure out just why it upset him quite so violently.

"Why, Jimmy," I said, "I don't see why you mind. You're not still in love with her, are you?"

"*Love!* Hell, no. Only why couldn't she have told me before? Why, everything might have been different if I had known. Why . . ." And then he just ran his hands through his hair, what there is of it, and looked so—well, so sort of *desperate*, I was frightened. It gave me a real idea of how that woman must have run him ragged.

Do come East soon and see the Lucky Man for yourselves. In the meantime, Beloved Aunt and Unc, you may have grasped my general drift, which is simply that J. L. Hurd is about perfect in the eyes of

MRS. J. L. HURD
(Alias your loving niece, Sallsie).

Radnor, Pa., *July 30.*

Dearest Sloo,

That reproduction of Van Gogh's Wheat Fields will hang in our very bestest guestest room, where you must come and, ensconced in your downy, feast your orbs on its beauties.

You ask how I like being married to any one so famous, and my answer is I *love* it! At present things are unusually hectic, as his daughter Barby is spending a month with us. She's a queer little piece. I must say I feel sorry for her, as her ma has just gone and married again, which is why she's with us, and I guess it came as kind of a shock. When she looks too solemn for words, I call her Miss Sour Pussy or Miss Stuffy Cat, and just take it in my stride. She'll snap out of it all right, I'm sure. I really am keen to do everything I can to make her feel at home.

The younger generation isn't a bit the way it was when I went to college. She's got the most peculiar point of view about the war. After all, her father and I have seen it firsthand over there, and if we're both pretty hot under the collar about the way this country won't wake up, we darn well have good reason to be. She just leans back and says, "Why, dad, that isn't what you used to say!" I just barge right ahead and tell her she'll grow up some day. She has the funniest habit of talking to Jim as though I weren't there at all.

Last night she just said, out of the blue, "Wasn't that too bad about Constance Field?"

Poor innocent stepma didn't know what that had to do with the price of onions. I mean I'd read her book about O. W.; but Jim turned red and said, "Terrible," and got up and walked out of the room.

I asked Barby what all the shooting was about, and she said, "Oh, nothing. Except I knew she was a good friend of dad, and I thought he must have felt badly about her committing suicide."

I mean, that's how *reserved* Jim is. He never even told me he knew her.

I picked him up last week by the scruff of the neck and told him I wanted him to see some of the country round Doylestown, because I had visions of our buying an old farmhouse and doing it over. Jim has some prejudice against Bucks County, so I thought just for fun I'd play a trick on him by not mentioning what county we were in, as I was sure he wouldn't know the dif! We drove all over the countryside, and just outside of New Hope I spotted an adorable little tavern where I thought we might have lunch. Just about as we were to go in the front door, Jim stopped dead and looked at it.

"What's the name of this place?"

"The Coach-and-Four. Why, dear?"

"I'll be damned if I eat there," and he turned on his heel and simply flung himself back in the car. I didn't know *what* was eating him, so just said, "You don't have to eat there if you don't want to, Jimbo-Jumbo. But there's no need of being so upset. After all, you didn't see a ghost."

"That's what you think," he said, and shut up like a clam. So much for the artistic temperament!

Sloo, you were a peach to think of me, and thanks again, loads.

Your old pal,
BRIGGSY.

Radnor, Pa., *September 5.*

Dear Raytch,

How did you ever think of those two darling cocktail glasses with HIS and HERS written on the side, *not* to mention the shaker marked OURS! They're the merriest present we've had.

At the moment our ordinary life has been slightly ruffled by a visit from Jim's daughter Barby, who is with us "for the duration"—of her mother's honeymoon! Barby went over and lunched with the happy couple last week. I had the bright idea of asking them over for dinner. The lady didn't even bother to answer the letter I sent her, but just sent a message by Barby saying, "Tell your stepmother I'm afraid we can't make it." Franzie says she was always terribly snooty at school, and she certainly doesn't seem to have changed her spots! And it isn't as though she ever made the least effort herself to be a good wife toward Jim or cared two pins about him.

It's quite hard to look on the cheery side of life today as my Better Half is in New York, having left me by my lonesome here. But as I've been feeling distinctly rocky lately, come 11 A. M., it seems best to stick at home. (As one married matron to another, my dear, I am definitely hopeful! For the moment I'm calling him Jimminy Cricket, but when he puts in an appearance—he's just *got* to be a he if Jim is going to stay married to me—he's going to be James Leverett Hurd, Jr.)

I can't get over the *wizard* I've married. He never has quoted a line of poetry in my presence since I've known him, and yet tonight, on Information, Please, he answered up *even before Kieran* on a line of Wordsworth! The whole thing was sort of framed as a tribute to Jim and his first book, Young Glory, and they were supposed to say some line of poetry with the word "glory" in it. Fadiman read the lines which preceded the "familiar" quotation, leaving it up to the experts to finish it. So when he said, "Whither is fled the visionary gleam, gentlemen?" there was a dead silence, and then Jim's voice, very serious and as though it were something he had right on the tip of his tongue, "Where is it now, the glory and the dream?"

The family was as excited as I, and we're all going around with broad grins on our faces. Dad also has just heard that Jim's name has passed the Election Committee of the Stuyvesant Club, so he'll have a nice place to go and chew the rag and sit around in when he goes over to the Big City, instead of the Amherst Club, which doesn't mean a thing. Dad says it's the final stamp that "a man has arrived."

You've probably heard how busy I've been getting my new charity, Bombed Britain, under way. It's more or less my own pet organization, with me as the U. S. chairman and Aunt Margaret (Lady Sulgrave) acting as our English patroness. This, on top of my job as the wife of a Great Man, has kept me awfully busy. I really think I've got things pretty well organized for Jim. I answer *all* telephones, and write *all* letters for him, so he just doesn't have to *think* for himself—except, of course, about his broadcasts.

If we ever get anywhere near Chicago you can bet your blinking boots I'll let you know.

Thanks a million and slews of love,

Briggsy.

Radnor, Pa., *October 9.*

My angel Sow,

You were wonderful to crash through with that knockout silver picture frame. I'm sure it can be no surprise to you to know that the picture of my One and Only is already gracing it. He really is the best looking thing—not handsome actually—and he has to wear those wretched glasses—but he looks so big and so damned distinguished somehow that it still is a mystery how he could have picked on little (!) *me.*

It's at least some consolation having a good photograph as I hardly ever see Himself face to face. For the past month he has been broadcasting every single night and will be forever after, I imagine—and the strain is teerific. He's so funny about relaxation. Last Sunday he trekked to *Brooklyn,* my dear, to see the Dodgers! And instead of hopping a train home when the game was over, he went walking around Prospect Park, one of the beauty spots (!) of said Brooklyn. No wonder his mood was distinctly on the bearish side when he walked in, in the wee small hours of the morning!

Francine Bassett, apparently the most *inty* friend of Barbara, called him the other day and asked if he were going to drop all his old friends and could they get together. So I asked her and her husband Ted for the week-end, with the result that we are all buddies! She talked a lot to me about Barbara and told me how she never thought she had appreciated Jim. Francine, apparently, has always stood up for him, and says that Barbara must be eating tacks now that he's become so famous, though she would probably rather die than admit it.

When Francine was here I threw a really knockout party in her honor. We had it in the Rowdy Room—tickets sold at $5 per—and all for the benefit of my own special pet, Bombed Britain. The barn was fixed like a super-air-raid shelter and we had a perambulating canteen with champagne in coffee cups, etc. The big feature of the evening was a surprise blackout, with mock air-raid sirens blowing, etc. It got a marvelous rise out of everybody and put them all in a distinctly jovial mood.

Thanks again, Sow, for the frame, and much love from

Briggsy.

Radnor, Pa., *November 18.*

Dear Dork,

How perfectly angelic of you! That reproduction of Van Gogh's Wheat Fields is a special favorite of mine.

I'm so glad you liked the article in Liberty. Its account of a day in the life of "America's Ace Commentator" was really pretty accurate. I *do* sit at home and listen to him every night because it makes him nervous to have me with him in the studio! Remember the caption "Circumstances have made Jim Hurd what he is"? Well, one reporter asked him if he would say that was true of his career. Jim shot up one of those sandy eyebrows of his and said, "If it's the same thing as saying I haven't made circumstances, it certainly is true. The things I didn't do have been more important in my life than the things I did. Maybe it's the same with everybody. I don't know."

I think he was referring to the fact that he turned down a job with a publishing house in Boston years ago, just after his first book came out. If he'd accepted it, probably his whole life would have been different. The pictures of me and all my activity for Bombed Britain, Inc., were marvelous publicity for the cause. Our friend Francine Bassett, who is my New York chairman, organized a big party at the St. Regis last week, and she insisted on my being Guest of Honor. The British Consul General gave a long spiel about how I had got this thing going singlehanded, and then read a cable from Lady Sulgrave, *most* laudatory about me. Afterward about a dozen of us went from night club to night club—spending a small fortune!—and made a night of it. I don't think I've had such fun in years. Of course, everywhere Jim went he was recognized, so all in all we were on the crest of the wave. I mean it's just terrible to think of all the suffering and all that in Europe, but I can't bear people who go around with long faces. In fact, I think they're absolute defeatists and think we owe it to the national morale to keep *cheery!*

Whenever you come East, Dork, be *sure* and let me know or I'll never speak to you again. And thanks again, just oodles, for the picture.

As ever, with love,

Briggsy.

236 Beacon Street, Boston.
December 7, 1941.

Darling Egg,

Honestly those book ends were knockout. You know I love anything in the shape of a Scottie, and they are happily ensconced in our living room at Radnor, adding to my growing menagerie! Thanks just loads for thinking of me.

At the moment I am spending the week-end in Boston, with Jim's Cousin Roger and Susie Leverett, who are quite darling. They are very proud of Jim and seem—if I do say it—delighted with Yours Truly! Jim spoke on Friday evening at a huge Men of Good Will rally in Symphony Hall. When he came on the stage, looking so distinguished and modest, with his shoulders slightly stooping and his hands stuck in his pockets, the audience burst into thunderous applause and cheers and all stood up, which, for good old Bean Town, is some pumpkins! I don't suppose your papers out there will have a detailed account of his "remarks"—so maybe you'd like to hear how he closed.

He said, "You have lived your life in freedom. I have lived my life in freedom. Our nation has not been disgraced with such poor excuses for men as blackened the once fair name of France—men lacking in honor, men halfhearted in their desire for public or private good, men willing not only to appease the forces of tyranny without, but willing to still the voice of decency within.

"And so I charge you, Men of Good Will, to see that all men everywhere may rise and call blessed the pattern of freedom, the quality of integrity, and the brand of honor which have been yours—and mine."

One tiresome person got up and kept trying to heckle Jim on the question of Japan. As usual, Jim was wonderful on his feet and put the man right in his place. He said there was no question Japan was bluffing, at which the audience applauded heartily. You could see they knew Jim was right on every single point he made.

His daughter Barby was with us—she is lovely looking with shiny silky gold hair hanging, like a bell, to her shoulders and a little velvet ribbon on one side. She was standing with her arm in her young ensign's—he's on leave from the navy—her huge brown eyes just staring into space, so I asked her what she thought of it, and, my dear, with a complete dead pan she said, "Too little and too late."

I couldn't help being quite irritated that the child shouldn't have more *loyalty,* and I said she should be proud of her father.

"Should I? I don't see why particularly," she said. "So far as I can see, I don't think he's making any great sacrifice. All he's doing is talking, and he always feels better when he lets off steam. This audience thinks he's been talking about France all evening. If you ask me, he's been giving himself quite a kicking around. But I could be wrong."

Then, when I really might have lost my temper with her, she let out a little shriek and called, "Cousin Mary! Cousin Mary!" It was Jim's cousin, Mary Leverett, the famous children's doctor. She's a convinced pacifist, but said she was always interested to hear any opinion of Jim's. She thought he had changed a great deal, and "not just politically." I suppose it was his distinguished graying hair she meant! When Barby started to take her over to Jim, "Cousin Mary" seemed terribly upset, and said, "Oh, no, I think I'd rather not, really. I don't believe he'd want to see me." Proving that she was embarrassed to death over her crazy pacifistic views. But Barby dragged her along.

As we got near to Jim in the crowd, I could swear he saw her. I saw him turn red as a beet, and then he turned on his heel and stalked out the back door. I think he just couldn't bear to shake hands with some one who can't see the difference between Right and Wrong.

Oh, Egg, he is *so* darling! Sometimes I worry because he seems so on edge. I think he feels just sick about the world. When any one knows as much as he does, who can blame him?

But when he looks back to his youth and thinks of all the foul times he's come through and looks at what he's made of his life, and where he is today, all his thoughts should be happy ones.

I *must* stop and get busy about making out a Christmas list. Isn't this always the most *hectic* time of the entire year? !

A fond farewell, Egg me gal, and slews of love,

BRIGGSY.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

HERE, in what is still the best stocked country in the world, where doctors can still be called with fair certainty of their early attendance, and civilian hospitalization, while less comfortable, is no novelty, it will seem almost incredible that American troops ever had to suffer the medical privations described in **I Served on Bataan,** by **Lieutenant Juanita Redmond** (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, $1.75).

Too often lately people have said everybody in America should be *made* to read this or that book. So often as to make readers sensibly cautious, critics have thumped for a book they considered indispensable to American morale—or American knowledge of what goes on in the warring world outside our shores.

Lieutenant Juanita Redmond

There have been such books, many of them merely informative. Here is a book that will do more than awaken or inform us. It will make us willing to spare ourselves nothing that can add to the effectiveness of American medical aid for its soldiers.

Miss Redmond, who is an army nurse, describes simply and graphically just a little of the time she spent in the Philippines; a little of the time during which she, as one of a group of army nurses, tended as well as she could the soldiers who fought and were wounded there.

Her description of how the Japs deliberately bombed a base hospital, of the horror that resulted when sick and wounded were again maimed, is both touching and infuriating. Her report on life in Corregidor as it neared the end of its resources is in a sense inspiring, though it is, of course, shocking as well, for drama and death are here the major notes.

Margaret Culkin Banning

The story of how troops under the American flag fought a ruthless and pitiless foe against odds of numerical strength and supply has been told before. This is the story of how they fought while the odds were further tilted against them because the benison of medicine and medical aid was not at hand.

It is a story that will burn out any complacency that may yet live in American minds — and which will leave in every reader's mind this prayer: May American boys never again have to face so brutal an enemy with so little support.

INFORMATIVE and pleasant as well is another report from another island: **Letters from England,** by **Margaret Culkin Banning** (Harper & Brothers, New York, $2.50).

Mrs. Banning's book is valuable principally because it is a likely preview of what we may soon see in America—of the role that women will play as the war continues. It has also some illuminating bits about the English temperament and mind today.

WITH all of us now fairly well geared into the war one way or another, I should think that a clear view of how we came here would be welcome reading. For enlightenment, I earnestly recommend a booklet you may have to work a little to buy.

It is called **Peace and War** (United States Foreign Policy, 1931-1941) and was first published quietly by the Department of State. Public interest in it has required additional printings and it is now obtainable in many bookstores at twenty-five cents. It will give you a play-by-play account of the events which led to war and the United States' foreign policy regarding them.

THE PRESIDENT'S MAN

Continued from Page 15

he is one of Washington's most powerful behind-the-scenes figures.

Many find his earnest, naïve manner just a little unbelievable. Persons making their maiden visits to his office commonly mistake him for a clerk and ask him, "Is Mr. Coy in?" Often, after the initial exposure to the Coy personality, people get the feeling that it isn't quite real. Justice Felix Frankfurter's reaction to him was typical. After several meetings with him, the justice asked a friend, "What's Coy's game? What's he after?" The friend replied, "Why, nothing. He's just after the same thing you and I are, Mr. Justice."

But, whatever people's reaction to Coy, there is no doubt in their minds concerning his standing with the President. It is said that the President leans as heavily on Coy as on any other man. This is because Coy gets things done where others fail. A Russian military mission came to this country a short time after Hitler's attack on the U. S. S. R. The Russians went to the White House with a shopping list of military needs. The President promised delivery on a number of items and sent the military mission off to work out details with the proper officials.

Weeks later word reached Mr. Roosevelt that the Russians were still in town, bound up in red tape and without any of the promised goods. Indignant, he assigned Coy to the job. He gave him authority to put tacks in chairs. Coy stepped into the worst government traffic snarl in years. But just two weeks later the first shipload of supplies left this country for Russia.

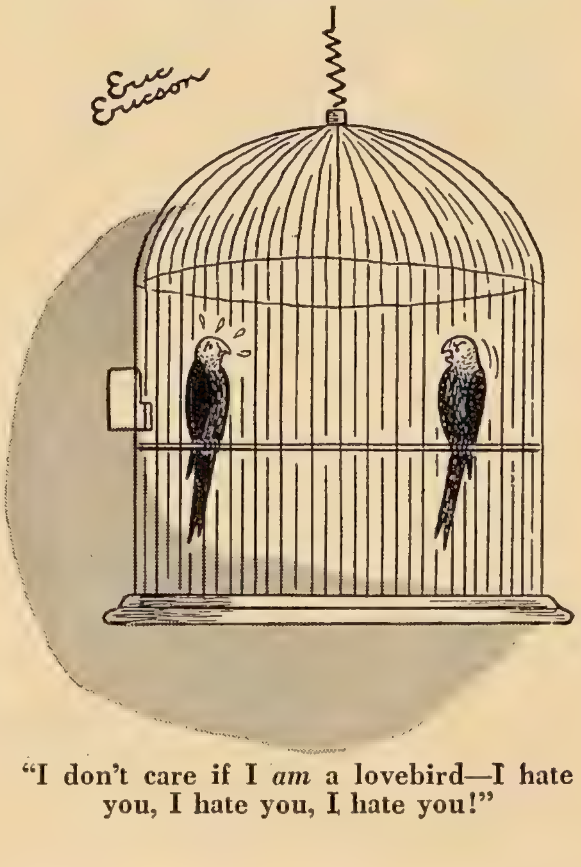
COY is only thirty-nine, weighing a mere 137 pounds and suffering from recurrent kidney trouble. But in official matters he seems to have the strength of Samson. It is not without significance that those who failed to follow his suggestions have come to rest just south of the eight ball. William Knudsen, who could not agree with Coy, is *ex*-director of OPM, and Fiorello LaGuardia, who kept Coy away from his door, is *ex*-director of the OCD.

More than once Coy has bet his entire stack of blues on the conviction that he was right—and then quivered in his boots until all hands were shown. During the days of the OPM, Senator Byrd of Virginia delivered a speech highly critical of the war production program. Byrd's figures did not coincide with the highly encouraging reports the President received from his production chiefs. So the President pooh-poohed the charges.

Coy knew that while Byrd's figures were not accurate, they did hint at the truth. He felt the President should know the facts, but realized that telling the President he had been wrong when he issued his public statement was about as safe as parting his own hair with a buzz saw. He decided he would rather be right than be assistant President, so he undertook an exhaustive survey of production figures. This he boiled down into a two-page memorandum to the President. The President warned him sternly that he would have to prove his charges. Knudsen, called in to explain, insisted that Coy simply was mistaken. The President suggested that Knudsen point out the errors. This made the issue very clear, and for several days Coy hung between the here and hereafter. Then Knudsen returned with the acknowledgment that only one more airplane had been produced than Coy admitted. It was months before the dust of this play settled. Then the spectators could see that Coy was still there. Knudsen (and the OPM) were not.

Coy is recognized, as Tommy Corcoran once was, as the President's man—but he's a very different kind of man. It was Tommy's happy habit to browbeat recalcitrant officials by picking up the phone and announcing: "This is Corcoran, calling from the White House." Coy uses persuasion on the backsliders but never exploits his close association with the President.

This sometimes results in complications. One general in the War Department, balking at a Coy direction, announced, "I can't tell the Commander in Chief to go to hell, but I can tell you to." Coy said, "It's the same difference," and produced a memorandum giving "my full authority" to handle the matter. It was signed by Franklin D. Roosevelt.



"I don't care if I *am* a lovebird—I hate you, I hate you, I hate you!"

Coy makes a conscientious effort to bother the President as little as possible. The memos he sends to the White House are models of brevity. Often he will sum up several days of hard work with a laconic line or two, such as: "Your suspicions about the tanker situation are correct. I am doing the necessary."

HE came to Washington as alter ego and assistant to Paul McNutt. He was slightly known in the capital as a protégé of Harry Hopkins. The two had met when Coy was making a remarkable record as director of state unemployment relief, and an intimate friendship had grown. Hopkins once directed much of Coy's work. But today Coy works directly for the President and his official contacts with Hopkins are few, though the friendship is still strong.

He is a specialist at applying good-natured, cracker-barrel logic to world-shaking problems. His conversation is unabridged Indiana—rich with syntactical error and pumpkin quaintness. A Coy observation, in the midst of a pontifical conference-table discussion, usually gives every one the impression that it's the first sensible thing that's been said. His grammatical informality is undoubtedly calculated, because he writes and dictates precisely correct prose.

His office is in the State Department Building, across the street from the White House. He shares a reception room with Budget Director Harold Smith, his warm friend and close collaborator. The door to Coy's office is almost always open. He calls the large room "a kind of a meetin' house." A long conference table runs down the center of the office. Coy sits at a desk about halfway down, his back to the table. When a conference is in progress, he swings his swivel chair around to face the table. On his desk are two telephones, one a direct White House connection and the other to the war agencies' switchboard. The papers on his desk cover a varied range of subjects. A folder marked "Postwar Plans for the Pacific" lies on top of a memorandum on plane-production rates, a justification for Manpower Commission expenditures, some notes on canned-goods price ceilings, and a complaint about a Civilian Defense poster.

Coy's working day often starts with a breakfast conference and occasionally stretches until midnight. He is sometimes so busy that his secretary can't see him for days. She maintains contact with him by writing notes. Some of his closest friends say he tries to do too much work. As a result, the great bottleneck breaker sometimes gets to be a bit of a bottleneck himself. But as a conciliator of intra-administration controversies, he has no rival.

His success is at least partly due to his refusal to get mad at any one. There was the time when one of the administration's top men, taking exception to a Coy plan, denounced him in terms that would have made a rabbit want to fight. Others present squirmed uncomfortably and waited for Coy to blast back. But when the official had run down, Coy said mildly, "But what about the merits of the plan?"

This same official called Coy up a few days later to enlist his support in fighting a squeeze play directed at him by Thurman Arnold, who was upsetting the production applecart with antitrust proceedings. Coy agreed to help, and the official said, "You're the damnedest guy. You can fight harder against me and then turn around and fight harder for me than any one in town. From now on, I want you on my side."

COY was born in Shelby County, Indiana, on November 23, 1903. His father supplemented a meager income as railroad station agent by running a shop where he served as barber, butcher, and confectioner. While in high school, Wayne worked in a lumber yard. Later he worked as a reporter to pay his way through Franklin College, remaining on the newspaper after his graduation in 1926.

Franklin's home-town hero was Paul McNutt, dean of Indiana University's law school and rising in politics. McNutt's activities were important news to the Franklin Star and Coy became the paper's McNutt expert. In 1932, following an abortive experience as publisher of a small weekly newspaper, Coy worked for McNutt during the latter's campaign for the Indiana governorship. He did everything from chauffeuring to publicity. When McNutt swept into office he rewarded the young man by appointing him his undersecretary. Coy was put in charge of unemployment relief, financed then by grants from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Only twenty-nine and green as grass, he set out bravely for Washington to seek money from the RFC.

"They told me things were changed, and that I had ought to see a Mr. Harry Hopkins," he recalls. "So I went to see him."

Hopkins had just taken office and, before he even had a desk, Coy obtained $5,000,000 for Indiana. The next time he came to Washington Coy brought a detailed survey of Indiana which showed the public works needs of each community and what skills were available among its unemployed. Hopkins asked him to bring it back with him on his next visit. He did so, and when he called on Hopkins, he was told: "We're going to the White House. The President wants to see that survey."

The President studied the volume, along with a survey made in Alabama, for more than an hour. He decided to base the entire national work relief program on similar surveys to be made throughout the country.

Coy became Indiana WPA director in 1935. His organization had the lowest administrative costs of any state unit in the country. Hopkins called him the best state administrator he had. He was named regional administrator for WPA in six states, and in 1936 was appointed director of the new Indiana Bureau of Public Welfare.

* * *

!! Grumbling is growing in Germany. The Führer told them that in Russia they would find plenty of land, plenty of farms, plenty of resources. He forgot to tell them they also would find cold weather and a Russian Army.

* * *

The Coy proclivity for making friends was shown to good advantage when he went to the Philippines as assistant to High Commissioner McNutt. The Indiana delegation had walked into a hostile atmosphere. Those who were there say that Coy more than any one else was responsible for changing this. He formed especially warm friendships with the Philippine politicians, handled McNutt's press relations deftly, and was popular with the American colony and the army crowd. He even became one of the handful of persons reckoned as close friends of Douglas MacArthur. United States prestige soared to the highest level in Philippine history during the McNutt regime.

Coy, in the Philippines for only two years, had no impressive title. Another man in the same job could have come and gone without being noticed. The extent to which he endeared himself is shown by something which happened when he returned to the States in 1939. He was taken desperately ill. The news was flashed to Manila. Letters, cablegrams, and telephone calls poured in on his wife. One acquaintance put a $10,000 credit to Mrs. Coy's name with instructions to get Wayne the best of everything. The money was never touched. For six months Coy lingered between life and death—and news of his condition was first-page matter daily in Manila papers.

McNUTT had sent Coy back to the mainland to survey the political situation. President Roosevelt was keeping all aspiring Democrats in goose pimples then by his silence on the third term. Coy made a beeline for Washington and Harry Hopkins. When McNutt arrived some time later, he got his cue in an unusual fashion. He was confronted with an inspired story out of Washington which said McNutt would announce his support of Mr. Roosevelt for a third term—if he would accept it. Coy had been keeping his ear close to the ground. Later, McNutt did announce his support of Mr. Roosevelt.

But Coy had been busy on other fronts. The Budget Bureau was preparing the first large-scale government reorganization, and Coy bobbed up in the midst of these conferences, and emerged as one of the dominant figures at the council tables. One of the conferees, curious about the young man with sound ideas, asked a neighbor:

"Who is he?"

"Why, that's Wayne Coy," the neighbor replied haughtily.

"Who the hell is Wayne Coy?"

"I don't know."

The two made inquiry and discovered that Coy had been asked to the reorganization sessions to give advice on the Philippines. That task performed, he had gone on to give his casual counsel on almost everything else. Budget Director Smith, impressed, handed him the job of setting up the new Federal Security Agency. The post of Federal Security administrator had been definitely promised to Assistant Secretary of the Interior Oscar Chapman. But Paul McNutt, shortly after arriving, was able to announce from the White House steps that he had the job. Coy was named as his assistant.

A few weeks later Coy became desperately ill. He recovered in time to attend the 1940 Democratic Convention in Chicago as emissary from McNutt to Hopkins, the Roosevelt convention manager. When the third-term question was settled, McNutt's political operators, Frank McHale and Bowman Elder, set out to clinch the Vice-Presidency for their man. The convention was in a rebellious mood. The day balloting was to start for second place on the ticket, Coy went to Hopkins' headquarters. Hopkins had just finished talking long distance to the President. He came over and put his arm around Coy's shoulder.

"I've got bad news for you, my boy," he said. He told him the President had chosen Henry Wallace. Coy went posthaste to the Indiana headquarters and told McNutt. McHale and others urged McNutt to make a fight for it.

Coy listened for a long time, then spoke up:

"If the governor wanted to make a fight, he should have done it on the Presidential nomination. There's no use giving away the cream and then arguing over the skim milk."

The stormy session lasted half an hour. Then McNutt stepped aside and talked quietly with Coy. He went to Hopkins' headquarters and called Washington. He told the President he was disappointed but would abide by the decision and then made public his "I am a good soldier" statement. The Indiana political gang turned on Coy in rage. McHale has been Coy's bitter political enemy ever since.

COY has made a few other enemies. They call him a conniver and a schemer. When one learned that Coy had been named Presidential assistant, he remarked, "The President better watch out. Coy will have his job in a year."

The enmity of the Indiana political gang for Coy has been mistaken by casual observers for a feud between McNutt and Coy. It is true that there is a certain strangeness in the relations between the men. Coy, the one-time amanuensis, has risen to a position where he has more influence in Washington than McNutt. McNutt appears before Coy today at budget hearings to justify expenditures made by his agencies. But there is no feud. When Coy left McNutt to join the White House staff in April, 1941, there were tears in McNutt's eyes and Coy was so choked with emotion he couldn't speak.

Coy was pretty much of an unknown quantity in Washington when the President installed him as his contact with the war agencies. But his memorandum on war production following the Byrd speech gave him great prestige at the White House. When the President junked the OPM, he established in the War Production Board the sort of organization Coy had advocated—and Nelson was the man Coy had backed for the job. One of Nelson's first requests of the President was that Coy be assigned as deputy director of WPB. The President turned him down, but Nelson went back later and again asked for him. This was probably the only time Nelson had to ask the President twice for anything—to be twice refused.

In the spring of 1941 the President assigned Coy to draw up plans for the Office of Civilian Defense. This led him into a dozen miscellaneous fields. When the OCD job was done, the President decided it would be easier to keep Coy at the White House than to extricate him from all the side jobs he had undertaken. Coy set up OCD, only to see it flop with the loudest bust of his governmental career. On paper the various side projects which were later to be criticized looked good. When Coy saw his brain child going astray under LaGuardia, he sought to intervene. But the mayor rebuffed him, whereupon he let LaGuardia stew in his own juice.

Coy is driven to prodigious efforts by the haunting fear that bureaucratic ineptitude may prolong or even lose the war. He is wont to remind people in government service that the delay of half a day in moving papers along may cost half a dozen lives.

Early last summer there was much concern over the shipping shortage. War materials were piling up on docks in this country. The shortage was blamed on the submarine.

Coy investigated and found that government inefficiency in the use of our ships was just as much to blame. Shipping officials, for instance, had permitted the importation of more bananas in January, 1942, than in January, 1941—in spite of the fact that refrigerated boats were desperately needed. Tankers were being used to haul gasoline for pleasure driving. Army transports were returning from abroad nearly empty. Coy got those in charge to make some changes as he went along and incorporated other suggested reforms in a memorandum to the President. This resulted in a reorganization of shipping agencies.

Coy lives with his wife and two children in a not-too-stylish suburb in Washington. He does not consider himself entitled to deference or special privileges. A friend, seeing two cars in the Coy driveway, asked what kind of gasoline ration cards the family had obtained. "My wife got an A card," he replied. He waved his hand toward the place, half a mile away, where a Toonerville Trolley sort of spur line passes on a forty-five-minute run to downtown Washington. "But, heck, with the trolley just down the street, I couldn't ask 'em for one of them ration cards for my own car."

THE END

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S

FICTIONARY *(Unabashed)*

OBITUARY
Price

OH!BITUARY: Surprised to find your own name in the death column.

SHEGYPTIAN: Cleopatra.

WATCHINGTON: The capital on the alert.

STRUMBONE: A brass instrument with strings.

PALMPOSITY: The doorman with his hand out for a handout.

CELLOFEIGN: An imaginary transparent wrapper.

SIGHCHOLOGIST: He's sick and tired studying people's minds.

FROGNOSTICATE: To count polliwogs.

AIN'THRACITE: Shortage of hard coal.

SPROUTLAW: An adolescent desperado.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

!! Premier Tojo has told the Japanese that 1943 will be the year of decision. If our air fleet gets the planes and keeps up its recent performance, the Japs had better decide to evacuate some more islands before they lose the last boat back home.

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

THERE is one subject of which men in service and their folks at home never tire: furloughs. It's a ticklish sort of thing to write about, and I've hesitated. But so much of my mail has to do with furloughs that perhaps I can help to clear up some misunderstandings.

People in far different sections of this country have written me asking what about this rumor that a soldier gets automatic leave after a year of overseas service. Some A. E. F. men have inquired about it, too. Seems to be common to North Africa and the South Pacific as well as to New England and the Southwest.

Hot coffee

Well, it's just a rumor, and here's why.

We're at war, and there's only one thing to do about a war and that's to win it. Everything else is secondary. In time of peace a soldier is authorized to have furlough time up to thirty days each year. In time of war the theory still exists, but the practice can't. That goes for officers, too.

Suppose there were such a rule in wartime. Can you imagine the number of transports needed to bring men home and then return them to their outfits? Can you imagine the impaired efficiency of an army whose personnel was continually shuttling back and forth between the battle front and home?

To a lesser extent, the same principle holds for domestic furloughs. They are granted when the men can be spared, but they are not mandatory.

It's hard for us to look at the thing impersonally. But the men who are running the show must see it in terms of a military machine, not in terms of the millions of individuals who make up the machine. Our military leaders are just as human as you and I are, but their job is to win this war for us as quickly as possible, even though that involves individual hardships.

Furloughs must be sacrificed. Of course we don't like it. But don't let's get mad at the wrong people. *Our* side is not to blame.

OLD SARGE.

* * *

There's a little town in Ohio by the name of Dennison. I never heard of it until six months ago. It was about ten o'clock at night when my train stopped there the first time, and I pretty near fainted at what I saw. Lined up on the platform were about ten girls with coffee, sandwiches, and cookies. Did you ever sit in a train for two days and then have pretty girls give you hot coffee and fresh sandwiches on a cold night? Oh, boy!

The second time I went through Dennison was about 1.30 A. M., and it was even colder. But there were more girls and more to eat. The conductor told me it went on all the time, and the girls were there with their coffee and eats at any hour of the day or night a train came through. So I got to thinking that it must put those good people of Dennison to a lot of trouble, and I'd like to thank them for what they did for me, and that will go for a lot of other men too. I don't know whom to write to, so maybe you'll print this and the people of Dennison will see it. (It was mighty good coffee.)

Aviation Cadet C. F. K.,
Selman Field, La.

You bet I'll print it and they'll see it, and there'll be more hot coffee and fresh sandwiches and pretty girls waiting at Dennison, Ohio.

* * *

I am an enlisted man with eighteen months' service, and I recently returned from overseas to attend Officer Candidate School. I felt very honored—until I learned here that men are being sent to O. C. S. just as soon as they are inducted. Is this fair to those of us who worked and studied hard for our N. C. O. ratings, and finally, after months of service, got our appointments? It takes away some of the honor.

S/Sgt. C. F. C., Fort Sill, Okla.

Part of the puzzle is missing, sergeant. I have yet to know of a man being appointed to O. C. S. directly after induction. If you do, please give me details. I have heard of appointments being made before men completed basic training, but they were mistakes and the men themselves suffered by being disqualified for commissions regardless of their other records. It has been my experience that basic training is the one thing you can't get around at O. C. S.—if it's not on your service record, you're out. Now, if there are exceptions, I'd like to know of them.

* * *

I am training to be a gunner in the Air Forces, and I've been hearing a lot about the new blue uniforms we're supposed to get. Is there an official Air Forces uniform of this color which differs from the standard Army uniform?

Pvt. F. D. A., Sioux Falls, S. D.

Yours is one of several similar inquiries, and where there's so much smoke there should be some fire—but I can't locate it. All I can tell you now is that back in 1940 flying cadets were authorized to wear a uniform of sky-blue trousers, a zipper jacket of deeper blue, and cap to match. Back of that, in 1938, a blue dress uniform for enlisted men was authorized but never issued. When war was declared they became obsolete and O. D. has been standard. As far as I know, uniform regulations for the Air Forces do not differ from other branches of the Army. A. R. 600-35 gives the details.

The ribbon

I am scheduled for the Army Administrative O. C. S., but I expect to wait a couple of months before going. Is it possible to get a list of textbooks used at the school, so that I could be doing some preparatory work while waiting? Wouldn't it be a good idea for all O. C. S.s to furnish such information for the benefit of candidates who want to prepare themselves properly?

Sgt. W. C. P., San Francisco, Calif.

The Army textbooks used in Officer Candidate Schools were prepared ex-

pressly for that purpose and are not available for general distribution. However, I believe the schools will recommend standard, recognized textbooks on written request, which should be made through your C. O. And don't forget the facilities of the U. S. Army Institute, Madison, Wisconsin, which offers 64 correspondence courses at only $2 each, and 500 additional courses in co-operating colleges and universities, with the government paying half of the cost of text and tuition up to $20 a course.

* * *

Is there any way a soldier can borrow money to go home on furlough? I applied at one organization and offered to repay the money by monthly installments deducted from my pay, but the answer was no. How can I obtain sufficient funds for my furlough expenses?

Pvt. L. L. M., Pampa, Tex.

I assume you mean a regular furlough, not an emergency. If so, there is no agency sponsored or recognized by the Army where you can borrow the money. If your pals or relatives can't or won't help you out, you're out—of luck.

* * *

I was stationed on the West Coast when war was declared. At that time the Pacific Coast states were designated as a theater of operations. Am I entitled to wear the American Theater campaign ribbon?

2d Lt. R. A. B., Miami Beach, Fla.

Afraid not, lieutenant. The American Theater campaign ribbon will be awarded to land and naval personnel who serve *outside* the continental United States but within the area defined as the American Theater.

* * *

Out of curiosity, we would like to know if there is any one else on active service with a lower Army serial number than Sgt. William Thomas. His A. S. N. is 84457. He enlisted in 1916.

S/Sgt. Eston E. Harman,
35th A. A. F. Band, Las Vegas, Nev.

I'm sure that lower numbers will be reported once this item appears, and I'll let you know the lowest when the returns are all in.

If memory serves me right, the original owner of "dog tag" number 1 was M/Sgt. Crean of the Medical Corps, way back in '18. After the war, when they started giving serial numbers to officers, General Pershing had 0-1.

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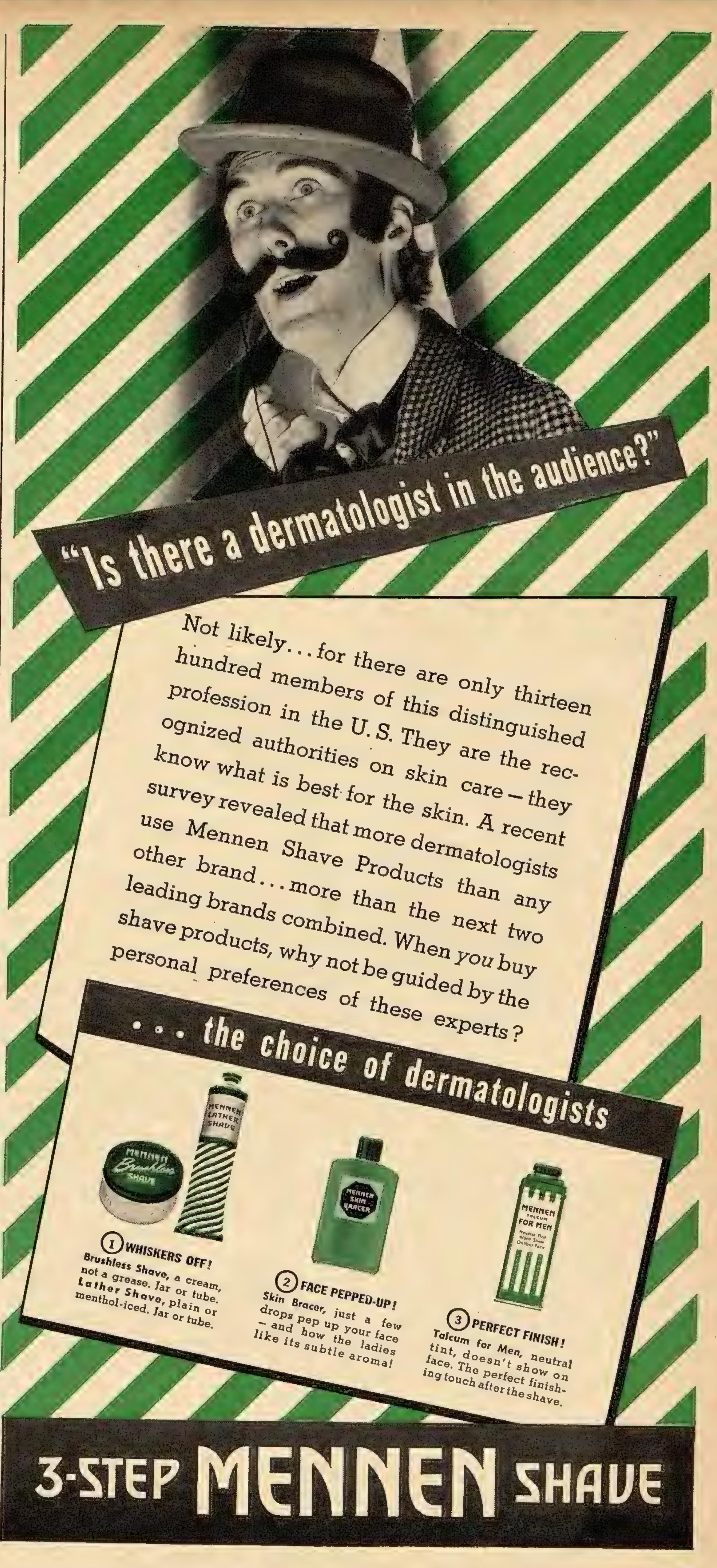
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WHEN YOUR BOY IS AWAY—Continued from Page 14

take-off, but he sure seemed to be catching up with himself. He was back over his own territory, too. This was part of the route he'd hedgehopped when he was in the passenger game.

"Boy, have I had some hunting right down there!" he once exclaimed, after Steve had given him the degrees of drift. "When this show is over, you better come back with me and do something with a kick in it." And Steve called back through the phone quite cordially that he sure would.

The storm area was spreading rather rapidly and the black cloud stratum was shot through with distant flashes of lightning. But above them the sky was still clear and began to be tinted with opaline colors of sunset. And that clear pale green, strewn with tattered purple clouds, made him think of sunsets on his grandfather's great wheat farm on the prairie.

For a moment homesickness welled up in him. Not for his family, or even for Philippa, but for—America: for the prairies and woods and lakes of his home state of Minnesota, for the autumn smell of harvests and threshed grain and ripening apples. Grinning, he actually blinked away a few tears. "You're wacky, son, just plain wacky." But it made him feel fine and gladder to be where he was than any other place on earth.

IT was at that exact moment that he saw the planes. Incredibly, down below them, was a double V of enemy fighters, climbing fast. How could they already be so close? They were a long way from any terrain believed to be occupied by the enemy, but these fighters had risen so suddenly that it could only be from a base not yet known to the Intelligence.

A controlled but violent excitement ran through the whole ship. The pilot's commands came sharply through the interphone: "Enemy fighter formation to starboard . . . prepare for action . . . check your oxygen, we're going upstairs. You, kid"—to him—"put away your books. We got visitors." And the tone of McVeigh's oddly reassuring voice was righter than ever, calm and yet quietly exultant, as if he had hoped for nothing on earth so much as for what was happening right now.

The guns were manned. (Lucky this wasn't a routine ferry job or they wouldn't have had any!) Steve, who had been alone in the nose, as they were not carrying a bombardier, took his station at the forward gun. It could, of course, be only a running fight. They were hopelessly outnumbered and McVeigh was making for the cloud bank, which seemed to have moved somewhat nearer. But the fighters were fast—faster than themselves. They were swarming up the sky like monkeys up a stick.

And shooting. Shells had begun to burst about them, and their own guns went into action. Steve felt nothing, now, but a wild eagerness to hit back, especially to land one on the nose of that whippet that was leading the pack and blast him out of the sky. But he knew, too, that they themselves couldn't take it long. It was the clouds—or curtains—for them, all right.

All at once he realized that the leading fighter plane was hit. She hung, hesitant as it were, and began to fall, bursting into flames. But the others came on, and the space between the pack and themselves now was closing rapidly. Also, the cloud bank no longer seemed to advance, but to stand still and to remain a terribly long way off. But there was still a good chance of reaching it—wasn't there?

* * *

!! It is easier to call names than to suggest sensible improvements. Emerson once said, "We must be as courteous to a man as we are to a picture, which we are willing to give the advantage of a good light."

* * *

Then, to Steve's horror and amazement, McVeigh seemed to give up the race. Quite suddenly he swung into a steep dive. What the devil had got into him? Was he crazy altogether—with nothing but that floor of rocky peaks beneath them? All his early doubts of the man rushed back into his mind, seemingly vindicated. What the hell did the fool think he'd do down there?

But now, as they screamed earthward, what had seemed a mere chaos of broken rock began to take on a certain pattern. Steve could even make out what looked like a canyon zigzagging through the mass. There was a glint of water—it was a river! But no pilot on earth could take a plane like theirs through that twisting mountain gorge. Or could he—if he knew the terrain?

A little time, too, had been gained. The fighters, taken entirely by surprise, had wasted a few seconds reorienting themselves, changing, as it were, their minds. Then they streamed down the sky after them.

Of course, if McVeigh flew low enough, they could not dive down past him to attack; they'd have to approach on the level. Still, that wouldn't be too bad for them, unless McVeigh got inside the canyon. An impossibility, of course—and yet that was exactly what he was doing. He had pulled out of the dive within the protecting walls of the gorge.

A terrific exultation ran through Steve and left him shaking like a leaf. If McVeigh could fly that zigzag course, they were saved. Probably the only way they could be. And what the hell? Better to crash against a rocky wall than let the Heinies shoot you out of the sky.

The fighters now had leveled off some distance above them, and one by one they peeled off to attack individually. They approached from behind, but remained, of course, above. Not one dared venture into the canyon. Their shooting was good, but the snaky twisting course of the gorge made the American plane a difficult target. And how that hedgehopper could fly! He might not know just how to lift a heavy plane into the air, but could he handle it when it got going!

Unfortunately, however, they were ascending, not descending, the river, and the gorge narrowed as they advanced. It seemed certain McVeigh would soon have to pull up above the protecting walls or crash. The enemy knew that, too, and bided his time.

THE two weeks of waiting had not seemed too long. They couldn't quite make out from Steven's letter whether he meant that they would not hear for two weeks, or that he would not write for two weeks—in which case it would be much longer before they heard from him.

Philippa and her mother had left, and Mr. and Mrs. Seward were careful not to show to each other any more anxiety than they had to her. They talked about Steve a good deal, and found themselves saying the same things over and over: that they did wish Rosy had not been transferred, but that of course the pilot who replaced him must be all right or he wouldn't have been put in. And where could Steve have gone? Could it be to the Near East? How long would that take? And why couldn't he write en route?

After a month had passed they felt justified in expecting that any day might bring them a letter.

"Of course," Mrs. Seward once blurted out, "if anything had happened, the War Department would have notified us."

"Oh, sure," Mr. Seward replied, making his voice careless.

But they were both thinking that this wasn't true. Months sometimes passed before casualties could be revealed.

Sometimes they called Philippa on long distance. They talked cheerfully about Steve, and only asked casually whether she had had any word.

The fall was warm and rainy, so that the leaves didn't take on their usual gorgeous colors but turned a mottled yellow and fell rather sadly. Now Mrs. Seward, looking down out of her window, noticed that they were almost gone. She had had a rather bad night. The telephone had rung about three o'clock. It stood between their beds, and although both had pretended to be sleeping, they were up in an instant and grabbed it so quickly their heads bumped in the dark. But it was only a drunk calling a number that didn't even resemble theirs.

As usual, Steven senior had delayed leaving until time for the postman to arrive. She had just heard the front door slam, saw him go down the front walk. The mailman, too, had come into sight. They met at the curb and she saw the man hand him a package of letters. Steven glanced through them. Then he whirled about and came back up the walk with such long, loping strides that his feet hardly touched the ground—looked so foolish that she laughed out loud as she ran down the stairs, knowing surely that one of the letters must be from Steve.

! ! Hey, buddy, can you spare me a bag of gasoline? The government is now storing gas for tanks and planes in fabric bags impregnated with synthetic rubber. They use them in forward battle areas because they handle easily, can be moved fast as the battle progresses.

Steve's handwriting. A long, fat envelope with his writing on it. His father sent his hat sailing across the hall, flung his overcoat after it. The grin on his face was the kind you can't stop or take off or control, no matter how hard you try.

With his arm around her, they went into the library and sat down on the sofa. Before they finished the long letter, Philippa called to say she'd got back from a week-end and found a letter waiting for her. They all talked at once, so lightheaded nobody knew what anybody else was saying, until Philippa spoke of his leave.

"Didn't he tell you? He's got about five weeks' more duty, and then he'll be coming home."

They hadn't got that far in the letter, so they rang off and read on to the end. Five weeks. Then they'd go East to be there when he arrived. They'd see him again. I'll feel his long arms hard as iron around me, his mother thought. We'll kid each other; we'll have lots of fun, thought Mr. Seward.

At the same time, they kept repeating to each other things he'd told them in the letter. How he'd felt when they sighted the enemy, and about that leading fighter plane.

"—I was mad. I wanted to bop him, and when we did, and he began to fall, lopsided and kind of slow, it was like a duck, dad, when you wound it but don't kill it dead."

But, of course, the great part of the story was about the flight along the canyon. And how McVeigh had doubled back along another impossible valley, and the enemy had got discouraged and quit. McVeigh, it seemed, had hunted for months over all this country.

"—He even shouted to us through the interphone to watch out for a place where he'd shot a white rhino."

Mr. Seward was as delighted as a boy about the fight, and could hardly wait to get down and tell his cronies about it. And yet, at the same time, he had to keep going back to read this page or that over again.

They had learned, too, why they had been so long without news. Steve's plane had been shot up a bit, and McVeigh hung around some outlandish field in the bush for nearly two weeks, making repairs.

"The place wasn't much bigger than a pocket handkerchief and our landing gear had been shot to hell. But Rosy couldn't have sat her down any better than this guy did."

LITTLE by little, too, the first glow of their relief had begun to slip from them. Five more weeks. It seemed like a long time—not in waiting, but in all that could happen to Steve during that time. Maybe on another occasion there wouldn't be a canyon where the pilot had conveniently hunted rhino; maybe the shells would hit something more vital than the landing gear. And even if he came through those weeks safely, he would be home only on leave. Then he would go back again.

—As he should, as he must. She put out her hand and he took it in both of his. This was their pride as well as their sorrow; there was no other way they would have had it for their son. And for a little while they sat quiet, giving to each other strength for whatever was to come.

THE END

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NEW TIRES NEXT YEAR

Continued from Page 19

ferior synthetic rubber during the first World War. The du Pont Company has been making and selling Neoprene, generally regarded as an excellent synthetic rubber, since 1931. Goodrich has been making Koroseal, a rubberlike synthetic substance, since 1927, and brought out Ameripol in 1940. Firestone, working with a German type of rubber, delivered one of the first American-made synthetic tires to the army in 1933. Goodyear's entry in the field is Chemigum, already a trade name well known to the American public. Thiokol, now being used for retreads, was stumbled on in 1922 when a research man was working on antifreeze! The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey has spent millions in synthetic rubber research, finally developing butyl rubber. The United States Rubber Company chemists produced synthetic rubber as early as 1923.

WE might have avoided the rubber emergency altogether if the warnings of leaders of the rubber industry had been taken more seriously a few years ago. President W. O'Neil of the General Tire and Rubber Company had long advocated the development of a greater supply of natural rubber from guayule—most promising of the rubber-producing plants aside from the rubber tree itself. And in June of 1940 President John Collyer of the B. F. Goodrich Co. pointed out, at a hearing of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, the desirability of the government's sponsoring a synthetic rubber plant with a capacity of 100 tons a day. He offered to furnish the technical staff for its construction and complete it inside a year. He further recommended establishing one or more other plants of equal capacity, *to be competitively operated.* Representatives of other rubber companies, as well as the late President W. S. Farish of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, backed him up.

About the same time P. W. Litchfield, president of Goodyear, laid before the people a four-point program aimed at meeting any crisis which might develop in our rubber supply.

There was in the United States at that time only about 168,000 tons of rubber. At the rate we were using it, that was less than three months' supply.

But the heavy flow of natural rubber from the Far East was so great, and seemed so secure, that, to the legislators, millions of government money in synthetic rubber manufacture didn't seem reasonable.

After that hearing, though, the government did begin to purchase large reserve stocks of rubber. By the time of the Pearl Harbor attack we had more than 500,000 tons on hand, with another 140,000 tons on the way. It wasn't any too soon!

Standard Oil of New Jersey had experimented with wooden tires. A committee of automobile experts, including General Motors and Chrysler representatives, examined every kind of substitute for rubber tires that had been presented. The unanimous conclusion was that if we ran out of rubber, the type of highway transportation we depend on would go to smash. That would mean immeasurable disaster.

SO we jumped belatedly into the big synthetic program. We had to run from a standing start. But now three 30,000-ton plants and several smaller ones are already in operation, little more than a year from the word go.

The new butadiene plants are scattered all over the country. The largest amount of butadiene is made by "cracking" petroleum with heat or a catalytic agent. In the heating process, the oil passes through hot pipes and vaporizes into the different gases of which it is composed. From a gas, which it is at ordinary room temperature, butadiene is turned into a liquid by being cooled to one degree below freezing, and compressed. It is shipped, still under pressure, in 10,000-gallon tank cars.

The other rubber ingredient, styrene, rolls to the rubber plants from big chemical companies in the same way. From the tank cars they go to 20,000- or 30,000- or 40,000-gallon vats in an outdoor "tank farm." From the tank farm they are piped directly to rubber-compounding vats.

I was shown both liquid butadiene and liquid styrene in bottles. They were colorless, like water. A few drops of butadiene were poured on my fingers; it was ice-cold, and evaporated instantly. I was told that if I dropped the bottle it would probably explode. Nice stuff to be working with in 10,000-gallon lots!

What the future of this giant new industry will be, nobody knows. It is possible that after the war we will enter upon a rubber age.

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

! ! Sign on the locked door of an Ohio coffee shop: "No coffee, no sugar, no meat, no help, no oil, no heat, and no profit. If you want a square meal, join the army."

IT'S TIME TO SAY GOOD-BY—Continued from Page 17

through the rhythm of a rumba. She had been granted a wide-open field by Tessa, who trusted her implicitly, who urged Johnny to dance with Catherine, to see her when he was in Washington.

"Catherine's always down there doing stories about Washington wives and Washington widows and Washington career girls," Tessa had remarked just a few minutes ago, when they were all at the bar, "and you must call her, Johnny, and take her to luncheon or something. He looks so handsome in his uniform," Tessa had confided, "that I wouldn't dare trust him with any one but you!"

Johnny had suddenly become enormously interested in his drink, and his attitude had told Catherine what she had only been able to guess before: that he, too, had been stirred and upset by that swift, stolen embrace that had left Catherine weak, shaken, and aware of herself for the first time as a woman. But she couldn't do a thing like that to Tessa, she had told herself ever since. Tessa was weak and helpless. Tessa was the kind of woman who had built her life and her thoughts and her conversation around her husband, and what she would do if she lost him, Catherine couldn't imagine.

It was interesting to think, though, that for Johnny, for so many of these men marching off to war, the separations from their wives or families were something that could be stretched and continued permanently in the least painful way.

OUT of these thoughts Catherine said, "I don't know what Tessa's going to do without you, Johnny. She's going to miss you terribly. She can't even sleep alone. She's afraid of the dark, like a little girl. Did you know that?"

Johnny nodded. "I feel like a heel all of a sudden, Cat, walking out on her like this."

"Maybe it's the best thing for her. Maybe it's the best thing for both of you." Johnny's eyes met Catherine's direct gray ones, and his were the first to falter, to look away. "I mean," Catherine went on smoothly, undisturbed, "she might find it a relief not to have to worry about your digestion and your trains and your socks for a while."

"I don't think so. Tessa liked doing those things. She's not like you, you know."

"What am I like, Johnny?"

He bent his dark head to look down at her, to smile at her, to regard her with mock thoughtfulness. "Let me see. You're bright, you're hard as nails, you're exciting and dangerous, Catherine. The water is deep. Very deep."

Catherine laughed. "Sometimes I wish I were like Tessa. Nice and simple. You fall in love, you get married, period. It seems to me that people change. I change, certainly, and the man I loved ten years ago I might not necessarily love now."

Johnny stared at her, momentarily startled. It was almost as though she had read his confused thoughts of this morning and put them into neat, logical words.

"No," he said firmly, almost harshly, speaking more to himself than to her, "you can't outgrow people as you do old shoes, Catherine, and just leave them lying around, through no fault of theirs. That'd be a helluva thing to do." And then he said abruptly, "Let's find Tessa. After all, this is our last night together for a while."

He strode across the polished floor, in among the dancers, before the music had stopped. Heads turned to look after him. Women's heads mostly. Tessa, watching, wished he weren't quite so attractive.

George Worth, through with a talk he had given at the Women's Club to help sell War Bonds, had dropped by at the Country Club to see what old friends he could find there. He had found Tessa almost immediately, and was sitting at one of the small black-and-red tables in the cocktail bar, urging her to have a champagne cocktail, which she didn't want, and now his eyes followed hers to watch Johnny.

"Very handsome man you married," he observed. "He does well by his new uniform."

"How did you know it was new?"

"Oh, I don't know. For the same reason you can spot a girl's first high heels or a boy's first long trousers. They're not quite used to them yet."

GEORGE looked very used to his naval officer's uniform. He was in the Navy Air Corps, and his blond hair—bleached almost white, Tessa noticed, by the tropical sun—and deeply tanned skin seemed to have been made expressly to be worn with the blue uniform and the gold braid on his sleeve. War had changed George Worth. He had grown up, and the boy's recklessness had hardened into a toughness, into a ruthlessness, that Tessa could sense as she sat beside him. And she found his presence oddly disturbing. Probably because he was looking at her as he had learned to look at all women. "Very pretty," that look said; "probably fun to kiss, and amusing—while I'm here."

Tessa said, needlessly defensive, "I think Johnny looks divine in his uniform."

"Divine," George said. "Are they still using that word?"

Tessa flushed. He had made her sound old and dull all at once. "Probably not. I'm not up on current slang any more. They probably call it glam or snazzy or neat. But I can't sit over here with you, George. I'm part of a party and I've got to join them."

"Ummm," George said, "I would think so. Well, run along, if you must. Or no, I'll go with you. After all, Johnny and I are old friends."

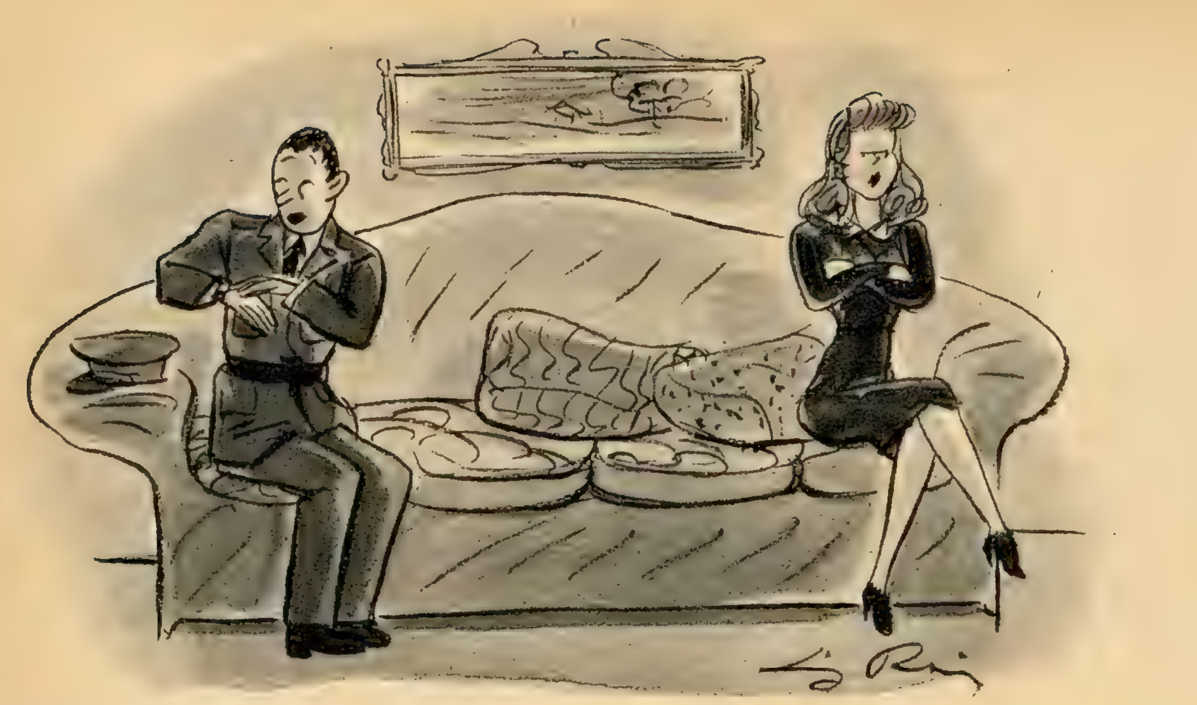
SHE didn't want George to come along. Not tonight, her last night with Johnny. She and Johnny had flared into two quick arguments today already, and had managed to smooth them over. She had wanted the rest of the night with him without anything that might irritate him. And she knew he was still smarting under that remark about having cocktails with George which she had made at Johnny's mother's house.

George followed her toward the long table at which twenty or so people were seated, and Tessa introduced him, and Johnny, far from seeming angry or jealous, seemed genuinely glad to see the other man. Johnny began to question him almost immediately about his experiences, and Tessa, sitting on the conversational side lines, thought, Isn't he even jealous of me? Doesn't he care what I do or say? Or doesn't he think I'm attractive enough for any other man to bother about?

It seemed that way. There he sat, talking to George, and Catherine joined in, and Carlson. Things that Tessa couldn't understand, things she didn't really care much about—strategical warfare and types of planes and attacking forces—were batted back and forth among the four of them while Tessa was left to sit alone, feeling like a child left out of a game.

And all at once the loneliness, the sense of utter desolation that she had been struggling all day to fight off, swept over her. She remembered the emptied drawers and closets waiting for her at home, the empty bed beside her own. She thought of packing up and having to move in with Johnny's mother, and she wanted, suddenly, to put her head down on the table and cry.

She looked around the big ballroom of the club and saw many women like herself. They sat alone or in groups of two or three. They smiled and nodded at friends, at the dancers sweeping by. Mechanical smiles, that they pinned firmly to



"We'll have to make up a little faster than usual, dear. My furlough ends in two hours."

their faces before going out of an evening, so that people wouldn't pity them or, what was worse, criticize their lack of the proper spirit! Women alone, Tessa thought dully, watching them. A whole world of women alone, without enough to do to fill the lonely hours, the empty nights.

There was Beth Sanders, way over there at a corner table, and Edith Desney, whose colonel husband had been in England for almost two years. There was young Sally Anders, whose husband had been killed in the first terrible weeks of the Solomons' battle and her baby born dead, and now she looked old and emptied of all feeling and all life—at twenty-three!

What will I do, Tessa thought, *alone?* How will I get through it without letting anybody know, or pity me, or without doing anything foolish, like Jill Marshall, who's been drinking much too much lately? If I have to live with Johnny's mother and Janice, I'll go out of my mind!

GEORGE WORTH'S voice brought her back to him: "I said may I have this dance Tess?"

"Of course!" She said it brightly, eagerly. Too eagerly. But Johnny was still talking, seriously and deeply, to Carlson and Catherine.

George danced well. Better than she remembered. And he looked down at her appreciatively.

"Eight years of marriage and two children seem to have agreed with you, Tessa. You're a pretty, warm little thing. Did you know that?"

And because she was lonely, and because Johnny was paying no attention to her on this night of all nights, she smiled and said, "Prettier than I was when you asked me to marry you, eight years ago?"

"Prettier," he said, "and probably wiser. When is Johnny leaving?"

"Tonight. At half past ten."

"I'll be in town for a month or so. May I see you? Dinner? Cocktails?"

"No, I think not. This is a small town. That sort of thing doesn't go over so well. Besides, I don't really want to."

They had danced out into a small hall. Here stairs went up to the second floor, where locker rooms and offices were. George said, "Let's sit here and talk," and they did, and all at once, in the midst of some trivial thing she was saying, George bent his head and kissed her mouth.

It was done so suddenly, so unexpectedly, that, taken by surprise, it was a minute before she pulled away. She was breathless. With anger and—with something else. With something that his mouth—hard and demanding as Johnny's kisses had not been in a long while—had done to her.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I must have let you think that I—that I was in the market for that kind of thing. I—" She stopped. The expression in George's face—embarrassment, irritation—brought her up short, and she looked where he was looking, and found Johnny standing very still at the foot of the stairs, looking at her in a way that he had never looked at her before. As though she were a stranger, some one he was really seeing for the first time.

He said, "I'm afraid we've got to be going, Tess. It's ten now."

The color that had flamed up into her face had died out now; she could feel it slowly draining out, and she knew her face must be white. She was terrified of what she had done. The casual kiss, unimportant in itself, was important if it could make Johnny look at her like that!

Wordlessly she got up and went with him. They said good-by to Catherine, to Carlson, some others. They walked out of the room together. The music followed them out into the night.

The streets were black and quiet. You sensed, tonight, that the world was at war. Sometimes it seemed a long way off, but tonight, for Tessa Barnes, it was very close. She would drive back along this street—alone. She would be alone, now, in this world of war. All day it had been all right, she had been all right, but now, face to face with it, she grew afraid.

"Johnny," she said, "please speak to me. I'm sorry about that—about George."

"That's all right," he said. "Forget it. I understand."

"What do you understand, Johnny?"

"How a thing like that can happen."

"But I didn't want it to happen. Not to *our* marriage. And not on your last night!"

"Forget it," he said again. "It doesn't matter."

His eyes were on the road. In the darkness his face was just a blur.

THEY drew up at the station. Johnny went in, got his ticket, came back to the car.

"Well, Tessa," he said gently, "it's time to say good-by."

"Yes, Johnny, I guess it is." She would not cry, she would not! But she did.

"Don't cry," he said. "Big girl now."

"No, I'm not, Johnny. I'm just a little girl. I'm afraid of the dark. I'm afraid to have you go. I'm afraid you're never coming back. Everything went wrong today, darling, didn't it?"

"No," he said, "it's been a grand day. And I'll be back on leave, or something, before you know it. And if they keep me in Washington, you can get down there."

"Johnny, kiss me. Kiss me, and tell me you love me."

He kissed her. He said, "I love you, Tessa." But the instant the train rumbled along the track, his arms dropped away from her. "Here's the train. I've got to run."

His mind had already left her, and in a few minutes the rest of him left her. She ran along beside the train, waving and waving and smiling, and then he was gone. And now she did weep, uncontrollably, walking back to her car. She didn't care now; there was no one to see her, no one to know. She drove slowly, hating to reach home. If only Johnny hadn't gone like that! If only he hadn't left on a note of his wife's apparently cheap flirtation with another man. If only she hadn't been so disagreeable at luncheon. If only they had not quarreled, quarreled, ever since morning. Those things made the breach between them much wider than it otherwise would have been, made his going seem more final, as though he must have left in relief. If only she could run after him! But it was too late now. Johnny had said, "For the duration we're on a one-way street. There's only one way to go, and that's ahead."

"Johnny!" She spoke his name aloud in the darkness. "Johnny," she whispered, "be sure to come back to me, darling, won't you?"

But not even her heart knew the answer to that, and she was suddenly afraid of that road that lay ahead for her and Johnny.

SOMEWHERE a clock chimed five softly and slowly. The four women sitting before the fire in Catherine Lockhart's living room made no move. Once, Catherine thought in quiet amusement, all of them would have been dashing about, uttering their little cries of dismay, finding purses and hats and lipsticks and flying out the door to meet trains, or at least to be home when their husbands got there. But now they sat on, obviously reluctant to leave the warmth, the peace, the friendliness of the leaping fire.

"What about another cocktail, girls?" Catherine suggested. "Carlson ought to be coming home in a minute, and he'll be looking for a fresh cocktail."

The tall silver cocktail shaker on the heavy glass-topped table was still beaded with frost. Catherine put it on the silver tray, surrounded it with silver cocktail glasses, and pulled the cord that brought Hayes hurrying in, all deference and smiles.

Tessa Barnes, almost lost in a big wing chair, watched the scene musingly, thinking how nice it was to live as Catherine lived, with all the money you wanted and a husband who adored you and three in help and a career that even brought you a little personal fame. She spoke out of the envy of her thoughts:

"I wish I were you, Catherine. You're the luckiest woman I know!"

Catherine turned to her and stood there smiling a little with one side of her mouth while her dark eyes remained grave.

"That's what all of you think, I suppose," she said agreeably. "You look at me and think, I wish I were she! Only, you don't really. None of you wants to work as I work. None of you"—she paused—"none of you wants to do any of the things I've had to do to get where I am."

"Oh, Catherine!" Tessa said. "What have you had to do that's so shocking or so awful?" Tessa leaned her head back against the chair to look up at the other woman, and Catherine thought, It's funny. We all want to be somebody else.

Because, on that afternoon in March, Catherine would have handed over to Tessa everything she had, in order to get what Tessa had. In order to be good, to have had only one man in her life, and that man, Johnny Barnes. He was the least successful man she had ever known, nor was he particularly brilliant, and yet, kissing him that night, so long ago, she had known an odd kind of peace, an end of searching, of roaming from man to man. This is it, she had known. This is it!

She came back to Tessa's question, and answered in her old light, crisped voice. "Let's not let down our back hair, girls," she said. "Giving a confidence is like lending money: you wish afterward that you hadn't done it and you wonder how you can get it back. What do you hear from Johnny, Tessa?"

She had dropped down on the floor before the fireplace, folding her long, slim legs and catching her ankles with her hands so that her

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back was toward the other women and her eyes were on the fire.

"Nothing much," Tessa said quietly. "He doesn't have much time to write, I guess, with a new, important job and a whole new life to organize. He likes the work. He's worried about us, of course, and how we're doing, and I try to make him believe that everything's fine. But I do miss him terribly!" Tessa sighed. "Even more than I thought I would. It's a funny, crazy kind of life, having a husband and yet not having one. When I got back to the house that first night after he left, I felt for one awful minute as though he'd died and I'd just got home from burying him!"

EVEN now she could recall the dreadful impact of the house when she had walked into it, alone. The closets stripped, emptied. Johnny's pajamas gone from the cozy hook beside her own in the bathroom. Johnny's bureau drawers half open, and not cluttered and untidy as they had always been, but neat and new and shining with fresh paper and the one or two things he hadn't wanted to take with him. Johnny's bed untouched. Only then had she known with her heart as well as her mind that Johnny was gone. He was gone, and what if he never came back? she had asked miserably.

"It's one awful life," Jill Marshall remarked grimly, "and I don't know why we don't write and ask our congressmen to award service stripes or D. S. O.s to those of us who get through it! At least, Johnny's in Washington. I haven't even heard from Curt in seven months. I don't know whether he's dead or alive."

"You've got to believe that he's alive, Jill," little Beth Sanders told her softly. "After all, what all those men out there are dreaming about is the day they'll come home. The day the war will be over, and they'll come home to find everything just as they left it and not smashed to bits just because we didn't have the courage to—to believe."

Jill's thin pretty face closed over stubbornly, and Tessa knew what she was thinking: It's easy enough for you gals with husbands in Washington to talk like that! Jill had changed shockingly in this year Curt had been gone, this year since he had sent her a post card simply saying he was going on a long voyage, and telling her not to worry, to keep her chin up. Jill was seen often going alone into bars. She didn't sleep nights, and her dark curling hair had new streaks of gray in it, and she, who used to be meticulous about her clothes, wore them now as though she put them on only because she understood it to be against the law to go without them. And though were Tessa to meet her now for the first time, she would not like the slovenly hard-faced young woman Jill had become, she liked her because she could remember Jill when she had first come to Linton Heights, a lovely young bride, before anything had happened to her.

"I wonder how long the war will last," Tessa asked of the room at large, "or what we'll be like when it's over? It's hard to think of Johnny being gone two or three years. Why, we'll be different people—both of us—when he gets back!"

"We better slow down. Those two fresh sailors we're ignoring can't skate so fast!"

Catherine hunched closer to the fire and said nothing. She moved one square strong hand up and down the legs of her leopard-skin slacks that had a cocktail jacket of the same material worn over a blouse of heavy black satin. They were slacks that she had bought in Washington two weeks ago, and worn for Johnny Barnes when he had dropped by at her hotel for cocktails. Johnny had whistled when he'd seen them.

"*Femme fatale!*" he had said.

"But always the wrong man, Johnny," Catherine had laughed back at him.

"So?" Johnny had said, carefully skirting the abyss that had opened suddenly at their feet.

IT had been a mild, innocent evening, though, and Carlson had joined them for dinner later. Why, then, hadn't she told Tessa about it? Why, parting from Johnny, had she said, "Don't tell Tessa I saw you, will you?" and then left him before he could make a reply. There was no reason, and every reason. The stream had begun to deepen. Catherine had known, seeing Johnny in Washington, that he was glad to be free of the conventional bridge-filled life Tessa had made for him in Linton Heights. She had had the feeling then, and it swept over her again now, listening to the talk of the women behind her, that Johnny would never come back to Linton Heights.

"That's where Catherine's so lucky," Tessa was saying. "If she were left alone, at least she has a career, something to keep her busy and made her feel useful."

"This sounds like heavy talk," Carlson spoke jovially from the doorway. "What are you girls doing? Trying to decide what to do with your lives if your husbands never come back?"

He stood there in the doorway smiling at them, looking big and handsome and solid and important. Though these were women who bored him, he was indulgent and pleasant to them because it seemed to amuse Catherine to have them around. "I have to write about them," Catherine would say, "and sometimes I doubt that they really are like that, and then I spend an evening with them and come away reassured. That's the way they are, after all. These days, they impress me as being a lot of goldfish tossed into an ocean." Carlson was inclined to agree with her. Look at them, he thought. Pretty and spoiled and frightened, all three of them, sitting there before his fire. Only Catherine was different, being shrewd and hard and wise and experienced, and that's why he loved her. Only very young men, he thought, or men with little experience, loved women who were untouched.

He came on into the room and the women had risen, saying they must be going, they had no idea how late it was. Catherine remained where she was, on the floor, and Carlson went over and kissed the top of her dark head. Catherine moved her head and her long hair fell back and there was the white pool of her face beneath his own and her wide mouth and her square stubborn jawline, and she looked at him in a new, appraising way that made him feel uncomfortable.

"Don't rush off, girls," she said. "Carlson adores pretty women, like bright flowers, around his fireplace. He'll feel hurt if you don't stay for a drink, and you haven't anything to rush off for—or to—have you?"

And they hadn't, so they settled back in their chairs again, visibly relieved to be able to put off a little longer their return to homes that had nobody in them. Tessa couldn't help remembering how Johnny used to hate coming home to a houseful of women and bridge tables.

"My Lord," he would demand irritably, "haven't they any homes?"

"Oh, Johnny, don't be an old grouch!" Tessa would say. "We didn't want to break up the game in the middle of the last rubber."

"No," Johnny would say gravely, bitterly, "naturally you wouldn't want to break up a game in the middle of the last rubber. Especially for anything so unimportant as your husband! I'm tired, Tessa, when I get in at night. Tired and hungry and maybe cold, and I want to have a few minutes with you and the kids, not the Thursday Bridge Club!"

AT the time Tessa had thought him unreasonable. She had to keep up her share of bridges and clubs and entertaining, didn't she? Now, months later, she could smile wearily over those things. Where were all those friends whose happiness and comfort she had put above Johnny's? In the beginning there had been a rush of solicitous phone calls. But then the novelty of Tessa's being alone had begun to wear off; she had become just another war widow in a townful of war widows in a time when the extra man was barely a memory. People didn't bother with her much any more. She could imagine them saying, "Yes, of course I feel sorry for Tessa, but let's try to have couples instead of extra women." And besides, on the occasions when she had gone out alone, she had begun to realize, little by little, how much of her and Johnny's popularity as a couple had been due to Johnny. She herself was singularly tongue-tied when she didn't have a man to toss into the general conversation, while she sat by with echoes of Johnny's remarks to serve as her share of the talk!

I must widen my interests, Tessa thought now, as she searched frantically for something to talk to Carlson Lockhart about. But Carlson himself furnished the subject as Hayes came in with fresh cocktails.

"Ran into a friend of yours today, Tessa. That Worth chap who came over to our table at the club the night Johnny left. I like him. He's leaving day after tomorrow. Back into action. Seemed pretty happy about it. Well, I guess they are, when they're that young." Carlson sighed over the fact that he was not. He sipped his cocktail tentatively, liked it, drank some more of it. "Saw Johnny, too, you know, while we were in Washington. He seems straining at the leash, anxious to get into the thick of it."

"Why, no," Tessa said slowly, "I didn't know you had been to Washington. I didn't know you'd seen Johnny."

"Didn't Catherine tell you?" Carlson asked. He turned to Catherine. *It's no use, my dear,* that look said. *I know, and I'm not going to let you do it.*

"It must have slipped my mind," Catherine said. "I thought I'd told you."

"No," Tessa said. "No, you hadn't." She felt funny inside. Her heart was pounding slowly and heavily and she had difficulty breathing. There was nothing to it, of course. No matter what people had said, or hinted, she wouldn't believe it. Not Catherine and Johnny. She was being silly to suddenly go all to pieces like this inside. Why, what about herself and George Worth? She had kissed George, and yet it had meant nothing, and Johnny hadn't gotten all steamed up about it, had he? It was just because Johnny was away from her, she told herself, that she got all frightened and weak inside at the thought of something going on that she didn't know about.

"How does he look, Carlson?" Tessa asked after a minute. "Does

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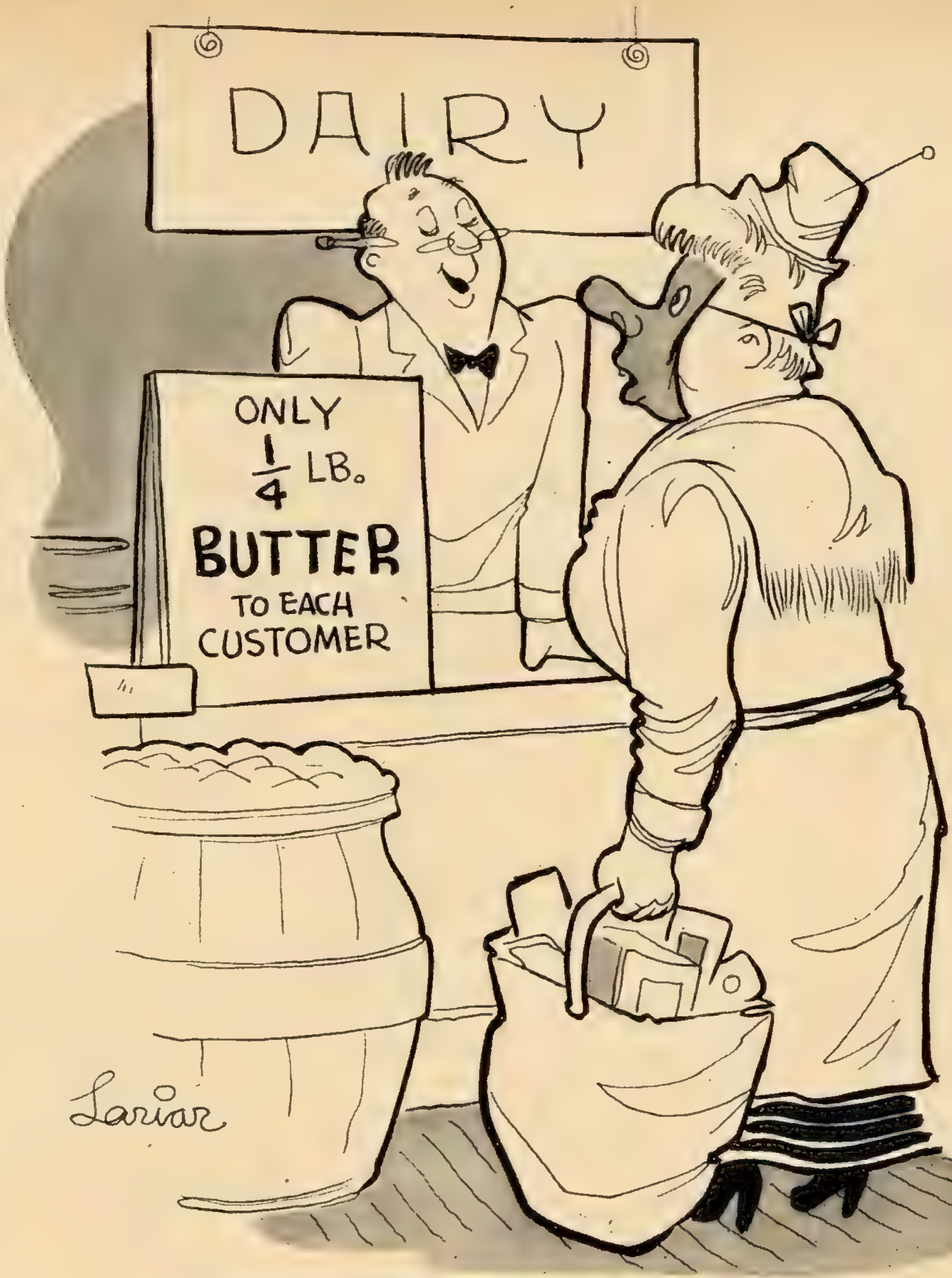
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"Traveling incognito this afternoon, Mrs. Dibbs?"

he seem to be well and rested?"

"He looks fine. Never saw him look any better, Tessa." And something must have happened to Tessa's face then, because Carlson's face softened and his eyes were all at once the kindest eyes she had ever seen. "Sometimes a change like that does a man a lot of good, Tessa. He's hungry for something and he gets it—excitement, change, whatever—and he comes back and he's all right."

"Yes, Johnny was very bored with his work at the advertising agency. I hadn't realized how bored, until he got a chance to do something else."

She didn't like the sound of the words, after they were said, nor did she like the way Catherine suddenly shifted her weight and said, without turning, "Well, who does know what he wants in this life until he gets a chance at something else?" And it seemed to Tessa that she could sense the speculation of the other woman's thoughts, and Carlson looked as though he might be feeling sorry for her, which was awful.

Tessa got up determinedly, taking hold of flying nerves and pulling them back together. This was ridiculous! She simply would not stoop to being a suspicious, jealous wife.

"I've got to run, Catherine, Carlson," she said, holding out her hands to them. "The children like me to sit with them while they eat. I try hard to be with them as much as possible now, so they won't feel their family is entirely broken up."

"Sure you can drive in this snow?" Carlson asked. "It's been coming down pretty heavily all afternoon. How about having Hayes follow you home, just in case you get stuck?"

"Thank you, Carlson, but I'll be all right. Jill, can I give you a lift?"

"I wish you would. I took a taxi out, but it cost a fortune. Beth's got her car, haven't you?"

BETH said she had; and now, at the end of the day, Beth was looking white and tired again. Something was wrong with her, Tessa thought in quick sympathy. She was definitely ill. Ever since her third child had been born, too soon after the second one, Beth had been in and out of hospitals and too tired to go anywhere or to have any one in. Ed Sanders, a great, jovial, back-slapping man with a keen, active mind, had often expressed his disgust with Beth's illness. "No," he'd say, "Beth won't come. She'll be in bed with half a dozen hot-water bottles and medicines, as usual!"

Jill said suddenly, "Take care of yourself, Beth." And Beth said, "Oh, I'm all right. Just a little tired." But when Jill and Tessa were outside, crunching through thick snow to Tessa's car, Jill said bitterly:

"Beth had a lot of babies in a hurry because Ed wanted it that way, and when it broke her health, what did he do? Broke his neck and moved heaven and earth to get himself a nice commission and sit in a Washington office sending out publicity while she tries to take care of things at home." Jill stopped, looking up at the dark blue sky in which, at half past five, only the faint outlines of a new moon could be seen. "I'm glad I know that Curt had to go; that, since he had to go, he's really fighting a war. I don't know what I'd do if I thought that all my misery and torment were caused by a man who simply got fed up with the mess he'd made of his life, and walked out on it as Ed has done."

"It would be pretty difficult to think of," Tessa said, and the two walked on again to the car.

Will Carlson be able to keep Catherine and Johnny apart? And what can Tessa do? In next week's chapter, her troubled heart drives her to make a dangerous decision.

"Don't trot out gossip!"—HATT cautions HI
The butcher told my sister's son His cousin saw some ships—
Beg pardon pal!..Just tell that guy To button up his lips!
HI
HATT
KESSLER'S Private Blend
Every label bears facsimile of my signature.
Julius Kessler
KESSLER'S Private Blend
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY JULIUS KESSLER DISTILLING CO., INC. LAWRENCEBURG, INDIANA
ONE PINT
SMOOTH AS SILK but not "High Hat"
KESSLER'S
BLENDED WHISKEY
KESSLER'S PRIVATE BLEND. 85 Proof, 45% Straight Whiskies, 55% Grain Neutral Spirits. Julius Kessler Distilling Co., Inc., Lawrenceburg, Ind.

THE DUTCH LEARN TO HATE

Continued from Page 37

drums, for at last it was nearing its destination. With an emotion such as they had never experienced before, the people sang the national anthem, the solemn old hymn of their ancestors, and Hitler, now ashen-gray, was futilely straining at the chains that bound him to his stake.

"The *Wilhelmus* came to an end just as the spark was within a dozen feet of the gunpowder. Five more minutes, and Adolf Hitler would be dying the most miserable death ever suffered by man. The crowd broke forth in a shout of hate and fury.

"ANOTHER minute went by. Still another minute. Silence returned. At last the fuse was burning brightly only three inches short of the gunpowder. And right then the incredible happened.

"A wizened little man quickly wriggled through the protecting line of soldiers. Everybody knew who he was. Two of his sons had been machine-gunned to death by parachute troops. His three married daughters and his wife, who had been visiting them, had disappeared in Rotterdam's holocaust. Since then he had seemed deprived of reason and had become a town curiosity, a feeble old man who did nobody any harm and spent his days aimlessly wandering through the streets, pitied by all and supported by public charity.

"But what he did now was something that made the crowd turn white with fury. For he deliberately stepped on the fuse and put it out.

"'Kill him! Murder him!' the mob shouted.

"But the old man stood still and faced them. Then he slowly lifted both his arms toward heaven and spoke, so loudly that every one could hear him. And this is what he said:

"'Now let us do it all over again!'

"Then he shook his trembling fist at the torturer of mankind and dropped dead."

Here my friend stopped. Both my wife and I shuddered.

"Yes," my visitor said. "Every time I tell this story I too shiver. But now you know what four years of Nazi bestiality could do to the soul of a harmless and peaceful people. And God grant that we may see the day when all this will be merely a remembrance—a dark and sad remembrance—of that curse of hatred which the tyrants left behind them when they descended into their ignominious graves."

THE END

WOMAN-TALK

WOMEN AND WAR: I. A. R. Wylie, writing in her new book, Flight to England, of her recent visit to Britain, bitterly resented a smartly dressed woman she saw walking down the street. We think it's a mistake to judge the extent of a woman's war-consciousness by the cut of her clothes and the expertness of her make-up. We're sure such a judgment would prove wrong a large part of the time here in America. The mass of American women have long known how to dress smartly and keep well groomed even when time and money are limited. Now many of them are in war work, but they still see no reason why they shouldn't look attractive in their leisure hours. On the contrary, they realize their morale would take an awful beating if they allowed themselves to collapse into the mental and physical slump that comes with being tired and sometimes discouraged. Every woman knows that the surest way to start feeling sorry for herself is to *be* a sorry sight when she looks into her mirror. That, or to give her dearest friend a chance to coo, "Darling, aren't you feeling well? You *look* simply terrible!"

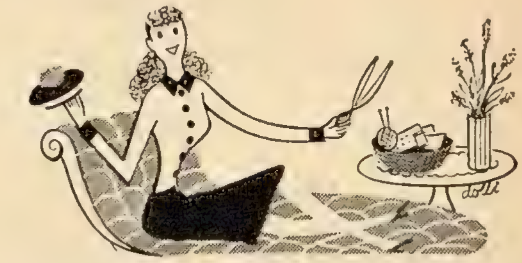
SALUTE TO BEAUTY: We were waiting for a Fifth Avenue bus the other day when a young second lieutenant (U. S. Army Air Forces) approached a pretty WAVE walking in the opposite direction. Both saluted smartly. Then the lieutenant's face broke into a grin and he looked back over his shoulder and called softly, "Hiya, beautiful!"

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT: This story of a large-scale hoarder fills us with unholy glee. Seldom is a punishment so neatly contrived to fit a crime. It happened to a suburban housewife who decided last year that, come what might and devil take the hindmost, she and her family would eat well for the duration. So she bought canned goods, a few cans here, a few cans there, and stacked them hit or miss in her cellar until shelves could be built. The rains came, and the cellar was flooded. When the forehanded lady went down after the water had subsided, she discovered that the labels had been washed off all her precious cans! Now she's in a constant dither, never knowing whether she's opening prune juice or peas to serve with the roast, or corned-beef hash instead of peaches to top the custard. And to make it worse, her unsympathetic neighbors chuckle behind their No. 2 Ration Books and flaunt their blue stamps when they meet her at the grocery store!

SOPHISTICATED BABY: The yen to be a Helen of Troy or a Cleopatra—preferably without the asp—is born in nearly every woman, but only in extreme youth are we uninhibited enough to admit it. Here's a conversation overheard in the children's sand pile:

"I'm going to be an airplane pilot when I grow up," said Tommy.

Ben was going to be a ferryboat captain, and John, apparently a domestic type, announced that he would be a father.



"And Linda," he added, "will be a mother."

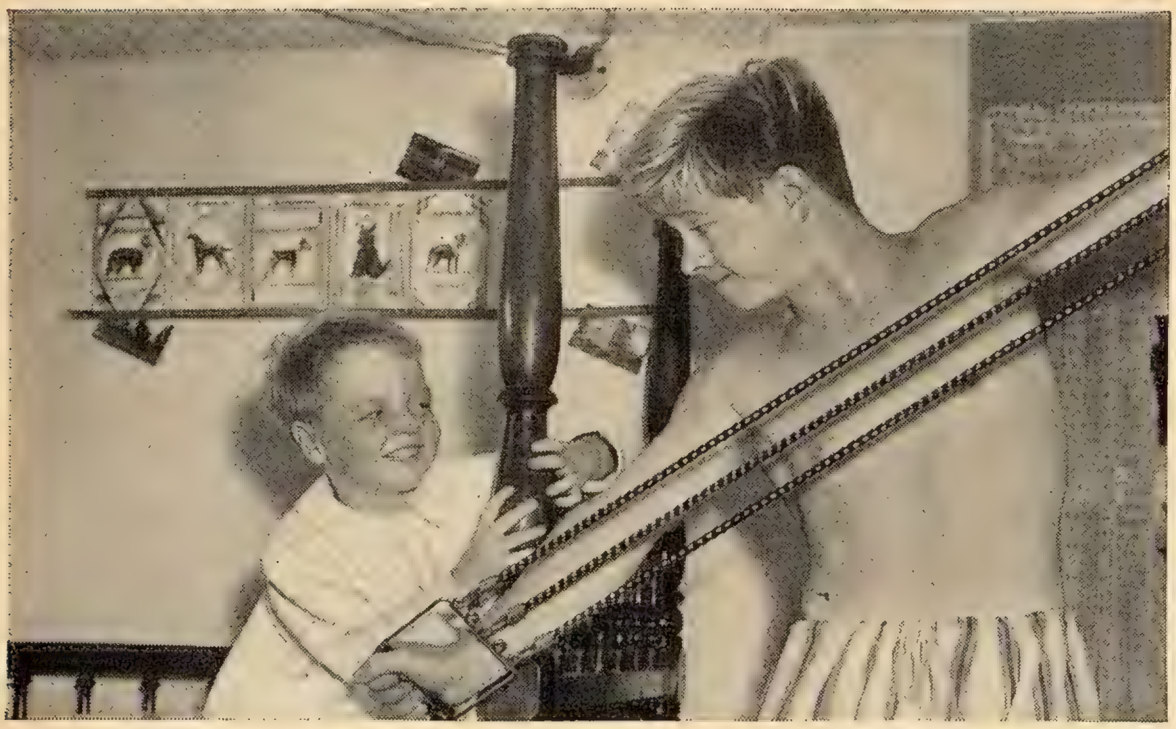
Linda, five, looked up from the sand cake she was making. "I am *not* going to be a mother," she said.

"But you must, Linda," John insisted. "Girls have to be mothers."

Linda shook her head. "Not me," she replied firmly. "*I'm* going to be a glamour girl!"

A TIP ON HATS: Drag out your old navy blue beret, stitch a band of white ribbon across the top, and sew a red wool pompon in the center. Result: A reasonable facsimile of a French sailor's hat, shown by at least five of New York's leading hat designers.

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES



Ulysses and Homer Macauley start their day with exercise and a man-to-man talk on life.

Slow-witted Lionel wants Homer to go to the library with him to "look at the books."

Homer revives Willie Grogan according to instructions: cold water and black coffee.

BY HARRIET GOULD

THE HUMAN COMEDY

WHEN that meteor William Saroyan first flashed across the Broadway sky several years ago with the opening of his first play, My Heart's in the Highlands, the critics landed on both sides of the fence. Some thought he was a genius (and Saroyan would be the last to disagree). Others dismissed him as a crackpot and artistic fraud. As for us, we always thought Saroyan was having fun with his audiences, pulling their legs with his "homely philosophy."

For to Saroyan all people are lovely people. The only poor folk are those who are poor in spirit. All experiences are happy ones. It's all warm and lovely—if it were only true.

But if you can overlook Saroyan's transparent philosophy, The Human Comedy is a delightful and heartwarming film. There is, of course, nothing conventional about his plot —as a matter of fact there is none. The movie simply covers three days in the life of the Macauley family of Ithaca, California. There are Mrs. Macauley (Fay Bainter), happy in her struggles to make ends meet; Marcus (Van Johnson), the soldier son; Homer (Mickey Rooney), who helps out after school by working as a messenger; and five-year-old Ulysses (Jackie Jenkins), who finds life full of wonderful experiences like watching a gopher nose out a hole. There also are Willie Grogan (Frank Morgan), the old drunkard-telegrapher who doesn't want to be retired; and Lionel (Darryl Hickman), who likes to touch books. The rest of the characters merely usher the central figures from one Saroyanesque situation to another.

Taken as a whole, The Human Comedy is hardly a true or complete picture of any phase of life, but take it apart and each little scene is a gem. The direction by Clarence Brown couldn't be more sensitive—he's even tamed Mickey Rooney down to a really fine performance.

But five-year-old Jackie Jenkins steals the show. His puppyish curiosity and enthusiasm make him one of the most ingratiating little fellows we've seen in years.

If you can take Saroyan as an emotional exercise in wishful thinking—you'll have a wonderful time seeing The Human Comedy.

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

HELLO, FRISCO, HELLO

(Twentieth Century-Fox)

HELLO, FRISCO, HELLO is one of those movies which break out in song at the first pause . . . which is fine if you like those wonderful old-time ballads. Plot? Well, it's that old saw (in technicolor) about the two-couple vaudeville team that busts up when one of the men (John Payne) decides he is cut out for the higher life, and his lovely partner (Alice Faye) makes good alone. Bumptious Jack Oakie and fresh-as-paint June Havoc help make it a perfect escapist movie for an off night.

THE MOON IS DOWN

(Twentieth Century-Fox)

THE screen version of John Steinbeck's novel—and play—is a rather weak-kneed attempt to picture Norway's heroic resistance to the Nazis. Other recent films on the Norwegian fight against the invaders (Edge of Darkness, Commandos Strike at Dawn) have handled the same subject in the more dramatic fashion it deserves. Fine performances by Henry Travers as the unruffled and philosophic Mayor Orden, and Cedric Hardwicke as Colonel Lanser, the Nazi officer, just save it from being nothing more than a talky treatise on Nazi brutality.

Paramount Studio
PICTURE OF A FAN LETTER
Alan Ladd Hollywood

Inside Paramount

Published Here Every Month

Feathers in our cap . . .

The famous Gallup Poll has just announced Mr. and Mrs. Moviegoer's choice of the leading pictures of 1942. It shows Paramount leading by a landslide, with HALF of the year's 6 best—"Wake Island," "Holiday Inn" and "Road to Morocco"... Do you agree?

• • •

Speaking of best pictures reminds us of **"CHINA"** the best yet—starring Loretta Young and the most meteoric Ladd in Hollywood.

• • •

Alan Ladd, in 10 months and 3 pictures (his current hit is "Lucky Jordan") has skyrocketed to dizzy heights of popularity as a cold-as-steel killer, breaking hearts and records with equal abandon.

• • •

"China," his first big production, is a tremendously exciting drama of the vengeance one man wreaked for the torture of this brave land and its defenseless women.

• • •

Aiding and abetting with bullets, bombs and bayonet, is William Bendix, the comic tough guy of "Wake Island." John ("Wake Island") Farrow directed.

• • •

Says Ladd:—"The things that happen to that girl the Japs catch up with in 'China'—they really happen—and they're the things we're going to stop." He means it. He's in the army now.

• • •

And the successor to "Star Spangled Rhythm" and "Happy Go Lucky" as Paramount's next big musical will be **"DIXIE"**. In it Bing Crosby at last has Dorothy Lamour all to himself—there's no Hope! But you'll see Bob soon in other great

Paramount Pictures

You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY

Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then *cleanse* and *soothe* them the quick, easy way — use Murine.

WHAT IS MURINE? Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients — safe, gentle, and oh, so soothing! Just use two drops in each eye. *Right away* Murine goes to work to *relieve* the discomfort of *tired, burning* eyes. Start using Murine today.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES • REFRESHES

★ Invest in America—Buy War Bonds and Stamps ★

Proves Wonderful For Itching Skin

To soothe itching, burning skin, apply medicated liquid ZEMO—a Doctor's formula backed by 30 years continuous success! For ringworm symptoms, eczema, athlete's foot or blemishes due to external cause, apply ZEMO freely. Soon the discomfort should disappear. Over 25,000,000 packages sold. One trial convinces. Only 35¢. Also 60¢ and $1.00.

ZEMO

Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

CORNS GO FAST

Doctor's 4-Way Relief Acts INSTANTLY

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads instantly stop tormenting shoe friction; lift painful pressure; keep you foot-happy! Cost but a trifle. At Drug, Shoe, Department Stores.

1. Sends pain flying
2. Quickly removes corns
3. Prevents corns, sore toes
4. Eases tight shoes

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

GIG YOUNG

DEANNA DURBIN

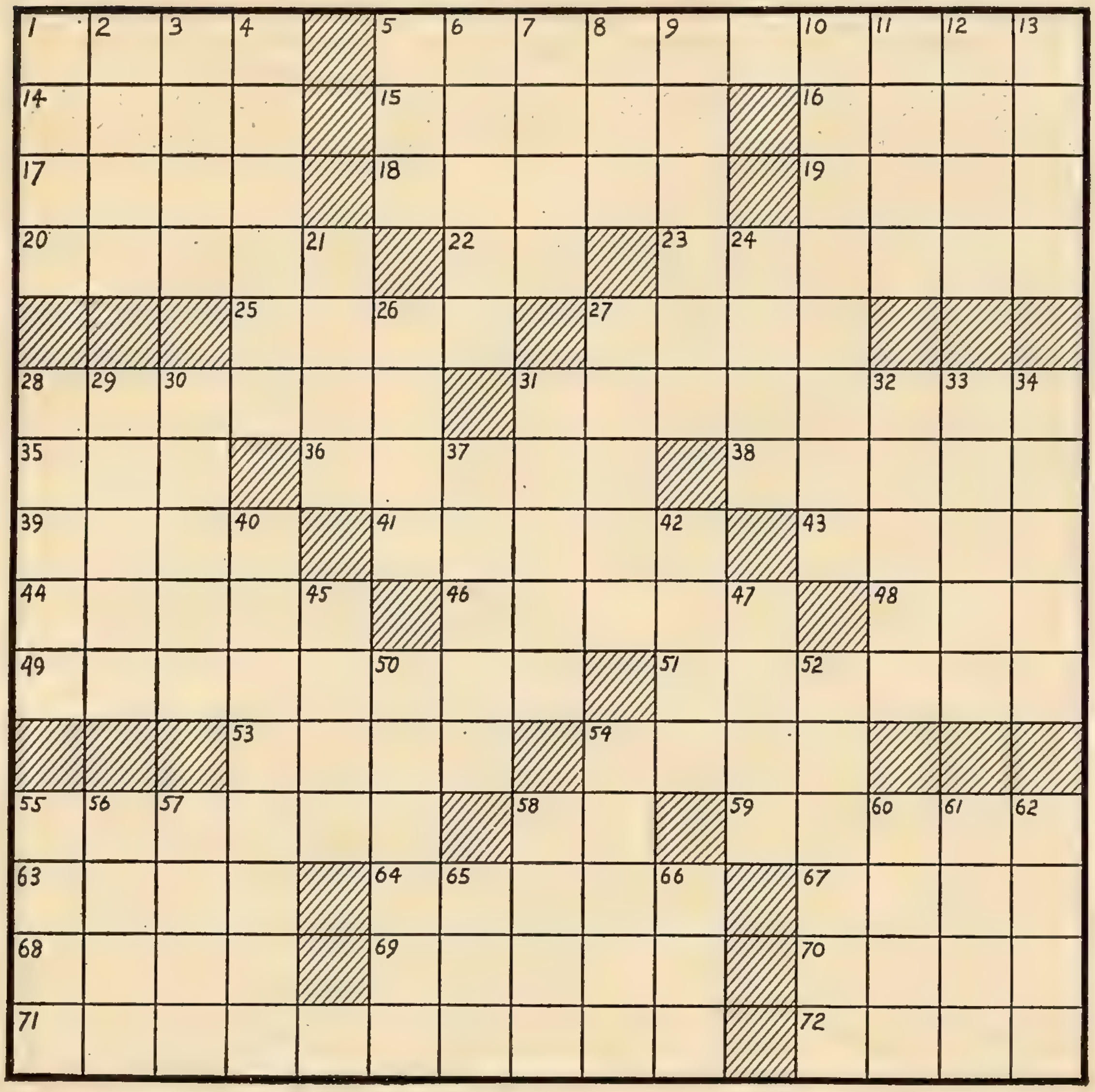
SPENCER TRACY

CURRENT FILM FARE

FILM	GIST	LIBERTY SAID:
AIR FORCE (Warners) **John Garfield, Harry Carey**	***Drama*** **(pictorial logbook of a Flying Fortress in the Philippines, December, 1941).**	**A really good picture . . . exciting, fast-moving . . . authentic. (2-20-43)**
ASSIGNMENT IN BRITTANY (M-G-M) **Pierre Aumont, Richard Whorf, Margaret Wycherly**	***Thriller*** **(a British spy doubles for a French traitor and unearths Nazi schemes).**	**Suspense-filled . . . exciting sequences . . . excellent cast. (4-17-43)**
CABIN IN THE SKY (M-G-M) **Ethel Waters, Lena Horne, "Rochester" Anderson**	***Musical fantasy*** **(Petunia tries to keep Little Joe away from the clutches of the devil and Georgia Brown).**	**Lighthearted fantasy . . . slow in spots, but has much to offer . . . lovely music and Ethel Waters' singing make picture worth seeing. (4-3-43)**
CASABLANCA (Warners) **Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Paul Henreid**	***Melodrama*** **(the refugee problem and a novel love story against the background of French Morocco).**	**Terrific and timely hit . . . extraordinarily well staged and acted. (1-2-43)**
EDGE OF DARKNESS (Warners) **Errol Flynn, Ann Sheridan, Judith Anderson**	***Drama*** **(a Norwegian fishing village rises in revolt against Nazi tyranny).**	**Its theme does not suffer by repetition . . . extraordinary collection of acting talent. (4-17-43)**
FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM (RKO) **Rosalind Russell, Fred MacMurray, Herbert Marshall**	***Aviation romance*** **(an aviatrix—reminiscent of Amelia Earhart—camouflages a naval mission as a flight around the world).**	**It has all the elements that make for an entertaining movie . . . fast-moving . . . exciting . . . see it. (3-27-43)**
FOREVER AND A DAY (RKO) **All-star cast**	***Drama*** **(the saga of an English house and its inhabitants from 1804 to 1941).**	**Actors, writers, directors donated talents, and proceeds go to war charities . . . but characterizations are gems. (4-10-43)**
HITLER'S CHILDREN (RKO) **Bonita Granville, Otto Kruger, Tim Holt**	***Drama*** **(the revolt of an American-born girl in Germany against Nazi "education").**	**Vivid portrayal . . . story handled with restraint that enhances the horror. (2-13-43)**
IN WHICH WE SERVE (United Artists) **Noel Coward**	***Drama*** **(the thrilling biography of an English destroyer and its crew in the North Atlantic).**	**First great picture of this war . . . Coward's talents shine . . . magnificent job. (12-26-42)**
JOURNEY INTO FEAR (RKO) **Joseph Cotten and Orson Welles**	***Thriller*** **(American engineer and his wife chase through Europe with the Nazis on their heels).**	**Interesting and suspense-filled under Welles' able and unconventional hand. (3-13-43)**
ONE DAY OF WAR (March of Time)	***Documentary film*** **(stirring kaleidoscope of a typical day of war in Soviet Russia).**	**Most amazing war film ever made . . . awful and startling in its simplicity. (3-6-43)**
RANDOM HARVEST (M-G-M) **Ronald Colman, Greer Garson**	***Love story*** **(the end of the last war and an amnesia victim bring England's two worlds together).**	**Tender and touching . . . performed and directed with sensitivity. (1-2-43)**
REAP THE WILD WIND (Paramount) **Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland, and John Wayne**	***Melodrama*** **(the romances of the seagoing daughter of a salvage skipper in the days of sailing ships and pirates).**	**A De Mille super-spectacle full of excitement, color, and comedy . . . a fabulous historical show rather than co-ordinated artistic achievement. (4-11-42)**
SALUDOS AMIGOS (Disney-RKO) **Donald Duck, Goofy**	***Cartoon feature*** **(the Disney menagerie takes over South America and makes some new friends).**	**Very amusing dose of hemispheric neighborliness . . . magnificent color. (1-16-43)**
SHADOW OF A DOUBT (Universal) **Teresa Wright, Joseph Cotten**	***Thriller*** **(an unsuspected murderer gets into the family bosom —until a shadow of doubt enters).**	**Hitchcock has done it again . . . hairline tension . . . good acting. (2-6-43)**
THE AMAZING MRS. HOLLIDAY (Universal) **Deanna Durbin, Edmond O'Brien**	***Comic melodrama*** **(Deanna pretends she's a widow to get refugee kids into the country—then falls in love).**	**Conclusive and delightful evidence that Deanna Durbin has really grown up. (3-20-43)**
THE HARD WAY (Warners) **Ida Lupino, Joan Leslie**	***Drama*** **(a ruthless girl discovers she can run her sister's life in the theater but not out of it).**	**Relentless character story . . . Lupino gives one of her best bitter, uncompromising performances. (11-14-42)**
THE IMMORTAL SERGEANT (20th-Fox) **Henry Fonda, Maureen O'Hara**	***War drama*** **(inspired by the memory of his superior, a corporal guides a British patrol through Libya).**	**Compact, hard-driving movie . . . fine performances. (2-20-43)**

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 Bucolic bullet of victory, explodes in ground
5 A rattling good buy in armored-shell products. (Careful, there's a point to this!) (two words)
14 The full flush of youth
15 The boohoo plant
16 Air-cooled gingham
17 There's no shortage of hams in it
18 He saw by the peepers
19 Sir ---- Howard, British Ambassador to Washington, '24
20 Mr. Wolf's favorite expressions
22 Umpire Enraged (abbr.)
23 Hops up
25 The Eurockies
27 Ovine raspberries
28 Hot season
31 Fat men get a lift out of these
35 Bright female name
36 German Thunder Bird
38 Slumber music
39 State of the West
41 Pretty sound, isn't it?
43 Gypsy Rose Lee did the first mechanized strip act with this
44 Jack Benny fiddles while we burn; this man did the same for the Romans (pl.)
46 Most beaten thing about an old-fashioned heroine
48 Dope
49 Frees, like Hitler
51 Guys in tin pants fighting each other with can openers
53 The Hillside Express, carries children only
54 A ghastly cracker
55 Madman, deals with nuts
58 Kind of weary hum
59 What it takes!
63 Canawlers' Crick over to York State
64 When wives walk out, heartbroken husbands rarely miss them
67 The Cross Nazis worship
68 It's accompanied by loose talk
69 It was frozen long ago in the building trades
70 Fare price
71 If they're coached when trained, they sure get kicked around these days
72 Last word of warning

G	A	N	G	■	■	I	N	T	U	I	T	I	O	N
A	R	E	A	■	D	R	Y	A	D	■	A	I	D	A
B	I	E	R	■	Y	I	E	L	D	■	M	O	O	S
S	A	D	D	L	E	S	■	■	E	X	P	O	R	T
■	■	■	E	A	R	■	P	U	R	E	E	■	■	I
■	S	A	N	D	■	D	A	N	■	B	R	A	W	N
I	N	K	S	■	P	E	D	D	L	E	■	L	I	E
N	O	R	■	E	R	P	■	I	N	C	■	A	N	S
F	R	O	■	L	O	O	T	E	R	■	T	R	E	S
L	E	N	T	O	■	S	I	S	■	A	R	M	S	■
A	■	■	A	P	S	E	S	■	D	Y	E	■	■	■
T	U	N	N	E	L	■	■	G	R	E	M	L	I	N
I	R	O	N	■	A	L	L	O	Y	■	B	E	D	E
O	I	O	I	■	N	E	R	T	S	■	L	E	E	S
N	A	N	N	Y	G	O	A	T	■	■	E	R	S	T

April 10 Answer

VERTICAL

1 Sarong that shrank in the wash
2 It has the perfect comeback
3 Enough for Shelley and Byron
4 Double chin on a bloodhound
5 Talk pigeon English
6 A Mac
7 The Jordan Rommel never crossed
8 New Order Exits (abbr.)
9 Make like
10 What lifting the pleasure-driving ban will be
11 Sun's bedroom
12 What the role said to the ham
13 Grabs a glimful
21 Acted mercifully (German)
24 Penates' playmate
26 This can't be sued for nonsupport (it's a hold-up)
27 A good Czech
28 It costs a point to even *look* at the dried old wrinklepuss on one
29 Don't leave Jr. near the lions' cage unless you want him to be this
30 According to Charlie McCarthy: bananas without their girdles
31 Dark-skinned foreigners (slang)
32 Sexucated women
33 Sourpuss cabbage head downed by our boys in North Africa (army slang)
34 What the Slav does on the Davis Cup team
37 Shaped like a macaroni
40 Overcoats for Colts
42 The little yellow baboon
45 Tie rush (fem.)
47 What Elsie the Beautiful Lactress does to express udder discontent
50 Dwellers of the woodwork
52 The biggest bum in Brooklyn
54 This gives me a pain
55 What we expect to hear from Hitler any day now
56 Its conquest means nothing (German)
57 Some look as if your throat'd been cut (pl.)
58 Pretty sound
60 The mountains the Bear never went over
61 These are definitely unpositive
62 If it's pretty and feminine, it gets the double cross before the male jury
65 Better laid than never
66 Hon. message received from Hon. Jap Navy recently in Hon. Tokyo (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in an early issue.

DEFEAT
the annoyance of itching scalp flecked with unsightly loose
DANDRUFF
Enjoy lustrous, well-groomed hair by massaging your scalp daily with
JERIS
for Loose Dandruff
At All Drug Stores and Barber Shops

DON'T NEGLECT DRY CRACKED LIPS!

They may become dangerously sore. So apply Chap Stick for *quick* relief. Gently medicated, it soothes smarting, sun-sore lips—helps heal broken skin. Fleet's Chap Stick is used by U.S. Forces everywhere to prevent dry, cracked lips. 25c at all drug stores. Chap Stick Co., Lynchburg, Va.

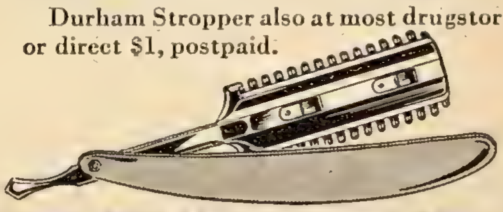
2 steps to
BETTER SHAVES
during blade rationing

1 Use *hollow-ground* Durham Duplex blades.* Famous for long life on tough beards.

2 Get a Durham Stropper—to keep blades keen, smooth, even longer.

**This heavy-duty blade fits either original barber-type Durham safety razor, below, or the new Durham T-type razor. At drugstores.*

Durham Stropper also at most drugstores, or direct $1, postpaid.



DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. R, MYSTIC, CONN.
Also makers of Enders *Speed* Shaver

HANDKERCHIEF TEST PROVES VITAL ZONE *Spotless*
NO MATTER HOW OFTEN YOU SMOKE IT
HESSON GUARD MILANO $1
NO GOO CAN PASS HESSON GUARD
IT'S CUSHION SEALED
W.D.C.
STOP GOO

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE) *Use* DERMOIL

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and **Dermoil** with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent **FREE**. Write for it.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. **Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement** to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Send 10c (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. **Write today for your test bottle.** Give Druggist's name and address. Print name plainly. **Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 547, Northwestern Station, Dept. 324, Detroit, Mich.**

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THE GREATEST WEAPON WE CAN PUT IN THE HANDS OF OUR MEN IS THE FEELING THAT AMERICA CARES DEEPLY FOR THEIR WELFARE.

GIVE TO THE U. S. O.

If you want to
BUILD UP RED BLOOD!
And Also Relieve Distress of 'Periodic' Female Weakness!

If you want to build up red blood corpuscles to promote a more refreshed bloodstream, more strength—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound TABLETS (with added iron).

Pinkham's Tablets are also famous to relieve distress of female functional monthly disturbances. This is because of their soothing effect on ONE OF WOMAN'S MOST IMPORTANT ORGANS. Taken regularly they help build up resistance against such symptoms. Follow label directions. *Worth trying!*

For free trial bottle tear this out and send with name and address to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., 855 Cleveland St., Lynn, Mass.

WHERE YANK FIGHTS YANK

Continued from Page 33

Do this ten times, and you have a maneuver.

IT takes a lot of work and a lot of planning. Washington starts it, and the commanding general and his staff plan the problems and pass them on to the division commanders. They break the thing down a little more and pass out orders to their regiments, and the regiment breaks it up and it goes down to the companies, and the companies shoot what's left to the platoons, and the squad finally gets it, and pretty soon it gets to the guy who needs it most of all—the private with the rifle in his hands. He does the work.

Confusion seems to be rampant, but really isn't. You walk and walk and finally you are close. Up front the combat patrols have made contact. The umpires are waving their flags and squelching the arguments. Prisoners are taken, casualties marked and sent to the rear. Blanks go off up and down the line. Peeps, half-tons, six-by-sixes dash up and down the roads, and if they can't find a road they make one. The infantry trudges through the thick dust, cursing the artillery as it rides by. A truck goes over a bank. Somebody faints and is tagged by a medic and left beside the road; an ambulance will come along and pick him up. A strafing A-20 hedgehops in over the trees and drops flour sacks and catches the column flat-footed.

A truck hits a well concealed mine field and the practice mine blows with a bright flash and a roar. It gives you a funny knotty feeling inside. It reminds you of the colonel who found his column stymied by a blown bridge. He sent his lead peep around and down through the bypass. The peep hit a mine and the umpires ruled it out. He sent a half-ton and it blew. He sent his command car and it hit two at once. In desperation he bellowed, "Whoever did that job is wasting his time over here!"

You hit a gassed area and put on your mask. You sweat inside it and the sweat runs into your eyes and smarts like hell. Your clothes get soppy wet and collect the dust and you start to itch. And smell. Brother, how you smell after three days! Your rifle and pack get heavy. But you keep on going.

You don't see very much because you are only a small part of a huge problem. You have a little job to do. You are concentrating on that other mug with the red arm band just across the valley or over the hill. You know he is over there and you've got to get him out, and despite the fact that this is only a dry run, you feel funny when you realize that soon it will be the real thing.

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! ! A letter carrier in New York found $1,470 in currency in a mailbox, promptly turned it in. We can't quite make up our minds whether that best demonstrates the honesty of postal employees or just what somebody in New York thinks of $1,470.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

For all practical purposes he is a Jap or a German. This sometimes results in a little hot work when you get too close and forget yourself. That is why they try not to let you get that close.

SOMETIMES you get close anyway. One night near Merryville, Louisiana, a young lieutenant and his driver were out on a reconnaissance patrol, driving blackout in their peep. The lieutenant had a bright idea and said, "Look. Let's go down close to the right flank where it runs through Merryville. The reds might try running their trucks smack dab through the town. We'll hide in an alley and watch."

They did, only they didn't catch trucks. About ten minutes passed and four tired footsore reds came limping out of somewhere and went into the café across the street. The lieutenant followed them. When he went in, the reds were sitting at a table and their rifles were stacked in the corner. He walked over and grinned and said, "Well, looks like we have the drop on you."

They turned out to be three medics with one of their boys who had a bruised arm. They were lost. The lieutenant offered to take them back to his outfit, fix the man's arm, and return them all in the morning when the problem ended. He allowed them time to eat their meal, a pretty nice thing to do. But when they went out to his peep, one of them said, "Listen, lieutenant—we don't want to be captured."

He said, "I got you fairly, and while we don't have an umpire, why don't you play the game fair? Come on, get in."

So they jumped him and his driver, and he couldn't fight back because officers can't fight enlisted men. They knocked his glasses off and broke them, and they thought he was a weak sister because he didn't try to resist. What they don't know, these men, is that this lieutenant was his college conference's heavyweight boxing champion. They argued, and he said, "Go ahead," and they ran away. He was a square guy and he knew they were playing the game to the hilt, so he let it pass. But if they read this article, the lieutenant would like to know if they don't feel they should kick in for his new glasses. Eighteen bucks' worth. They owe that to him.

We had all kinds of problems. In one we would chase the enemy, and in the next one they would chase us.

And of course we had meeting engagements, and finally a long withdrawal problem. That was our last one. We chased the enemy a long way, and when they had us properly spread out along Highway 21 they tossed the armored division at us in a flanking attack and we got tangled up. That was the day my company was wiped out. We were on the right flank and the news came back: "Antitank up in a hurry. Tanks coming in on the right flank."

Me? I was bumped off at two that afternoon. I left the peep and went stalking the sound of a tank motor with some of my flour-sack grenades. I came sneaking through the bonducs and ran into five of them in a small clearing. I couldn't go back, so I plastered two, and then they got mad and drilled me with a 75. It is a funny feeling to see a 75 bear on you and fire a blank and hear the umpire say, "Well?" and grin. You can't do much but grin back.

YOU see, I am in an antitank company; the reconnaissance officer. My job is to go out and locate the enemy and get that information back to my company commander, so that he can use his 37s against the enemy armored force. We have twelve 37s split into three platoons, and one mine-laying platoon. We saw a lot of action in this maneuver. My driver and I drove 6,000 miles in two months, about half of it blackout. We were captured once, and came near it plenty of times.

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! ! **As more Germans are being sent to fight in Russia, their wives are being forced to work on farms and in factories. What bothers the "master race" now is that nobody can stay home and boss the slaves.**

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My company is just like all the others. We're a good cross section of America. The officers are good guys and they know their stuff—all but one, I guess. That's me. There is my captain, for instance. His name is Stuart and he's from Indiana and has a wife and two children. When the going gets tough he won't be back at the rear. You'll see him up front with a rifle.

Then there is Davies from Indiana and Grupe from Cleveland and Kissinger from Philadelphia and Hacker from Kentucky—all young and married and just like the guy you know next door. You thought he was a pretty quiet egg. He still is, but he can fight. Me? I'm from Nebraska and I'm twenty-six and the only single officer in the company. I hope to change that if she'll say yes.

BUT our enlisted men are the ones I'm proudest of. I know every one of them, and they number 150 of the grandest guys you'll ever know. From Indiana and New York and Ohio and West Virginia—you name the state and we'll name the man. Put them all together and work them and weld them and cuss them a little, and in no time you have something smooth and efficient and human. We've been together for quite some time now and we know what they can do and they know us better than we think. We fight and quarrel and we have to get tough once in a while, and we all make a lot of mistakes, but never fool yourself—we're a company now, and all we ask is one good crack at those cookies over there.

Most of the men are married. Their wives work and they write a lot of letters and there isn't much of that wild stuff you hear about. We're serious about this war. We worked hard on maneuvers, and where we are now, practicing beachhead training, it isn't any easier. We haven't slept in a good bed or shaved in hot water for a long time, but we don't care so much about that. We've got our share of the job to do.

A lot of us feel that the people in Louisiana should be given some sort of decoration for the way they treated us during maneuvers. They washed our clothes and they gave us chicken dinners and they opened their towns to us. They suffered a lot of unkindness, too, for some of the boys didn't appreciate these things and some took advantage of the situation.

One man, according to the switchboard girls, should be given a good share of Bell Telephone. He called his girl whenever he could and the total for two months was about $200. It got so they all knew him, and you should have seen the service they gave him! And the Western Union

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

WHEN YOU READ
The Dutch Learn to Hate, by Hendrik Willem van Loon, in this issue, if you keep the author's background and experience in mind it will increase your appreciation of this fearfully imagined end of Hitler. In the first World War van Loon saw—as an Associated Press correspondent — the destruction wrought in Belgium and France by the Germans, and other horrors of invasion; and in the present global war his birthplace, Rotterdam, suffered terrific slaughter and ruin from Nazi bombardment even after capitulation. Van Loon is one of the most versatile of writers, as witnessed in his The Arts and Van Loon's Lives.

NOAH SAILS IN CONVOY
is one of Captain Dingle's best yarns, we think. He knows his sea and ships and the men whose lives are bound up with them. Born in Oxford, England, he followed in the footsteps of his father, who was a retired whaler, and joined his first ship when he was fourteen. After a quarter of a century afloat and five shipwrecks, he quit the briny.

DON'T YOU LIKE
our action cover? We think it's a pip. It was drawn by James Sessions, one of America's finest water-colorists. An exhibit of his work was given by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and other exhibits are scheduled for the Chicago Art Institute and in San Francisco. Speaking of art, we are also proud of McClelland Barclay's portrait of Admiral King, which is the first in a series of war leaders he will do for us. More about Barclay later.

THE EDITORS

operators were swell. They did a wonderful job, especially when a thousand and one wires would come in at once, asking for money and everything under the sun. A little Irish girl in Many, Louisiana, and the manager in De Ridder have our special affection. Katherine Ross of Many and Irene Richards of De Ridder—how many men stopped to thank them for their untiring efforts!

And while we're on that subject, there is a druggist in Leesville named Ward and a florist in De Ridder named Roberts who made it a policy to never say no, as the boys put it. You see, men don't forget the good things when they are a long way from home, and these people will be long remembered.

SO this was maneuvers. I've told you about one company, but remember that there are a lot of companies in a regiment and a lot more in a division.

Some one—it must have been a rifle-galled private—once asked, "Who gets the good out of maneuvers?" The corporal asked the sergeant and the sergeant asked the lieutenant and it passed on up to the general, and the general grinned and said, "Want to know the truth? I do, because I need it most of all. Me, I'm the guy who has to make the decisions and I don't want to be wrong. I need a lot of practice. That's why we have maneuvers, I guess—to wake us old fogies up."

But we know that isn't true. All of us, from the general down to the private, came out of Louisiana last fall with something more than colds and calluses. As an old farmer said, "In 1941 the boys laughed when they went by on maneuvers. This year they laughed, but the laughs were different."

Maybe it was because they carried this thought with them:

This is our last dry run. This is what we trained for through the long hot days. The next time it won't be a dry run, so let's pitch in and make this maneuver a good one. Let's learn and never forget. Let's make the taxpayer feel that he got his money's worth this time.

You did, Mister Taxpayer. Believe me, you did.

THE END

* * *

! ! It may be that the farmers are just confused. After years of allotments, special loans, and price protection, it's hard for them to believe the honeymoon is over and that if they want to be supported they must go back to Mother Nature.

APRIL 24, 1943

WE'RE WINNING THE BATTLE OF RUBBER

THE article on page 18 of this issue entitled New Tires Next Year is not only welcome news but also somewhat in the nature of a battle communiqué. It is pretty well accepted that the Axis hoped to cripple us and throw our economy into chaos by immobilizing the wheels upon which America rolls. This strategy was based in part on the theory that Americans could not function if their accustomed careening around in autos was curtailed to any great extent. We are the world's greatest users of rubber, not only for tires but also for electric wires, doormats, airplanes, and a myriad of other things. We use rubber freely in practically all our industry. So, the Axis reasoned, "No rubber, no worthwhile American war effort." But they failed to take into account the resourcefulness of American inventors and manufacturers or the ability of our people to discipline themselves.

Those of our business men on whose shoulders rests the responsibility for supplying us with rubber were quick to realize the Japanese threat to our rubber sources. Even before Pearl Harbor they were aware of our weakness in this respect and laid the groundwork to overcome it. Their plans for a gigantic synthetic industry were magnificently conceived. When the need came, it was built and put into operation in such a short period of time that the calculations of our enemies are thrown completely awry.

Meanwhile the public has cheerfully accepted restrictions on the usage of rubber. A nation which had been accustomed to getting into its automobiles day in and day out, saw weeks go by in which the family buggy was not even taken out of the garage. We set up promptly, and are carrying out, a well integrated policy of conserving what rubber we have. Meanwhile, contrary to our enemies' expectations, there has been no disruption of our economy.

Thus, though the fight is not over, we can see victory ahead in the battle of rubber. Liberty is proud and happy to present this communiqué which tells how the battle is going and shows clearly that victory is in sight. It also emphasizes the fact that in ingeniousness and resourcefulness Americans are well able to hold their own with the supposedly careful planners of the Axis nations.

Liberty
... FOR ALL

Paul Hunter

A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME

through four wars

1 War Between the States—When the soldiers came home in 1865, the name Corby's marked fine whiskey—for it started on its way to fame in Canada seven years before, in 1858.

2 Spanish-American War—Corby's was a name frequently heard when men toasted the victory of 1898. This grand old Canadian name had survived a second war.

3 World War—Many a Yank in 1917 was familiar with the name Corby's, for this whiskey name was entering its third war—honored among the truly great whiskey names of this Continent.

4 Global War—A new kind of war. But Corby's—the grand old Canadian name—promises to go through its fourth war as an enduring symbol of fine whiskey.

N. Corby
CORBY'S
Special
LOOK FOR THE SIGNATURE ON LABEL AND CAPSULE
N. Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED FOR JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED PEORIA · ILLINOIS
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86 Proof—73.4% Grain Neutral Spirits • Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited • Peoria, Illinois

PRODUCED IN U. S. A.

—under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.

Corby's Special Blended Whiskey is light, sociable, palatable. Supplies are being stretched . . . occasionally may fall short. Don't blame your dealer. The distilleries are on war production. But Corby's is well worth asking for a second or even a third time. And with Victory, Corby's will again be available in adequate stocks everywhere.

BUY WAR BONDS

THE SUN NEVER SETS ON THE FIGHTING JEEP

STREAKING over fiery sands on hazardous scouting trips . . . stabbing Axis tanks, like flaming hornets, in fierce desert fights . . . carrying officers, munitions and supplies through suffocating sand storms . . . the Jeep keeps going, day upon day. The Willys-built Jeep does a fighting man's job—a typical American job.

Whatever history may finally write of Libya, it must record how these sturdy little bruisers won all hearts there as on every other flaming front. Willys-Overland's civilian engineers assisted the U. S. Quartermaster Corps in designing and perfecting the Jeep adopted by the U. S. Army.

The amazing world-renowned "Go-Devil" engine that drives it with such power, speed and flexibility is an exclusive Willys-Overland development. Willys-Overland Motors, Inc.

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